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JULY, 1878.

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ART. I.—*A Selection from the Wellesley Despatches, Treaties, and other Papers of the Marquess Wellesley, K.G., during his Government of India.* Edited by SIDNEY J. OWEN, M.A. Oxford. 1877.

THE selection from the Wellesley Despatches made by Mr. Sidney Owen, and lately published, promises to be a very useful contribution to the general knowledge of the history of India. In interest and importance the period of Lord Wellesley's administration takes a place even higher than that signalised by the first acquisition of Bengal. It marks the change from the position which the English occupied in the first instance through mere force of circumstances, as a fragment of the Mogul Empire, to that which they now hold of paramount sovereigns of the country. This great revolution was the work of Lord Wellesley, achieved notwithstanding the fears and remonstrances of his agents in India, and often in direct opposition to the wishes and instructions of his employers at home. It may be said without exaggeration that the British India of the present day, as to extent, political supremacy, and internal administration, is his creation. Some of his successors, notably Lord Hastings and Lord Dalhousie, added to the structure, but it was erected in all essential points by the original architect. How this great work was accomplished—of the clearness of view, the foresight, judgment, industry, and resolution which the Governor-General brought to his task—the Wellesley Despatches are an imperishable record. Unfortunately they have long been out of print, and Mr. Owen has undertaken a very useful office in this

timely publication. No mere extracts or selections can indeed do full justice to the indefatigable industry, truly said to be a note of genius, which is so conspicuously shown in the original records. Still, for the majority of readers, one large volume will no doubt be found a more manageable book than five. And we have nothing but praise to give for the judgment and method with which Mr. Owen's selection has been made.

Richard Colley Wesley, afterwards Marquess Wellesley, was grandson of Richard Colley, first Baron Mornington, who was descended from a Staffordshire family which settled in Meath and Kildare in the time of Henry VIII., and in the female line from the De Wellesleys, a very ancient Anglo-Irish family. Mr. Colley assumed the name of Wesley on succeeding to the estates of his first cousin once removed, a Mr. Garret Wesley, the direct representative of the De Wellesleys, for the Norman prefix appears to have been dropped about the end of the fifteenth century, and by the beginning of the eighteenth the name had become contracted to Wesley. Mr. Richard Colley, who changed his name and took the Wesley estates in 1728, was raised to the peerage of Ireland in 1746 as Baron Wesley. He was succeeded by his son Garret, who was created Viscount Wellesley and Earl of Mornington in 1760. The future Marquess Wellesley, his eldest son, was born in the same year. Sent at an early age to Eton, the young Viscount Wellesley was distinguished mainly for his skill in Latin versification, an accomplishment which he retained to his latest age. The gallery of eminent Etonians which graces the Provost's lodge contains an excellent portrait of him, painted by Romney soon after he left school; the face is one of singular beauty. Going up to Christchurch when nineteen, he gained the Latin verse prize in his second year, but succeeding to the peerage on his father's death in 1781, just as he had attained his majority, he did not stay long enough at Oxford to take his degree. Two years later young Lord Mornington was made a Knight of St. Patrick, on the first institution of that Order, and soon afterwards a Privy Councillor for Ireland. In the same year he made his first speech in the Irish House of Lords in favour of the removal of the Irish Catholic disabilities. In the following year he entered the English House of Commons, sitting first as member for Beeralston, in South Devon, a village disfranchised by the Reform Act, afterwards for Saltash and Windsor. A peer, a scholar, and an intimate friend of Pitt, who was nearly of the same age, his claims to office were soon recognised, and in 1786 he became a Lord of the Treasury. In 1789 he opposed in the

Irish Parliament the notorious address on the Regency Bill, and was one of twenty-three peers who recorded a protest, which was probably written by himself. In 1793 he was appointed one of the Commissioners for the Board of Control, first created by Pitt's India Bill of 1784, a measure which virtually transferred the effective control over the government of India to the Cabinet.

In the position of a Junior Commissioner it is not probable that Lord Mornington took any large share in the business of the department to which he belonged, but there is reason to believe he already gave particular attention to the affairs of India, for a carefully prepared abstract of Indian history in his handwriting, which has been found among his papers, would appear to have been written at this time; and probably few Governors-General have gone to India better acquainted with the previous condition of that country. Meanwhile, however, he took a conspicuous part in the general business of Parliament, leading the debate in the beginning of the session of 1794 on the French war, which had broken out the previous year, and in 1797 a suitable opportunity occurred for advancing him to a far higher post than he had yet filled. In 1792, on the return from India of Lord Cornwallis, who had succeeded Warren Hastings, the first Governor-General of Bengal, as he was then styled, Sir John Shore, a civil servant of the Company, had been raised to the office. Circumstances, which need not be detailed here, determined the Government to supersede him by some person of rank unconnected with the Company's service, and the appointment was eventually offered to and accepted by Lord Mornington, who was thereupon raised to the peerage of Great Britain with the title of Baron Wellesley. He sailed for India from Portsmouth in November 1797, being then in his thirty-seventh year, the youngest man, save Lord Dalhousie, who has ever filled this high office. With the exception of his youngest brother, Henry Wellesley, then twenty-four years old, who accompanied him as private secretary, he took no followers with him, declaring that he would look to the Indian services for his staff, and be guided in his selection wholly by considerations of personal merit.

The position of the English in India at this time was that of the most powerful, but by no means the paramount, power. Lord Cornwallis had indeed lately asserted the superiority of British arms in a very decided manner in the third war with Mysore, when he laid siege to Seringapatam, and extorted peace before the walls of that city from the truculent ruler of the country. But the war with Tippoo had been forced on

Lord Cornwallis against his will, and his general policy aimed at maintaining a balance of power and dealing with the different native states on a footing of perfect equality. This policy, indeed, was not only prescribed by the Government in England on their agents in India, but was specifically laid down in an Act of Parliament as the only legal condition of the Company's Indian establishments. The original basis of the Company, it need hardly be said, was entirely mercantile. The object for which the Company was founded, and for which their stock was subscribed, was commerce, and the essence of their business was that a part of their capital should be sent out to India every year, either in hard cash or in the form of European goods suited to the Indian market, there to be invested in the various commodities of the East, and sent home in the Company's ships to be disposed of in the London market. The various establishments, civil and military, which, in process of time, came to be formed under the Company's flag, were therefore still regarded merely as a means to the end of more conveniently extending the Company's trade and helping the Company's factors to make advantageous investments. Such being the aims and views of the Court of Directors, they saw with dismay these investments year after year intercepted from their legitimate purpose, and applied to the payment of troops and the cost of military operations; and that, while individuals enriched themselves in the process, each step in advance of the Company's flag added to the cost of conducting the administration, and reduced the dividends on India stock. It was with a view of arresting this distraction of the Company's factors and merchants, as their civil servants were then called, from their legitimate duties, and to put a stop to the irregularities and demoralisation of the public services which had attended all previous extensions of the Company's possessions, that a clause was introduced into the Act of 1784, and repeated in that of 1793, which made it illegal for the Company's government in India to wage war or even to make treaties with the native powers, without the sanction of the Court of Directors, except in self-defence. Such a restriction could not, however, be enforced, or at any rate the saving limitation easily permitted its evasion. In a country which was a prey to different factions contending for the spoils offered to the adventurous, where all legal sanctions had disappeared, where right went with might, and where no stable political system had as yet arisen out of the ruins of the Mogul Empire, peace depended less on the English occupants of the country than on the forbearance of their neighbours; while as to

the limitation that war, if undertaken at all, must be defensive war, a vigorous offensive will in war be almost always the safest form of defence. A case for annexation may be pleaded on the same grounds. You take his territories from a worsted adversary, not from a desire to possess his country, but merely to deprive him of the power of again attacking you. The districts which Lord Cornwallis took from Sultan Tippoo at the conclusion of the Mysore war in 1792 were unquestionably acquired on these grounds, and with the exception of these acquisitions in the South of India—the result of a war most reluctantly entered upon—no considerable addition had been made to the British possessions since the first great acquisition of Bengal, which came on the Company and their servants as a surprise. The Company's troops, indeed, garrisoned the Carnatic, as well as the territories of the Nawab of Oudh, which then comprised the greater part of the region now known as the North-West Provinces. But the Madras army, which occupied the former, had been raised to overcome the French, and detachments from the Bengal army had been moved up into Oudh at the request of the ruler of the country, to protect him against his neighbours. When, therefore, Lord Mornington sailed for India, the cost of these garrisons was paid by the rulers, whose right to govern the countries in question was founded on the protection of British bayonets; but in our dealings with the other native powers their independence and political equality with ourselves were taken for granted. Nor on a superficial view did it appear that this condition of things was likely to be disturbed, and the retiring Governor-General and his masters at home appear to have thought that a state of political equilibrium and finality had been arrived at. The rival power of the French in India had been overcome. The Sultan of Mysore had been worsted and effectually weakened. In all other parts of the country our relations were peaceful and friendly, and it might seem as if at last an era of peace was about to dawn on the English in India, and that the new Governor-General would be able to devote his attention to the retrenchment of the military establishments, and to the furtherance of the great object, as it was esteemed by his employers, of improving and increasing the Company's investment.

But before Lord Wellesley—as by anticipation we may call him—reached India, the shadow of coming events had already begun to darken the prospect. On touching at the Cape he met there a homeward-bound ship, with the despatches of the Indian Government for the Secret Committee of the Court of

Directors. These he took upon himself to open, and the despatches, with which he forwards them to England, illustrate at once his diligence, his energy, and the mastery he had already obtained over the complicated conditions of Indian politics. In these despatches is struck the key-note of the policy he had evidently from the first resolved upon. The requirements of the law and the instructions of my employers, he said, involve that the political equilibrium should be left undisturbed as it was established by the Treaty of Seringapatam in 1792—a balance of power, non-interference with the affairs of other states, universal peace and goodwill. By all means let us act up strictly to these conditions. But then this balance is liable to constant disturbance from other causes than those over which we have control. There is no such thing as permanency among the native states of India. Some are growing stronger, others weaker; and already the status established by the settlement of 1792 has undergone change. It is not a question, therefore, of maintaining things as they were, but of restoring them to the old condition. This involves action on our part. In order to preserve peace throughout India, and respect for international law, we must take positive action, and make our own influence paramount at every native court. This state must be propped up, that weakened and rendered innocuous for mischief; treaties must be made with all of them to determine the course of their policy in favour of alliance with the English, and prevent combinations between one native power and another, tending to disturb the general peace of the country. Such was the policy which Lord Wellesley conceived from the outset, to which he addressed himself consistently throughout his term of office, and to establish which he applied his whole energies and the resources of his Government. How completely that object was achieved, and the momentous change it effected in the politics of British India, we shall now endeavour briefly to describe.

But the first aspect of his administration presented to the new Governor-General was very different from that which is now associated with the traditions of the energetic and imperious ruler, who was shortly to find and appreciate the most devoted service and unquestioning obedience from every class of public servant under his orders. His first confidential report to the President of the Board of Control, written a few days after his arrival at Calcutta, gives a forcible picture of the disjointed and ill-assorted elements which made up the Government. Sir John Shore, who succeeded Lord Cornwallis as Governor-General, had shown himself too facile in

disposition, and unable to keep himself sufficiently above the level of the service from which he had risen, and the government, more especially when after his departure it devolved on the local commander-in-chief, had resolved itself into a scramble for patronage among the councillors, incompetent men, ignorant of affairs, and bent only on jobbing places for their friends and followers. According to the Governor-General, a sort of official anarchy reigned at Calcutta throughout the Civil Service. The condition of the army was still more unsatisfactory. The European officers of the Company's service had been for long in a state of almost open mutiny, his want of firmness in dealing with which had led to the recall of Sir John Shore; and although the outbreak had been partially checked by the promulgation of the new military regulations, committees for the representation of their supposed grievances were appointed by the Company's officers without attempt at concealment. Those of the King's service professed to disregard the Company's Government altogether, and to recognise only the authority of their Commander-in-Chief, who in turn held himself bound only by the instructions of the King's Government at home. At Madras things were even worse; since the departure of the last Governor, Lord Hobart, the Government there had degenerated into a sort of debating society, the leading performer being the Civil Secretary to the Board, a man of strong prejudice and violent temper, and the foremost of what Lord Wellesley termed the faction there, which opposed itself to the legitimate authority of the Governor-General. Two things Lord Wellesley asked to be done at once—the substitution, for the incompetent members of his council, of men on whom he could depend, and the concentration of authority in the supreme Government. The personal matter was soon arranged to his satisfaction, and the gentlemen of unblemished character and respectable abilities who, on the Governor-General's nomination, were in due course appointed to be his colleagues, while occupying themselves with such details of the civil administration as were assigned to them, afforded him leisure to apply himself to the various diplomatic and military combinations with which his term of government was crowded. *And the sort of relations at once established between Lord Wellesley and his council is illustrated by the fact that throughout the term of his administration all important orders were issued in the name of the Governor-General alone, without even the pretence of consulting his council, although the law then, as now, required that every act of the Government should be the act of the Governor-General in Council. The officers of the Company's army, on

finding what sort of a man they had to deal with in the new Governor-General, at once reverted to a proper state of discipline; after Lord Wellesley's arrival nothing more was heard of the scandalous military committees. The difficulty with the subordinate governments Lord Wellesley also speedily overcame by his own force of character, although it must be added that a complete reform on this head still remains to be carried out. The strict letter of the law gives indeed, and gave then, to the supreme Government entire control over the proceedings of the subordinate Governments, and requires their implicit obedience in all things; but this relation has been much modified in practice by the traditionary mode of conducting business, and, in fact, the degree of official discipline which it is found practicable to maintain will always be very much a matter of personal character. With a strong man like Lord Wellesley or Lord Dalhousie, the evil of the nominal independence which the subordinate Governments sometimes endeavour to set up is reduced to a minimum. But when the reins of government fall into weaker hands these false relations come prominently to light. Orders are evaded or only half obeyed; information which should be given is withheld, and the public money is spent without authority. In Lord Wellesley's case, as we have said, the incipient rebellion was soon put down. Almost the first communication received from Calcutta by the new Governor of Madras, Lord Clive—son of the victor of Plassey—who arrived in India a few weeks after Lord Wellesley, was a letter from the latter laying down the relations which he intended to establish between himself and all authorities subject to his orders, in terms so clear, yet yet courteously worded, that Lord Clive at once enlisted himself on the side of law and discipline, and henceforward the Governor-General found himself as implicitly obeyed in the South of India as in the presidency under his immediate orders. The nature of the conquest is amusingly illustrated by a passage in one of Lord Clive's letters. Shortly after his arrival at Calcutta, and in view of the coming hostilities with Mysore, the Governor-General had sent the 33rd Regiment, commanded by his brother, the future Duke of Wellington, from Calcutta to Madras, and on the arrival of the regiment Lord Clive writes: 'I cannot express to your lordship the satisfaction I feel in the arrival of Colonel Wellesley. I find him so easy in his manners and friendly in his communications that I cannot doubt but that the more I have the opportunity of cultivating his intimacy, the more I shall rejoice at the presence of a person so nearly connected with your lordship,

‘and so entirely possessed of your views and intentions.’ Making all allowance for the change which the meaning of some words has undergone since that time, it will be readily understood that the Governor who derived such satisfaction from the easy manners and friendly communications of a young colonel of nine-and-twenty, albeit the Governor-General’s brother, must have already been quite broken in. And the head of the Madras Government having thus completely yielded to the ascendancy of the Governor-General’s strong will, all opposition to the authority of the latter from that time disappeared in all branches of the Indian administration.

The first great move made by the Governor-General in Indian politics was the subversion of French influence at the Court of the Nizam. This stroke was planned while he was at the Cape of Good Hope. Among the agents selected to carry it out was Captain (afterwards Sir John) Malcolm, a man of great ability and energy, one of the first among the numerous Indian officials to enter a training for high politics in the school which Lord Wellesley soon formed, to come under the strong personal influence he exerted upon all those around him, and to give that enthusiastic service which the Governor-General had the gift of eliciting from all who came under his influence. Although the French had been deprived of all their possessions in India, French adventurers swarmed in all the native courts, and held high commands in the various native armies. Among these was a large force in the service of the Nizam, a standing menace to the English, but, fortunately for us, equally dangerous to its nominal master. Imperfectly disciplined and irregularly paid, the French corps, at Hyderabad, under M. Raymond, was now in a state of chronic mutiny; and the Nizam, who clung steadily to his English alliance as the only means of securing himself from the attacks of his neighbours, the Mahrattas, gladly accepted the proposal of the Governor-General to substitute a contingent from the Company’s army for the turbulent body of which the Nizam and its officers were equally in dread. A force was accordingly assembled and marched to Hyderabad, and Malcolm, who was employed under the commandant, executed his commission with equal skill and courage; the mutinous troops were overawed by his spirited demonstration and address, and suffered themselves to be disbanded without attempting a struggle with the English force which had accompanied him to Hyderabad. The French officers, glad to be relieved from their dangerous situation, were received with courtesy in the English camp, and were

eventually provided with passages to their native country. From that time Hyderabad has been permanently garrisoned by a portion of the Indian army, the troops stationed there being still known as the Hyderabad Subsidiary Force, while certain districts were eventually ceded to the Company to cover the expense of occupation. Thus Lord Wellesley was able to augment the Company's army without any cost, while the Nizam, secured henceforward from the attacks of enemies without, and from treason and rebellion within, has known no troubles save those produced by the misgovernment which until within the last few years has been the chronic condition of his kingdom. The treaty made on this occasion provided for a permanent alliance between the Nizam and the Company, and placed his troops and the Subsidiary Force at the Governor-General's disposal in the great wars which soon followed.

The first of these was the fourth and last war with Mysore, which ended in the capture of Seringapatam and the final overthrow of that power. Hardly had the Governor-General landed in Calcutta, when news reached him that the Sultan Tippoo was in active correspondence with the French, and had invited them to send an expedition from the Mauritius for the subversion, in concert with himself, of the British power in India. Almost at the same time came tidings of the French expedition to Egypt; everything seemed possible to Bonaparte. It is true that soon after the news of the French landing in Egypt came that of the destruction by Nelson of the French fleet in Aboukir Bay; but we have Napoleon's own assurance that with this defeat he had by no means given up the idea of invading India, which for many years continued to be with him a favourite scheme. At any rate the alarm felt in India was fully shared by the Home Government, and the prompt measures of the Governor-General were fully sanctioned by the instructions which afterwards reached him.

The Sultan of Mysore had been the hereditary and most formidable enemy encountered by the English in India. Two wars had been waged with Tippoo's father with less than equal success, and there were officers still serving in the prime of life who had languished for years in Mysore dungeons, captives in one of the most disastrous and disgraceful campaigns ever fought by British troops. The third war with Mysore, conducted by Lord Cornwallis in person, had retrieved these disgraces and disasters; Tippoo had been forced to sue for terms before the walls of his capital, averting further disaster by the cession of a large portion of his kingdom. But a few years of peace had enabled him to accumulate treasure

and strengthen his army, perhaps to forget the lesson he had been taught. Of his inextinguishable hatred to the English there was no question, nor of his readiness to renew the struggle if a French alliance should offer the chance of doing so with success. Lord Wellesley therefore determined to anticipate the danger, and, demanding explanations of Tippoo's negotiations with our enemies, ordered the immediate mobilisation of the Madras army. The panic which this order produced among the authorities at Fort St. George, who were at first disposed to remonstrate with and even resist the Governor-General's instructions, sufficiently justifies the position taken up by Lord Wellesley in the matter. To mobilise our army, said the Madras officials, is to call down the wrath of Tippoo; to place our troops in the field will take several months, during which we shall invite an invasion of our defenceless territories. To this Lord Wellesley might well retort, that if the Madras Presidency was really in this defenceless state, that was a sufficient reason for immediate reform of its military establishments; and if Tippoo, notwithstanding treaties to the contrary, was ready to attack us because we thought proper to move our troops from one station to another, it was evident that our relations with him should be placed on a different footing. Either he must give guarantees for friendly conduct, or be rendered powerless for mischief. To put an end to the remonstrances and purposeless attitude of the Madras officials, Lord Wellesley proceeded to that Presidency, and in his presence all opposition and vacillation disappeared. He succeeded in inspiring all those with whom he came in contact with his own energy and firmness; the leading spirit of 'the faction' became so active and loyal an agent as to win the Governor-General's warmest praises; Lord Clive, whose temporary suspension in his government was managed with such delicacy as to create a warm friendship between him and Lord Wellesley, threw himself heart and soul into the business; and in a few weeks an army equipped on a scale such as had never been seen before in India was placed in the field, and Tippoo vouchsafing us only such explanations of his conduct as increased the insult offered to the British Government, the orders were finally given for the invasion of Mysore, and to carry on the war in such a way as should make an effectual end of the difficulty which had made war necessary. And in no respect did Lord Wellesley display his genius for ruling more remarkably than in his conduct on this occasion. So long as the question of peace or war was in suspense, and before the

army had actually taken the field, he assumed himself the active and direct control of business. But so soon as the final step was taken, war actually declared, and the army on the march beyond the frontier, the Governor-General, having first communicated to the Commander-in-Chief at length his own views of the case, and the specific conditions to be observed, the terms of peace to be insisted on, and the general objects which must in any case be realised, in all other respects left the general on the spot complete latitude and discretion as to the manner of carrying out the military operations. Lord Wellesley from the beginning had evidently taken the measure of the capacity of the Commander-in-Chief, a gallant but mediocre soldier, almost overcome by the sense of responsibility, yet he carefully abstained from all interference. Self-restraint of this sort is an uncommon virtue in able men, who, seeing that they can do things themselves better than their agents, are under a constant temptation to interfere; but the confidence which Lord Wellesley reposed in his generals, the ungrudging support he gave them when they did their best, although it might be opposed to his own judgment, and the praise which he lavished on good service, explain in great measure the success which attended his military operations. On this occasion the war was brought to a conclusion almost dramatic in its completeness. For, although Tippoo's conduct of the defence was unrelieved by any sign of military genius, or even skill, he yet offered sufficient resistance to impart to the campaign a flavour of hard fighting; the fortified capital was strong enough to demand the application of all the skill available for besieging it, and the courage of British soldiers to storm the breach when made. And finally Tippoo himself was killed in the assault, appropriately led by the gallant Baird, who, when a youth, had undergone the hardship of a long imprisonment by a barbarous captor in this very fortress.

The successful termination of this, the most brilliant feat as yet achieved by British arms in India, obtained the unqualified approbation of the English Government, whose instructions Lord Wellesley had anticipated in undertaking it; and his conduct in respect of this transaction has never found a detractor save in the historian Mill, who, in a laboured argument, endeavours to prove that Lord Wellesley deliberately picked a quarrel with an inoffensive prince, and, driving him to arms in desperation, deprived him of throne and life. This much may indeed be conceded to Mr. Mill, that the making war on this particular occasion was the act of Lord Wellesley. If he had left Tippoo alone, hostilities might possibly have been

temporarily averted, for the success of the English in Egypt deprived the French alliance of the advantages which it may have presented at first to the too credulous prince. The condition of an armed truce between the English and Tippoo might therefore have been preserved for a time. And it may be said of almost every native state which has come under British rule at different times, that if you shut your eyes to affronts, if you are ready to overlook breaches of neutrality, to treat native princes as not responsible for their actions, and to abstain from war until you are actually attacked, most of our Indian wars would not have happened precisely when they did. But Tippoo had given us a *casus belli* by his overtures to the French, and it would have been culpable weakness on the part of the Governor-General to throw away a fair opportunity of releasing the Company from a position which had become intolerable. It may perhaps be objected that we are laying down a higher standard for Indian politics than is recognised in Europe. Between continental nations evil intentions are not held to justify active retaliation. We did not go to war with Russia in 1854 because she was planning the dismemberment of Turkey, but because her army had crossed the Pruth. There is usually, although not always, some specific act of hostility committed before the other side is deemed to be justified in proceeding to active retaliation. But from Tippoo's antecedents it was as certain as anything could be which had not actually happened that he would take the first favourable opportunity to attack the nation against which he was animated with feelings of the bitterest hatred, and Lord Wellesley would have done less than his duty if he had failed to avail himself of a reasonable excuse for putting a check on Tippoo's power to do mischief.

We have dealt with this case of the conquest of Mysore at length, because the same sort of defence may be set up for the other great annexations made by Lord Wellesley, which have been called much more in question, and because it illustrates the fact, which from the first underlay the position of the English in India, that the existence of native states in contact with our dominions is only possible on condition of their surrendering all claim to regulate, or even interfere in, the general political government of the peninsula. The balance of power which the Acts of Parliament we have referred to contemplated as the object to be aimed at—that is, the maintenance of relations between native states and the British Government in India on terms of equality—was, from the nature of the case, impossible. We may

indeed, if we please, conceive a policy to be attempted under which the English, while renouncing all claim to interfere in the politics of the country, should have remained within the districts already possessed by them, keeping up a force sufficient for their own protection. But it is hardly profitable to pursue seriously such a speculation. It would be difficult to realise the state of anarchy which would have befallen the rest of India if the English from the beginning of the present century had adopted such an attitude. This much at least is certain, that the fertile lands cultivated under the protection of British bayonets would soon have become an irresistible attraction to the plundering hordes seeking for the food and booty which the devastated lands in the rest of the peninsula would no longer have afforded, and that the English would have been subjected to a constant and irritating defensive warfare to keep these invaders at bay. The persistence for any length of time in so fatuous a policy would have been from the nature of the case impossible. But to Lord Wellesley belongs the great merit of being the first to see this distinctly, and of having had the courage to carry out opinions which were in advance of the age.

Mysore at the conqueror's feet, it remained to dispose of the conquest. At first the choice seemed to lie between complete annexation and the continuance of the late king's family on the throne. Lord Wellesley discovered a third and happier course. Tippoo's father, the first Sultan of Mysore, was an adventurer who, from being a corporal of horse, had carved his way to the throne. The claim to a crown usurped was held to be forfeited by deceit and treason, and the infant heir to the ancient line of dispossessed Hindoo monarchs was brought out of the obscurity and poverty in which Tippoo had immured him, and placed on the throne of the State, now shorn of a large part of the usurper's conquests, which were divided between the British and their ally, the Nizam; while, to secure the loyalty of the State for the future, the restored chief was entrusted with only its civil government, and henceforth occupied the same sort of position as one of the mediatised princes of the German Empire. The rest of the history of Mysore may be told in a few words. The child thus raised from a hovel to a throne possessed none of the qualities for ruling well, and at last the misgovernment of the province became so scandalous that the Government of India, acting on authority contained in the treaty made by Lord Wellesley, took the government out of his hands. The Rajah died in 1868, having previously, in default of heirs, adopted a distant relative, then a child. Her

Majesty's Government has recognised the adoption, and so soon as the young man shall attain his majority he will be replaced in possession of the civil administration of the country.

The next great annexation carried out by Lord Wellesley was effected in a more peaceful way. The English in the south of India, although occupying the country with their troops, did not govern it themselves, but only garrisoned it on behalf of the Nawab, the descendant of the claimant to power—a power usurped from the rightful authority—whom we had succeeded in establishing as ruler of the Carnatic in the war of the last century, in opposition to the rival candidate set up by the French. Oriental government, it has been said, is pure despotism tempered by assassination. In countries where the Mohammedan law of marriage obtains, there will always be plenty of rival claimants to the throne, ready to take advantage of any unpopularity manifested towards the actual possessor of power for the time being. But the Nawab thus holding his seat secure under the protection of his all-powerful friends, even this guarantee for tolerable government was wanting, and the condition of the Carnatic, for which we were morally responsible, had become scandalous beyond endurance, and Lord Wellesley took the first opportunity of terminating it. On the capture of Seringapatam there was found in the palace a cipher correspondence between the Nawab and Tippoo, showing that the former as well as his son had not only furnished the Sultan with good wishes for the result of his struggle, but information on matters relating to the military preparations of the English. There was nothing surprising in this; to keep a door open for joining your enemies, in case fortune should go against your friends, is a recognised practice in Indian diplomacy, and the Nawab would have been above instead of below the level of his time if he had not taken steps to keep in with both sides in the coming struggle. But, in the recent state of his relations with the English, the pretext for action was a fair one, and Lord Wellesley determined to act upon it. The Nawab dying at this time, his son was taxed with this guilty correspondence, and informed that his succession to the throne could be recognised only on condition of his agreement to a fresh treaty, whereby the entire civil and military administration of the country should be vested in the Company, a handsome provision being reserved for his own support. The young prince, acting under the influence of the gang of Europeans about him, who had the strongest interest in maintaining the existing mal-administration, refused to consent; whereupon the Governor-

General, publicly stigmatising him as being only the reputed son of his father, set him aside in favour of his cousin, who readily signed what was termed a treaty, but was in reality a deed of abdication, and the government of the Carnatic passed into the hands of the English. This large cession, with the districts acquired at the partition of Mysore, make up in effect the existing Madras Presidency, and the Company now became sovereigns of a country as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and containing a population which now exceeds thirty millions.

Another great annexation followed soon afterwards. The government of Oudh, like that of the Deccan, had undergone the inevitable decay which attends oriental monarchies maintained in such conditions of extraneous support. The first ruler was a great officer of the court of Delhi, who took advantage of the break-up of the Mogul Empire to make himself independent, and, like the Nizam of Hyderabad, he continued to bear his court title of Vizir, although it had ceased to connote the functions of such an office. The present occupant of the palace had been placed there by Sir John Shore in the room of his profligate nephew, pensioned off as hopelessly incorrigible. But the political circumstances of the Carnatic and Oudh were very different. His territories surrounded by British districts, or those of our ally the Nizam, and garrisoned by the Company's army, the unfitness to govern of the worthless Nawab of the Carnatic at worst resulted in the misgovernment of his people. But Oudh was a frontier kingdom, adjacent to the Mahratta Empire, whose well-equipped armies lay quartered along the border. Moreover, the powerful monarch of a kingdom beyond the Indus was threatening at this time to repeat the often accomplished invasion of India from the west. The first shock of such an invasion would fall on Oudh, and the defence of that country was an integral part of the defence of the Company's territories. Oudh was occupied by the Company's forces, but, according to Lord Wellesley's views, in insufficient strength, and the Nawab was urged to supply funds to meet the cost of the needful increase. This could only be done by disbanding a portion of his own troops, an undisciplined rabble, useless for defence, and, as the Nawab admitted, a terror to himself. The correspondence on this subject, conducted on one side with the inconsistency and dilatoriness habitual to native courts under such circumstances, and with ever-increasing peremptoriness on the other, soon resolved itself into a demand on the Governor-General's part that the Nawab should either reform his government, and

disband his mutinous troops, or allow the English to undertake the government on his behalf; and after a long negotiation the Nawab at last, under extreme pressure, ceded about two-thirds of his kingdom, retaining the portion which was henceforth and is still known as the province of Oudh. This cession made no change in the distribution of the Bengal army, which had long garrisoned the Nawab's country, their cantonments extending as far west as Futtelghur, but it made an enormous extension of the civil administration of the Company. No act of Lord Wellesley has been more severely criticised than this acquisition, and his proceedings in carrying it out were, it must be admitted, of a very high-handed sort. The truth seems to be that in its relations with the Nawabs of the Carnatic and Oudh, the Government of British India now found itself to be in a false position, rapidly becoming intolerable, the result of the unscrupulous engagements which the Company's servants of a previous generation had entered into when undertaking to support these worthless princes on their thrones, regardless or heedless of the evil consequences that must follow from such an unholy alliance. In view of the shocking misgovernment and oppression that followed from our giving to these dissolute tyrants what was in effect absolute security from the consequences of their misgovernment, the situation was one that could not be continued for an indefinite period, and Lord Wellesley was the first to perceive the necessity for establishing at all costs a new condition throughout these provinces, in which the nominal and real authority should be combined in one. All that can be fairly said against his policy is, that, instead of distinctly asserting the principle, he effected his object somewhat indirectly by pressing treaty obligations to their extreme conclusions. A good deal of sympathy was expressed at the time and afterwards for the dispossessed rulers, and no doubt the sorrows of princes affect us more vividly than the sufferings of humbler people. It is not only the sentimental who feel this; sober men will be found ready to sacrifice their fortunes and lives in the cause of a monarch whom they know to be worthless and ungrateful. But this is because they feel that it is not only the fortune of the king which is at stake, but that the interests of the nation are bound up in maintaining the sanctions which govern the national polity. No interests of this high standard were involved in the present cases. To the peasantry, who made up the mass of the population affected, a change of rulers was a matter of almost perfect indifference, so long as they were relieved from oppression and allowed to cultivate their lands in peace. The only sufferers were the

princes and their families, and the gang of court minions who fattened on the general disorder; and Lord Wellesley might assert without fear of contradiction that the change of masters was in this case an almost wholly unalloyed benefit to the vast majority of the people concerned. It is true that persons can be found nowadays to argue that the people of India are happier under native than English rule, and to lay bare with impartial candour the most obvious blemish in our system of government, its levelling and unsympathetic nature. This defect of the English rule of India, if it may be freely admitted, is however one that could not have been foreseen. At that time the conspicuous feature in the change, which obscured all minor points of difference, was the substitution of peace and protection for horrible misrule and oppression. Moreover, it is important to observe, when English is contrasted with native rule, that such a thing as native rule pure and simple is no longer to be found in any part of India. The so-called independent princes of India in reality conduct their governments under constant supervision, well knowing that all their proceedings are closely watched by critics who have both the will and the power to take exception to any acts of misrule, while even unconsciously the form of administration which obtains throughout British India must necessarily have had an important influence on the mode of government in all the subject states. To give those states credit for the general good order and spirit of mildness which now regulate the relations of the governors towards the governed, and to attribute such results to the inherent qualities of indigenous statesmen, is about as reasonable as it is for certain philosophers to cite the blameless moral lives of the apostles of a religion of humanity or the worship of nature, as proving that such a religion would suffice for the wants and weaknesses of erring humanity in general, altogether ignoring, as these sages do, the fact that society is moral only just so much as it is impregnated with the real spirit of Christianity.

Simultaneously with this great extension of the British dominions, the character and spirit of the Indian services underwent a remarkable change. Some twenty years previously, indeed, the English had undertaken the direct administration of the province of Bengal, but trade and commerce had continued to hold the first place in public attention, and the most important and lucrative offices were those connected with the Company's mercantile operations. But now a new career was opened to the civil servants in Madras, and in Bengal too young men were transferred from keeping ledgers to administer

the ceded provinces in the North-West. Serving under a chief quick to recognise and reward merit, and catching from him something of his own high spirit, the various officials throughout the country from this time entered on a new phase of existence. The Indian Civil Service, as it is now, the most able, industrious, and high-minded body of officials which any country has ever produced, may be said to date from this period. Meanwhile the army, flushed with its success in the Mysore war, and its ill-discipline—an ill-discipline which, if inexcusable, is yet to be accounted for by the neglect it had received—eradicated, partly by the commanding character of the new Governor-General, who was now made Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of the King's as well as the Company's forces, and partly by the reasonable concession of the new regulations lately introduced, the effect, it should be explained, of Lord Cornwallis's representations—the army, thus restored to a healthy condition, now found a fresh field of employment in the expedition despatched by the Governor-General to co-operate with the force sent from England to drive the French out of Egypt. The troops assembled for this expedition were originally destined for the capture of the Mauritius, which afforded a shelter whence the enemy's frigates and privateers sallied forth to cut off the Company's merchantmen, and contained the only port into which they could retire to refit. But the scheme was thwarted by the perverseness of the admiral on the Indian station, who took advantage of his independence of the Company's government to withhold his necessary co-operation; and the capture of this island, which was essential for the safety of the English traffic in the Indian seas, was deferred till a much later period of the long war. While the troops composing the expedition were still assembled at Trincomalee in Ceylon, instructions reached the Governor-General from England to despatch a force to co-operate with the army proceeding from England to attack the French in Egypt, and he at once diverted the armament to this purpose. The expedition, made up to about 7,000 men by additions from Bombay and the Cape, and provided with every necessary that the forethought and energy of the Governor-General could command, was placed under the command of General Baird. Sailing up the Red Sea to Cosseir, and crossing the desert, it arrived in excellent condition on the banks of the Nile—too late, however, to join in the campaign, for the French had already capitulated. But when the difficulty is considered of navigating the Red Sea in sailing vessels, and how little was known at that time of the scene of

operations, the transport of Indian sepoys to take part in the great struggle against Napoleon in so distant a part of the world was a remarkable illustration of the vigour with which the Governor-General wielded the resources at his disposal.

With this exception, the space of three years and a half which followed the conquest of Mysore was a time of unbroken peace, devoted to the labour of extending an organised government over the territories whose annexations we have described. Of the different measures of civil administration which marked this busy period, only two can here be mentioned.

1. Up to this time the Governor-General in Council had exercised the functions of the final Court of Appeal from all the district tribunals. In his first letter to the President of the Board of Control, Lord Wellesley speaks of the burden which this duty imposed on the head of the Government, but expressed a doubt lest the dignity of the Governor-General's office should be impaired if the functions of this high tribunal were delegated to other persons. But a short experience of the working of the system, and the constantly increasing pressure of public business, satisfied him of the necessity for making other arrangements, and he accordingly created the separate Court of Appeal, composed of civilian judges, appointment to which constituted henceforth one of the prizes of the service, and which has within the last few years been fused with the Supreme Court of Calcutta into the present High Court of Judicature.

2. The extension of the duties falling to the Company's civil servants brought into prominence their defective education. Sent out to India at an age little more than that now fixed for admission to public schools, the only special training they ever received before entering the service was a little bookkeeping. The heavy responsibilities placed on them from early boyhood furnished, no doubt, an admirable education in the practical business of life; but in the absence of any methodical instruction in the subject in the first instance, the Company's servants of all classes, with a few brilliant exceptions, continued to be deplorably ignorant in knowledge of the language of the people among whom their lives were spent. The barbarous misspelling of Indian words, which runs through the public records of this date, is alone sufficient evidence on the point. Lord Wellesley, exposing the defects of this state of things in an exhaustive minute, proceeded to provide a remedy by establishing the College of Fort William for the training of the young civil servants of all the presidencies in the Oriental languages and

in the principles of law. Well-paid chairs were established in each branch, to invite learned men from Europe and Asia; liberal rewards were offered for diligence and proficiency; and public disputations were held among the students in the vernacular languages, presided over by the Governor-General in person, when honours were distributed to the most deserving with every circumstance of ceremony. Of the value, indeed necessity, of such an institution there could be no doubt, although, perhaps, it was established on too magnificent a scale; but the Court of Directors could not brook the imputation which it conveyed on their mode of administering patronage, and sent out peremptory orders for the abolition of the college. In consequence of Lord Wellesley's remonstrances it was eventually maintained, but on a very reduced scale. A few years later the Court of Directors set up the College at Haileybury for the training of their civil servants before proceeding to India; but the advantages which its establishment might have conferred were to a great extent nullified by the low standard of qualification enforced, so that every director's nominee sent there, no matter how dull or idle, could hardly fail to get through. The directors were eventually punished for their selfishness and want of public spirit in this matter by the loss of all their patronage.

The spacious and imposing Government House at Calcutta was built by Lord Wellesley, and was not the least useful of his works; and although, having regard to the limited numbers of the European community for whose receptions it was provided, the design may have appeared almost too extensive at the time, it is not at all too large or commodious for existing requirements. There may be worse ways of spending money than providing the chief magistrate of a great empire with a suitable residence; yet, if Lord Wellesley had not had the courage to build one, it is doubtful if any of his successors would have done so. Even now, when the Viceroy leaves Calcutta for the Himalayas, he changes a palace for what, until within the last few months, was little better than a barn. So long as visits to the Himalayas were simply in the way of occasional retreats, to which the Governor-General retired alone, the absence of state did not much signify; but now that he spends half the year there, accompanied by his council and all the public departments, and that princes and dignitaries from all parts of India seek him out there to do homage, the general simplicity, not to say squalor, of the arrangements presented to view—the Viceroy occupying a cottage in the style of a second-rate seaside lodging, the staff

stowed away in adjacent huts, and the public departments scattered over the mountain-side in dark, ill-ventilated barns—is the reverse of impressive; while excessive waste of time and inconvenience result from conducting public business under such circumstances. It is understood that some reform in these respects is now impending, and it will not come at all too soon.

The magnificence and state with which Lord Wellesley surrounded himself, and the formality he introduced into his household, set off as they were by his commanding abilities and the brilliant events of his administration, all tended to increase his popularity with the European community, as did also his reserve and imperious manner, tempered as they were by his great kindness and consideration for those about him. Two incidents tended to raise this feeling still further. The army of Seringapatam pressed on his acceptance, as a memorial of the capture, an ornament of great value, made of precious stones selected from Tippoo's store of jewellery. Lord Wellesley declined the gift in gracious terms, on the ground that he was precluded by his duty from taking it. The star was then made over by the army to the Court of Directors, under whose authority the Governor-General accepted it. The Court of Directors, with the sanction of the Crown, proposed to set aside a hundred thousand pounds from the prize taken at Seringapatam, as a donation to him; the Governor-General protested in the strongest terms. It would have the appearance of depriving the army of part of their prize for the purpose of enriching him, and would place him in a most invidious and degrading position towards the army. The Prime Minister, to whom the protest was addressed, withdrew the proposal, and subsequently the Court of Directors settled on Lord Wellesley a pension of 5,000*l.* a year for a term of twenty years.

But while Lord Wellesley was thus in appearance at the summit of success, exercising unquestioned the powers which his genius had so largely increased, extending the Company's possessions, and building up the agency of a devoted and enthusiastic public service, in reality he was consumed with vexation at what he deemed to be the personal slight put on him at home, and at the opposition and hostility manifested by the Court of Directors. The soldier who had been most distinguished at the capture of Seringapatam, a feat the Governor-General was by no means disposed to undervalue, and who had been recommended by him in the warmest terms to the favour of the Crown, had been entirely unrewarded; nor was it until some years after his exploit that the gallant Baird was

knighted for another feat of arms. The services of General Harris, the Commander-in-Chief, remained unnoticed for twenty years, till recognised by a tardy peerage. But still greater was the slight, as Lord Wellesley deemed it, put upon himself in his advancement by a step in the Irish peerage. He was overcome with mortification, he wrote to a friend at home; the indignity had lowered him in the eyes of the Indian community, and driven him to a sick bed; he should know neither health nor happiness until this outrage had been repaired by his appointment to an English marquissate. Lord Wellesley's fine character contained many blemishes, not the least being the vanity which compelled him to stoop so low as thus to express annoyance at what he deemed the inadequate appreciation of his services. This outburst produced a long and affectionate remonstrance from Pitt, justifying his action in the matter. Lord Wellesley's previous elevation to the English peerage must be accepted as in a measure discounting by anticipation his Indian services. To give him three more steps in the English peerage would have been a scale of promotion certainly very unusual. The intrinsic difference between an English and an Irish marquissate was insignificant; and the Irish marquissate was proposed instead of an English earldom, which was at first thought of, because the minister was led from many quarters to believe that the former would be preferred. The unanimous thanks of both Houses of Parliament, conveyed in marked terms of approbation, would alone have placed him on grounds of distinction on which few public servants have ever stood. After all, the minister forcibly continued, the manner in which a reward is given for services, and that in which it is received, determine its value in the eyes of the public much more than its own specific value. But true though this may be, yet, considering the lavish way in which Pitt had scattered peerages among his followers for mere political services, the argument came from him with a bad grace.

But besides the personal slight, as he chose to consider it, the relations between the Court of Directors and Lord Wellesley had first ceased to be cordial, and then became in a degree hostile and embittered. And here a significant difference may be noticed between the careers of two Governor-Generals, which in other respects presented many points of resemblance. Lord Dalhousie's rule in India, like that of Lord Wellesley, was illustrated by brilliant achievements and large annexations. Lord Dalhousie, like Lord Wellesley, conceived and acted on the deliberate policy of

augmenting the British possessions in India on every legitimate occasion, each deeming the public good to be more important than sentimental considerations in favour of a few worthless individuals. Each had in a remarkable degree the gift of judging men and selecting fit agents for the execution of his measures, while the expansion of British rule during his term of government gave Lord Dalhousie as well as Lord Wellesley the means of rewarding magnificently the good services of those under him. Each impressed his own strong will on every branch of the administration, and each commanded the most implicit obedience and loyal co-operation from all classes of public servants. But while Lord Dalhousie, imperious only to those under him, was always respectful and deferential in bearing to his masters in England, Lord Wellesley's haughty spirit constantly chafed under the bonds of official obedience to the Court of Directors, and in his correspondence with the Ministry he made no attempt to hide his contempt for the former and their views, and hardly concealed it in his letters to themselves. And while Lord Dalhousie, with Scotch caution, was careful to bestow a portion of his patronage on the friends of those in power at home, so that every son or nephew of a director was sure of promotion to at least the full extent of his deserts, Lord Wellesley had more than once to remonstrate against the encroachments of the Court on his rights in their presentations to offices in India. The two were indeed situated very differently in this respect. In Lord Dalhousie's time, precedent and practice had come to require that the authorities at home should confine their patronage to first appointments, leaving all subsequent promotions to be made by the Government on the spot; but Lord Wellesley was repeatedly called on to resist the nefarious jobbing of the Court, who insisted on nominating to some of the highest offices men whom the Governor-General had already denounced as incompetent and unfit for employment of any sort. The result of these differences in the character of the men, and of the circumstances in which they were placed, was that while Lord Dalhousie, deferential and respectful to the Court, had his own way in everything, and reigned absolute master of India, Lord Wellesley was thwarted in what he deemed to be some of the most important points of his policy, and overruled in personal matters in a way to deeply wound his pride; till at last, after he had been less than four years in India, he was driven to resign his office. In the formal announcement he assigns the state of his health as a reason for this step, and that the general pacification of India had now been accomplished;

but in a letter to Mr. Addington, then Prime Minister, he states his grievances against the Court in full. Amongst these were, the direct appointment by the Court of incompetent and improper persons to important offices, thus in effect cancelling appointments made by himself; the disapproval of the appointment of his youngest brother to be Governor of the North-West Provinces, whose services, however, had been given gratuitously; the disallowance of various salaries sanctioned by the Governor-General, notably that which he had granted to his brother Arthur while superintending the affairs of Mysore; this act, as implying a censure of nepotism, wounded the Governor-General in his tenderest point; finally the treatment Lord Clive, the Governor of Madras, had received, in the removal of the Chief Secretary of that Presidency from his post, a step which Lord Clive regarded as so great an indignity as thereon to resign his office. This official, Mr. Webbe, had been regarded by Lord Wellesley with some animosity on his first arrival in India, as he justly believed him to be the person whose influence inspired what he then termed the Madras faction to cavil at his instructions. But as the two men came to understand each other this feeling of antagonism was soon replaced by mutual respect, and from no one did Lord Wellesley receive more hearty and useful aid during the preparations for the Mysore war. Mr. Webbe's whole public life, said the Governor-General, had marked him as the implacable, indefatigable, and irresistible foe of the corrupt system of intrigue and peculation which had long pervaded the service at Fort St. George. His own example had become a model of imitation to the younger branches at Madras, and the public disgrace of such a man was to favour the growth of ignorance and vice. His removal would be a severe blow to the Government, but the direct appointment from home to the most confidential office in the Presidency 'comprised every degree of personal indignity that could be offered to Lord Clive and myself, and the result had been to drive that honest, diligent, prudent, and able public servant' from India. 'I will not,' he added, 'separate my character from that of Lord Clive on this painful occasion.'

It is interesting to observe that the two principles in dispute between the Governor-General and the Home Government have been settled in different ways. 'If I am unfit,' said Lord Wellesley, 'to be entrusted with the power of augmenting salaries in cases where I deem such an augmentation to be necessary or expedient, I am equally unfit for any branch of trust which I hold.' Nevertheless this power has been with-

drawn absolutely from the Government in India, and without implying any loss of confidence in that authority, or any sensible inconvenience. The rule that no new office shall be created in India, nor the salary of any existing office increased, without the sanction first obtained of the home authorities, works without any practical inconvenience, and is amply justified by the consideration that the means of forming a judgment on such proposals can always be furnished to the authorities at home, where the case can be discussed without personal bias. On the other hand, the principle which Lord Wellesley contended for, that the Home Government should abstain from interference in the disposal of appointments, has been absolutely established. Save in the case of a few of the highest offices in India, specially reserved by Act of Parliament, the whole of the enormous patronage of India is vested solely in the local Governments, who are responsible for the efficiency of all branches of the administration.

The real cause for the estrangement of the Court of Directors from the Governor-General was that he had interfered with two of their dearest interests. He had appointed military officers to military offices of responsibility, one as military auditor, another as military secretary, offices which had usually been held by civilians, and which the Court contended could legally only be so held. And according to the letter of the law the Court was right. Until within the last few years every civil engineer in the service of the Indian Government, every university man teaching in the Government colleges, was illegally appointed. But so long as the appointments in question were not worth holding by a civilian, the illegality was winked at; it was only when valuable offices had to be filled that the Act of Parliament was brought up. But in Lord Wellesley's time almost all offices were valuable; the salaries given bore in many cases no sort of ratio to the importance of the duty, and such offices as the paymastership of pensions were among the most lucrative in the service. The civil servants in those days were more directly connected with the directors than even in after years, and to interfere with their claims was to incur the certain hostility of the Court. The resentment felt by that body at the creation of the College of Fort William has already been referred to.

Another measure of Lord Wellesley which the Court deeply resented was aimed at their trade. By law the Company had a monopoly of the trade to India, but their ships were insufficient to carry all the commodities offered for transport, and Lord Wellesley took upon himself to grant licenses to private

traders and shippers to take up ships for the transport of cargo to England. The measure in no way injured or even affected the interests of the Company, all of whose ships continued to receive cargoes to the full extent of their capacity; but the Court saw in this a first step towards the abolition of the Company's monopoly, which might be used against them by powerful interests at home. Their fears were shared by the English shipbuilders, because the ships thus employed were built in India, and the Governor-General's proceedings were assailed at the India House in language, the reports of which reaching his ears tended more than anything else to increase the feeling of ill-will which now animated both sides. Lord Wellesley's remonstrance to the Prime Minister produced, however, the desired effect: Lord Castlereagh, who had lately succeeded to the Board of Control, put his veto on a violent despatch which the India House had proposed to send to India, and substituted one, which the directors were induced to approve, in which, while former causes of disagreement were referred to, his great services were recognised in adequate terms, and he was asked to continue in office for another year, 'to perfect the retrenchments of which their affairs in India were now susceptible consequent on the pacification of the country, and to make arrangements, under the instructions which he would soon receive, for the progressive liquidation of the Indian debt.' This despatch crossed one from Lord Wellesley, announcing that, in consequence of the critical state of affairs in the Mahratta Empire, he had determined to defer his retirement until he had assured the pacification of India; but the receipt of this conciliatory letter, and the assurance of support from the King's Government, acted as a timely cordial for the Governor-General's wounded spirit. His remaining term of office, however, instead of being devoted to the reduction of expenditure and the liquidation of debt, was occupied in dealing with the greatest crisis in which the English had ever been involved since they first set foot there, and which ended in the complete transformation of the political condition of India.

The great Mahratta Empire, which had risen on the ruins of the Mogul dynasty, had overspread, either by direct conquest or by an elastic claim to tribute, all that part of India which did not belong to the English or was not under their protection, and of all the calamities undergone by that afflicted country the supremacy of the Mahrattas has probably been the greatest. The Mogul emperors were often cruel, and their courts were uniformly the scene of treachery and intrigue; but many of them were, at any rate as to culture and education,

above the level of their surroundings, and some of them showed a real desire to benefit the condition of the people over whom they ruled. Their wars were for the most part undertaken against rebels and usurpers, to keep what they had got; and India in their time enjoyed frequent periods of peace and prosperity, during which the monarchs found leisure to adorn their capitals with the splendid monuments which still attest their taste and splendour. The Mahrattas were essentially barbarians, whose armies were a rabble, and their cities a mere congeries of squalid huts; the track of their conquering path was marked by burning houses and desolated fields; under their rule the state of India suffered a marked decline, and the ravages they committed are still apparent in wasted plains and ruined cities. The political structure of the Mahratta Empire, rapidly created, rapidly underwent the usual course of degeneracy. Founded by the craft and enterprise of one man, the Prime Minister in the third generation usurped the reins of government; the royal family was relegated to obscurity; and the Peishwa, as the minister was termed, succeeded in making his rank hereditary, and became the recognised head of the empire. On this revolution followed soon the usual disintegration which is the fate of absolute monarchies in the East; the first step being that the different provincial commanders, to whom are assigned the revenues of the provinces which they occupy as payment for their troops, establish their independence of the central government. In the case of the Mahrattas these different states now formed a confederacy, the members of which, although ready to unite for over-running any other part of India, were engaged in constant wars among themselves. The chief of these were: 1. Scindia, whose territories extended from the Deccan to the Himalaya, including the imperial city of Delhi, which carried with it the possession of the Mogul emperor, who, although a blinded captive and treated with ignominy, was yet regarded with a sort of veneration strangely contrasting with the actual treatment he received. 2. Holkar, ruler of Malwa. 3. The ruler of Berar, whose possessions, including the present province of Cuttack, extended to the Bay of Bengal. 4. The ruler of Baroda, known as the Guicwar, occupying a part of Guzerat. These chieftains owed a nominal allegiance to the Peishwa, whose own territories comprised, to speak roughly, the country now known as the Bombay Presidency. All were men of low extraction, whose fathers had risen to power in a time of general anarchy by mere force of courage and intrigue. Some twenty years before this time the English and Mahrattas had

gone to war, which had an indecisive issue, but which left little bad feeling on either side, and since then the two powers had remained on friendly terms. The Mahrattas had even co-operated with us in the first war against Tipoo, and a treaty had been made for securing their co-operation in the second, the terms of which however were evaded. And indeed the Peishwa was too fully occupied in endeavouring to maintain himself at the head of the confederacy to be able to take any longer an active share in foreign politics. Seeing his condition, the Governor-General pressed his good offices, proposing a friendly treaty, the purport of which should be to maintain the Peishwa secure on his throne by means of a subsidiary British force, and the security now enjoyed by the Nizam from dangers both within and without was cited as showing the advantage that would accrue from such an arrangement. The Peishwa, however, remained deaf to these proposals, till driven at last to seek the help of the English under stress of revolution. Scindia and Holkar, rivals for the first place in the Mahratta Empire, were contending for the right of occupying the Peishwa's capital, and defending, or in other words controlling, his person. The Peishwa declared himself in favour of Scindia, but Holkar coming down with a large army, a battle was fought between the two chieftains, in which Holkar was victorious, and the Peishwa, dreading the consequences of falling into his power, fled from Poona and sought an asylum in British territory. The authorities at Bombay, who had received Lord Wellesley's instructions for dealing with such a contingency, now again pressed the scheme of a subsidiary British force on the Peishwa, who, seeing in this the only means of recovering his dominions, now readily embraced the proposal, and the famous Treaty of Bassein was executed, whereby the British Government covenanted to place a subsidiary force at the Peishwa's capital for his protection, to pay the cost of which certain territories were ceded to the Company. This treaty concluded, the regiments designated to form the first relief of the new garrison were told off to march to Poona and replace the Peishwa on his throne, and Lord Wellesley reported to the Home Government that by this act of diplomacy the peace of India and the pervading influence of the English throughout the peninsula would now be effectually secured. Only one independent state had remained in India after the downfall of Tipoo, and the head of this power was henceforward to be maintained on his throne by British bayonets, the English, his firm friends, protecting him against his rebellious feudatories.

And at first it seemed as if the great measure would be carried out peacefully, for Holkar, who had been left in possession of the field, retreated suddenly on the approach of the English troops, who reached Poona just in time to prevent him from burning and plundering it. But the defeated Scindia halted his army at a short distance from the Mahratta capital, and awaiting the arrival of the Berar Rajah, who now began to march towards him, remained sulkily watching the position. Lord Wellesley could not at first think that these two chieftains really intended hostilities. The Peishwa, as the head of the Mahratta confederation, had an undoubted right to make a treaty with the English by which the independence and possessions of the other Mahratta princes were not touched. But the treaty put an end to all prospect of their aggrandisement at the Peishwa's expense, and the vexation occasioned to them by it was no more than might reasonably have been expected. Lord Wellesley however for some time was sanguine that the affair would end peacefully. But as soon as the prospect of war forced itself on attention, his mind conceived a scheme of operations as remarkable for its boldness as for the completeness with which it was actually carried out, and for the benefit which accrued from it to the people of India. He determined, if Scindia and the Berar Rajah should continue in their hostile attitude, to attack them at all points, and to extend the British possessions over the whole theatre of the war. Of the soundness of this strategy there can be no question. In European warfare the safest plan will usually be to concentrate your forces, and to overpower the enemy by superior strength at some vital point. But in India, where, from the difficulty of moving European troops and their heavy baggage with celerity, it may often be difficult to close with the adversary, especially if he be a Mahratta, whose strength lies in his numerous cavalry, an attack on a variety of points is the readiest plan, since it tends to bewilder and prevent him from attempting any offensive combinations in reply. And in the present case the nature of the war involved that it should be carried out by a number of what were in effect independent campaigns, the armies operating in which were separated from each other by many hundreds of miles, advancing from different bases, and communication between which occupied many days. Five principal campaigns were accordingly prescribed. On the extreme East a column from Bengal was to invade and occupy the maritime province of Orissa, belonging to the kingdom of Berar. On the extreme West Scindia's possessions in Guzerat were to be conquered by a force operating from

Bombay, the Guicwar meanwhile remaining friendly, and having already executed a treaty with us, which secured his possessions by a subsidiary force. Bundelcund, which, although already ceded by the Peishwa, had yet to be taken possession of, was to be occupied by a force setting out from Allahabad. The Commander-in-Chief in Bengal, advancing from Cawnpore, was to attack the armies of Scindia, which, drilled and commanded by French officers, occupied the upper part of the Doab, holding possession of Delhi and Agra and the provinces immediately surrounding the capitals of the Moguls. Lastly, a force detached from the Madras army, supplemented by the garrison stationed at Hyderabad, was to attack the main armies of Scindia and the Berar Rajah, which still remained in hostile attitude on the borders of the Peishwa's dominions, threatening Poona. The combination was thus on a great scale, and the manner of giving effect to it was illustrated by the exhibition of all the Governor-General's great qualities for command. Naturally and during the greater part of his life an indolent man, Lord Wellesley throughout his Indian administration displayed an extraordinary degree of industry. No trouble was too great; in correspondence with the authorities at home it seemed as if he would bear them down by bulk of words alone. The despatch in which he defends his foundation of the College of Fort William contains a hundred and forty-one paragraphs. A single despatch on Mahratta affairs occupies two hundred closely printed octavo pages. On this occasion he brought even a higher ability and a greater energy than he had hitherto exhibited to the mastery of the crisis, and all that capacity for taking trouble which has always distinguished the masters in the art of war, and which is a notable attribute of real genius. And of these labours his despatches remain an imperishable record. Each of the persons concerned in carrying out the great combination, the governors of the subordinate presidencies, the diplomatic agents at the different native courts, and the commanders of the various armies—each receives his definite instructions providing for every conceivable contingency—instructions which, while explaining beyond possibility of misconception the Governor-General's plans and intentions, yet give to each commander abundant latitude to act according to the exigency in which he may find himself placed. Above all, while thus minutely prescribing the lines of political action, Lord Wellesley is careful to abstain from interference with the purely military operations of his generals, in this, as in so many other ways, exhibiting his great capacity for ruling, and

affording an example worthy of imitation by English statesmen for all time. These orders given, and the whole resources of the State applied to second the efforts of the generals and keep their armies supplied, the Governor-General calmly awaited the issue of his combinations. His busy pen, we may add, was wielded by a staff of the ablest of the young civil servants, whom, with characteristic penetration, he had collected into what was termed the Governor-General's Office, all of whom, trained in the best school India has ever afforded, rose afterwards to distinction, and all of whom ever after retained the feelings of affectionate admiration they then imbibed for their imperious but kind and magnanimous master. Far into the night, on one memorable occasion, these young scribes plied their pens, Lord Wellesley pacing the room, dictating to each in turn the last series of the despatches on which the great issue depended; then, when the work was done, he dismissed them to the banquet set out in an adjacent hall, where the enthusiastic youngsters, one of whom was himself destined to be Governor-General hereafter, sat till late morning toasting the king and the country and the generals and the army, and above all their glorious chief.

Of the different operations now planned, by far the most important were the two to be undertaken in the Doab and the Deccan. And circumstances had singularly favoured the Governor-General in the agents at his disposal for carrying them out. The Commander-in-Chief of the Bengal army, General Lake, who had lately succeeded to the office, although past middle age, was still as remarkable for his vigour of body as for his personal courage; and while a good deal imbued with the pedantry of his profession, and a stickler for the eccentricities in dress which, if only ridiculous in colder climates, were often death-bearing in India, was extraordinarily popular with both officers and men. Of the other commander it is sufficient to say that he was Major-General Wellesley. It must always remain a nice point how far the Governor-General's patronage of his brother was due to personal regard, and how far to his having anticipated the discovery of his brother's genius; but the presence of the conqueror of Assye on the scene was in fact entirely accidental. When first Lord Wellesley formed the design of an expedition to the Mauritius, he appointed his brother to the command of it, and Colonel Wellesley was occupied for some months at Trincomalee, in Ceylon, in the organisation of the transport service. Eventually, as has been stated, the destination of this force was changed from the Mauritius to

Egypt, and Wellesley was superseded in the command by General Baird. The Governor-General gave as his reason for this supersession the augmentation of the force, and the consequent necessity for placing an officer of higher rank in command, for his brother was still only a colonel; but it seems probable that he also wished to make Baird some amends for a previous slight. Baird, it may be remembered, led the storm of Seringapatam, and in ordinary course was entitled to succeed to the post of governor of the fortress on its capture. But General Harris, acting on a request sent him by Baird the evening after the assault, that he and his stormers might be relieved—meaning, no doubt, temporary relief only—had sent Colonel Wellesley into the fortress to take permanent charge of it, a supersession which Baird bitterly resented. When the expedition to Egypt was talked about, Baird, who continued to brood over what he considered, and with apparent reason, to be the ill-treatment he had received, went to Calcutta and sought an interview with the Governor-General, and it was probably in consequence of the gallant veteran's representations of the injustice done him on that occasion that the Governor-General now in turn superseded his brother in his favour, appointing the latter to continue attached to the expedition as second in command. Wellesley, like a good soldier, cheerfully applied himself to pushing on the business of the expedition, but was attacked with fever just as it was about to start from Bombay, and so was left behind. Writing to his brother Henry, who had lately surrendered his appointment as private secretary, and returned to England, he laments the case as 'the most unfortunate' for himself

'in every way that could have occurred. I was at the top of the tree in this country; the governments of Fort St. George and Bombay, which I had served, placed unlimited confidence in me, and I had received from both strong and repeated marks of their approbation. . . . But this supersession has ruined all my prospects. . . . My supersession must have been occasioned either by my own misconduct, or by an alteration of the sentiments of the Governor-General. I have not been guilty of robbery or murder, and he has certainly changed his mind; but the world, which is always good-natured towards those whose affairs do not exactly prosper, will not, or rather does not, fail to suspect that both, or worse, have been the occasion of my being banished, like General Kray, to my estate in Hungary. I did not look, and did not wish, for the appointment which was given me, and I say that it would probably have been more proper to have given it to somebody else; but when it was given to me, it would have been fair to allow me to hold it till I did something to deserve to lose it.'

This letter, written by a man who was hereafter to become
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the foremost person in Europe, is, we think, now one of extraordinary interest; while, to say nothing of the obvious moral to be drawn from it, it shows in a strong light the relations between the Governor-General and his brothers, and the awe with which he was then regarded by them; for it is evident that Lord Wellesley had not thought it necessary to vouchsafe Colonel Wellesley any private explanation of his motives in the matter. As it happened, this was the turning point in Arthur Wellesley's career. Left behind at Bombay, he reverted to his substantive appointment as Resident of Mysore, and when, a few months later, affairs in the Mahratta country became threatening, he was ordered to take command of the field force assembled on the frontier. The choice was amply justified by his antecedents, for, shortly after the conquest of Mysore, Colonel Wellesley had gained great credit when sent into these districts to put down a rather formidable rebellion got up by one Dhoondhia. This worthy, a noted cut-throat and robber, who had been imprisoned by Tippoo, took advantage of the storm of Seringapatam to escape, and, setting up again on his own account under the modest title of the King of the Two Worlds, soon collected a gathering of freebooters, who, in the then distracted state of India, were always forthcoming on the chance of plunder. He was surprised at last by Colonel Wellesley, after a great deal of forced marching, and killed, and his gang broken up, and Colonel Wellesley gained a reputation not only for his skill and energy in effecting his mission, but also for the remarkable way in which, a young officer of a British regiment, but lately arrived in India and ignorant of the language, he succeeded in gaining the confidence of the people in whose country his operations were conducted. This popularity stood him in good stead in the campaign he was now entering on, enabling him to secure abundant supplies for his army in a season of scarcity. Wellesley, who had not long before been promoted to Major-General in a general brevet, commanded the force which reinstated the Peishwa at Poona, by his rapid advance saving that city from being sacked by Holkar; and with his detachment, supplemented by the subsidiary force from Hyderabad, he now stood confronting the allied armies of Scindia and the Rajah of Berar; and to him, as being immediately opposed to the ruling chieftains themselves and their principal armies, the Governor-General committed the full powers of supreme arbitrament between peace and war. He was to endeavour to gain a peaceful solution of the difficulty if possible; the other British armies were to await the news of his declaring war before commencing

hostilities. General Wellesley, under these instructions, made a reasonable proposal to the confederated leaders. Both sides should retire the same distance within their respective territories. To these demands uncertain replies were returned. It has never been clear what was the distinct purpose the Mahratta leaders had in view. It is very probable that they had no definite aim, but that their attitude was an ebullition of ill-temper. General Wellesley, however, was determined that the negotiation should not be protracted until the termination of the rainy season, when the fall of the rivers would render them fordable for the Mahratta cavalry, in which arm they had a great superiority; and, pressing for a definite reply, he at last received the counter-proposition that he should retire several hundred miles, leaving them where they were. Hereupon he recalled the English envoy from their camp, and declared war. On the news of this reaching the other English commanders, the invasion of the Mahratta territories began at all points according to the prearranged plan.

The Mahrattas, having thus drifted into war, displayed in the conduct of it neither skill nor energy. In earlier days their horsemen would have swarmed over the country, cutting off supplies and trying to wear out their more slowly moving antagonists. But their trust was now in the battalions of infantry, drilled by French adventurers in imitation of the English Sepoys, and in the numerous artillery they had lately organised, and the armies opposed to General Wellesley, instead of dispersing, kept together, but practising no other tactics than to elude their opponent, who, after first carrying by assault the important fortress of Ahmednuggur, went in pursuit of them. The heat was great, the difficulty of obtaining supplies considerable, and for a few weeks General Wellesley could not succeed in closing with them; but on the evening of September 23, 1803, a day ever memorable in Indian annals, he came upon their united armies, drawn up in front of the village of Assye. Colonel Stephenson's column from Hyderabad, which formed the larger half of his command, was still a day's march off, having been detached to head the enemy from taking a certain route, and he had with him only about 4,500 men, including two weak battalions of British infantry, the 74th and 78th Regiments, and the 19th Light Dragoons. The enemy had about 10,000 disciplined infantry in line, with a hundred guns, besides irregular troops and a swarm of between 30,000 and 40,000 cavalry. But obeying the instinct which in India will seldom be wrong, always to attack the enemy when and where you find him, and apprehensive that if he waited for

Stephenson's arrival next morning the Mahrattas would make off during the night, General Wellesley ordered an immediate advance. The Mahratta guns were well served, and made such havoc among the draught bullocks as immediately disabled the English artillery, and the infantry advanced across the bare plain under the full fire of the Mahratta batteries, the brunt of it falling on the advanced piquets of Sepoys on the right of the line and the 74th Regiment immediately in their rear; and never has British infantry shown greater resolution than did the 74th in this desperate fight. Eleven officers of the regiment were killed on the field, and four hundred men, or about two-thirds of its strength, were killed or wounded, almost all by artillery fire; but the small remnant continued to advance, and admirably supported by the Sepoy battalions, who suffered heavily and showed great resolution, carried the enemy's position. A rally was attempted, which was defeated by the cavalry, and at last the enemy broke and fled, leaving almost all their guns on the field. The cavalry, which had got into action early and had been severely handled, was too much broken to pursue. Altogether the English loss was nearly 1,600 out of about 4,500 engaged; the general had two horses killed under him. More than a hundred of the enemy's guns were taken, and their army was rendered unfit for further enterprise during the rest of the campaign. One point, however, came out very strongly from the battle of Assye, that Indian warfare had entered on a new phase. The time had gone by when a handful of Sepoys, led by European officers, could put to flight vast armies of Indians, suffering themselves scarcely any loss. Victory might still be purchased under great disparity of numbers, but the cost must be proportionate. The native powers had learned to use our arts. It is certain that Lord Wellesley did not anticipate the hard fighting and heavy loss which distinguished this Mahratta war, and, had General Wellesley foreseen the critical nature of the battle, he would probably have waited the arrival of Stephenson's reinforcement. And with a less resolute commander the issue of the day might have been different. The same thing may, however, be said regarding most of our great Indian battles; we have always underrated the fighting power of the enemy, as notably in the case of the Sikhs till undeceived in the Sutlej war, and there again the fate of India hung in the balance, and defeat meant ruin.

The army under General Lake, destined to operate in the north of India, contained what would now be deemed an unduly small proportion of foot to horse. He had with him three regiments of British cavalry, and only one battalion of

British infantry, the 76th Foot, to supplement his native troops, consisting of five regiments of cavalry and eleven battalions of Sepoys, the whole organised in three divisions, with forty-three field guns of sorts. Altogether this army contained about 10,500 fighting men, but it is estimated that these were attended by nearly 100,000 camp followers. It took the field early in August, at almost the hottest season of the year, and when Europeans, after the long summer and sultry rains, are generally most liable to sickness and least able to endure fatigue, but the whole force animated nevertheless with the highest spirits. This part of Scindia's dominions was entrusted to the administration of General Perron, the French commander of the army of occupation. On August 29, three days after receiving news of the outbreak of war, Lake crossed the frontier at Alighur, and, driving off the enemy who showed in his front, found himself before that place. The fort of Alighur, erected by Perron, had a bastion trace on the approved principles of the day; it was surrounded by a deep wet ditch, rendering escalade impossible. The army was unprovided with a siege train, nor was the delay which a regular attack would involve to be thought of. Yet to advance, leaving this strong place with a large garrison in rear, was a dangerous alternative. A way out of the difficulty however presented itself. A narrow causeway ran across the ditch, leading through some outworks into the fort. This had probably not yet been blocked up, and offered the chance of capture by a *coup de main*. An assault was made on the morning of September 4. The battery which covered the causeway being first carried, the troops made their way along the circuitous passage, exposed in their advance to a heavy fire from the surrounding works, and, blowing open in succession two gates which blocked the way, with a field gun dragged up for the purpose, gained at last the main rampart and carried it by storm. The brunt of this gallant action was borne by the 76th, who led the assault, and lost five officers killed out of a total of six who fell on the occasion. This brilliant feat of arms established the prestige of the invading army; M. Perron came into camp and gave himself up, and Lake advanced up the Doab, meeting with no resistance except from the Mahratta cavalry, till he came within sight of the imperial city of Delhi. There, almost on the same ground as was half a century later the scene of the first battle between the mutinous Bengal army and the handful of British troops opposed to them, Scindia's army was drawn up to meet him, with M. Bourquin, who had succeeded Perron,

in the chief command. The Mahratta force comprised sixteen battalions of infantry, so that in this branch the disparity was not great; but the British advance was made in face of a very heavy artillery fire causing great loss, the brunt of which was again borne by the 76th. The victory however was complete. The enemy, their position carried at the point of the bayonet, fled in rout, leaving nearly seventy guns on the field; the remaining French officers came in and gave themselves up, and General Lake, encountering no further opposition, occupied the capital of the Moguls, to find the aged Emperor, the same who had granted the government of Bengal to Clive thirty years before, and who had since been barbarously blinded, living a poverty-stricken prisoner in his palace. Probably no event of the war more enhanced the reputation of the English, than that the care of the Emperor's person should have devolved on them, while, with the change of masters, the aged monarch obtained a partial restoration of his grandeur. The English general paid him all the respect which the traditionary feeling of the country required, and Lord Wellesley, addressing him by letter in the complimentary language of which he was a master, congratulated him on gaining his liberty. Mill finds fault with the Governor-General for not restoring to the Emperor some part of his dominions; but the imperial family had long lost the art of governing, and unless maintained by British bayonets, the pageant of a revived empire would surely have been short-lived. In settling a handsome pension on the Emperor and his descendants, which enabled them to occupy the great palace with some degree of magnificence, and placing the territory round Delhi under his control, subject to the supervision of British officials, and directing that the Emperor should be treated with extraordinary respect, the Governor-General seems to have done the utmost that was practicable under the circumstances. For many years afterwards, it may be mentioned, the Company stamped all their coinage in his name, and until the great rebellion the titular Emperor was treated with extreme, not to say extravagant respect, by all classes of British officials.

Leaving a small garrison in Delhi, Lake now marched down the right bank of the Jumna, to lay siege to the fortress of Agra. The enemy were driven off from the position they occupied before the walls in a smart skirmish, in which the General was careful to spare his handful of Europeans, and after a few days the garrison, awed by his successes, capitulated. While these operations were going on, another large

Mahratta force, under a Frenchman named Dudernaig, consisting of fifteen battalions of foot with a powerful artillery, was approaching from the southward. The Mahrattas, indeed, had throughout shown a complete want of military ability, for had the different armies which Lake encountered and overcame in detail been concentrated in the first instance, his small force must have been quite unequal to the task. But an enemy in India may always be credited with making blunders, and if Indian warfare had been conducted on principles of caution, we should never have conquered the country. Dudernaig, following the example set by his brother officers, soon came into the British camp, but his army took up a threatening position a few miles north-west of Agra, whither Lake, after taking that place, proceeded to attack them, and completely defeated them at Laswaree, taking more than seventy guns and effectually breaking up the army as an organised force. But the battle was the most severe which Lake had yet fought, and again the brunt of it fell on the gallant 76th, a large proportion of the remnant of that regiment being killed or wounded. The cavalry were also severely engaged; one of the two generals of division was killed, the general's son was wounded, and his own horse killed under him.

The Mahrattas had now been completely driven out of the great plain of Northern India, while simultaneously the expeditions to Cuttack, Bundelcund, and Guzerat had effected the complete subjugation of these countries with comparatively small loss; and now news arrived from General Wellesley that the enemy had sued for and been granted terms of peace. Immediately after the battle of Assye commissioners arrived in General Wellesley's camp to propose negotiations. These, however, with characteristic want of sense and honesty, they protracted from day to day on various pleas, while the general, taking one strong place after another, came one afternoon upon the enemy on the plains of Argaum, in Berar, and attacked and again completely defeated them. Compared with the battles of previous Indian wars, Argaum was a severe one, although not so desperate or critical as Assye, but it was illustrated by one remarkable incident. 'The troops,' says the general in his official report, 'conducted themselves with their usual bravery,' a commendation which, from a remark in the private letter which followed the despatch, might be thought ironical. 'What do you think,' he says, 'of nearly three entire battalions, who behaved so admirably in the battle of Assye, being broke and running off when the cannonade commenced at Argaum, which was not to be com-

'pared to that at Assye? Luckily I happened to be at no great distance from them, and I was able to rally them and establish the battle. If I had not been there, I am convinced we should have lost the day.'

Scindia and the Berar Rajah were now utterly dispirited, and, granting the powers to their commissioners which they had before withheld, sued for peace without further dissimulation, and separate treaties were executed with them by General Wellesley on behalf of his brother, containing almost precisely the same terms which the Governor-General had laid down at the outset of the war as being the objects to be sought for. The Rajah of Berar ceded Orissa, thus giving the Company a continuous coast line between Bengal and Madras, and also certain districts in the West of India, now known as Berar Proper, which were made over to the Nizam; he engaged never to employ any Frenchmen in his service, and to break off entirely from the Mahratta confederacy. By the treaty with Scindia the English retained all the conquests made by General Lake in the North of India, which, together with the cessions previously obtained from the Nawab of Oudh, make up the territory still improperly called the North-West Provinces, the great plain watered by the Ganges and its tributaries, the home of the finest races in India, the Hindustani-speaking people who furnish the bulk of our army, the most advanced and civilised part of the peninsula. Some districts in the West of India also furnished a nucleus of what is now the Bombay Presidency. A clause was of course included in the treaty excluding Frenchmen from his country, and Scindia further agreed to accept Lord Wellesley's favourite panacea for peace, of a subsidiary force of English troops. On the other hand, in the view that his power and authority should not be unduly weakened with respect to his rival Holkar, Ahmednuggur and several other strong places which had been taken during the war were restored to him. It was an illustration of the vanity of attempting to control Indian politics from England, at a time when letters from India took a year to answer, that, just after these treaties were concluded, despatches were received from the Court of Directors deprecating the policy of active interference with Mahratta affairs involved in the Treaty of Bassein, and urging that the treaty should be cancelled, and the Peishwa abandoned to his own resources. And when the news of these great events reached England, the results were but coldly acknowledged: the directors, and even the Ministry, still clung to the idea of a policy of neutrality, and keeping within our own frontiers until attacked.

For the immediate consequence of these successes had been the absorption of the Company's investment to provide for the expenses of the war, which also of course more than absorbed in the first instance the increase of revenue derived from the extension of dominion, and the Company had not yet thoroughly realised their conversion through force of circumstances from traders into monarchs, and still sighed after their trade balances. The approbation of the Ministry also was of a very qualified nature, and Lord Wellesley's friends in the Cabinet were much exercised in their desire to support him against the rancorous hostility of the Court of Directors, without committing themselves to distinct approval of his measures of annexation. Their sentiments were embodied in a long and very carefully written minute by Lord Castlereagh, in which, while the decided opinion is expressed that no contravention had been committed of the Act of Parliament which prohibited aggressive hostilities by the Government of India against native states, inasmuch as the late war had been distinctly brought about by the threatening attitude of the Mahratta chieftains, a strong recommendation is added against annexation or active interference in Mahratta affairs, and for maintaining a purely defensive attitude within the Company's territories. These instructions, however, reached India after the treaties of peace had already been concluded with those powers, and were valueless except as a record of opinion formed on an incomplete and imperfect knowledge of the facts. An exhaustive and convincing refutation of the argument contained in Lord Castlereagh's minute was supplied in a memorandum by Major-General Wellesley—whose moderation and forbearance in dealing with his Indian opponents were as conspicuous as his genius in conquering them in the field—lately published in the supplementary Wellington Despatches, and which will be found also in Mr. Sidney Owen's volume. But whatever might be the view entertained on the merits of the policy which led to the war, there could be but one opinion as to the manner in which it had been brought to a successful conclusion, and a generous recognition of this was not withheld, although delayed for some time by the political crisis which ended in the return of Mr. Pitt to office. General Lake was raised to the peerage; General Wellesley received an extra riband of the Bath, in those days a considerable distinction; Lord Clive, whose cordial co-operation in all measures of his administration has been warmly eulogised by the Governor-General, was raised to an earldom; some special mark of the King's favour for the

Governor-General himself was reserved only till the settlement of the affairs of India should be concluded on the new basis established by the peace. The thanks of both Houses of Parliament were voted at the same time to the Governor-General, the Governors, the generals, and the army, for their services in the war. Similar votes were passed by the Courts of Directors and Proprietors of the Company, a reservation, however, being added in the separate vote to the Governor-General that, in the absence of definite information on those points, a judgment was withheld on the origin and policy of the war, and Lord Wellesley accordingly declined to publish the resolution in India. To have made known these sentiments of his masters, he said in reply, would have been to cast doubt and instability on every arrangement which had been made, to expose to hazard the permanency of all treaties of peace which had just been concluded, and to throw the politics of the country into confusion.

Meanwhile, in India itself, as post after post during the war brought news from different parts of the country of the victories which followed each other in almost daily succession, now a great battle won, now a strong fort carried by assault, now a great territory conquered, and as successive issues of extraordinary Gazettes announced these brilliant exploits, with the acknowledgments and thanks of the Governor-General conveyed in generous and appreciative, if somewhat stilted language, the enthusiasm of the European community and the public services rose to the highest pitch, while the great statesman whose guiding hand had directed the splendid combinations that had been so completely accomplished, became the object of their unbounded admiration. Even General Lake began unconsciously to imitate the Governor-General's mode of writing, and to make blundering attempts to reproduce his ornate style. Nothing indeed shows the degree of Lord Wellesley's influence in a more striking light than the respectful affection which the old general, so rough to others, displays in every line of his correspondence with his considerate but imperious chief; and when on one occasion General Lake ventures to put forward an opinion of his own on a point not immediately within his cognisance, the Governor-General, although perfectly courteous, rejoins in such terms as bring the old general to his feet at once. Nor was it merely glory on which the services were fed. The large augmentations of the army had brought great promotion to the military. The administration of the conquered countries still further extended the demand for civil officers. The British India which we know

now dates from this time. Except in the direction of Burmah and the Punjab, our frontier has extended but little since then; the principal military cantonments are many of them the same as those in which the troops of Lake and Wellesley settled down for the summer after their campaign. The native army in Lord Wellesley's time was actually larger than it is at the present day. The number of European troops serving in India was almost as great as at any time afterwards until the mutiny, fifty years later. The force which was deemed necessary to maintain the balance of power proved also large enough to maintain peace throughout the country when English supremacy had been established.

And it seemed as if the time for lasting peace had now arrived, and that a condition of equilibrium in Indian politics had at last been established. The power of the two great disturbers of the public peace had been effectually subdued. The south of India was in that state of profound repose which has never been disturbed since the capture of Seringapatam; the Peishwa and the Nizam were satisfied to enjoy possession of their dominions under British protection; and the whole energy of the Government was in course of application to the settlement of our new possessions, when suddenly the general peace was disturbed from an unexpected quarter. Holkar alone of the Mahratta chiefs had been unaffected by the war. Jealousy of his old rival Scindia had kept him from joining the combination against the English, and during the war he had remained in a state of sulky isolation from both sides. Yet now, when the superiority of the British had been so completely exhibited, and their armies were set at liberty for any further operations, Holkar, with that whimsical perverseness which is characteristic of Indian statesmen—if such a name can be given to the holders of power—suddenly provoked hostilities by pillaging the country of our ally the Rajpoot Prince of Jeypoor, to rescue whom from Mahratta oppression had been one of the objects of the war, and sending an insulting letter of menace to General Lake. The hot season was advancing, and the English army, fatigued by its long-continued exertions, sorely needed repose: but Lord Wellesley ordered that this outbreak should at once be suppressed, and Lake moved towards Central India to beat up Holkar's camp. The latter however constantly retired, and Lake at last decided to withdraw his army into summer quarters, and accordingly, leaving a force of five native battalions with some levies of native cavalry, under Colonel Monson, to watch Holkar's proceedings and hold him in check, marched back

with the rest of his troops to Agra, the European troops suffering heavy losses from the intense heat on the way. This arrangement was opposed to the wish of the Governor-General, who thought that any force left to act independently at a distance from support should contain a nucleus of Europeans; but Lake was averse to further exposure of British troops at this season. The event justified Lord Wellesley's judgment. Colonel Monson, who had led the 76th throughout the campaign, and greatly distinguished himself by his personal gallantry at the capture of Alighur and on many other occasions, was yet deficient in the resolution and decision needed for an independent commander, while his arrangements for supplies were altogether insufficient. First he advanced considerably beyond the point at which he had been left by the Commander-in-Chief, in expectation of meeting with a force which was operating from the south. Disappointed in getting no tidings of this force, he received news that Holkar with a large army was in front of him. Under this condition two courses were open—the one to continue his advance towards the British stations in the Deccan, driving back the enemy, if he should venture to bar the way; the other to take up a position in one of the neighbouring towns, and await relief. Monson, however, after some days spent in vacillating tactics, decided to fall back, a course never pursued by British troops in the East without disaster. The whole country rose upon him; the native mounted levies went over to the enemy; the petty chieftains through whose lands the line of retreat lay closed the gates of their forts against the retiring force; supplies failed; the rivers, now swollen by the rains, were crossed only after great delay and difficulty, under harassing attacks from the enemy, who gained audacity as the English force lost heart and solidity. For some time discipline was maintained, and the enemy venturing to approach too close, the retreating force more than once turned and repulsed them with spirit; but as provisions failed, and the guns and baggage had to be abandoned, and the small band of European officers dwindled away, the retreat became a rout; and eventually, on the fifty-fifth day after the fatal retreat began, the remnant of the force reached Agra, a disorderly and scattered band of fugitives, without any remains of military coherence or organisation. The Governor-General on hearing the news magnanimously refrained from blaming the Commander-in-Chief for his faulty dispositions, or Monson, whose gallantry had never been more conspicuous than during this unhappy retreat; but contented himself with urging the immediate adoption of vigorous mea-

tures to retrieve the disaster, and Lake now took the field with all his available troops. But by this time Holkar was at the head of a large army. India swarmed with soldiers who had been thrown out of employment by the peace and the reduction of the armies of the other Mahratta powers. These flocked to Holkar's standard, while guns seemed to rise out of the earth. And this blow to the English arms, the magnitude of which was not diminished by rumour, agitated the whole of India. Scindia and the Rajah of Berar began to hope for the recovery of their ceded possessions; the Rajah of Bhurtpoor, a Jat prince on the south of the Jumna, who had little to expect from the success of those scourges of India, and who had displayed at first extreme satisfaction at being relieved from Mahratta domination, gave signs of hostility. It was all important to suppress Holkar at once.

His army had advanced from Central India as if he intended an irruption into the Doab, but on Lake advancing he retired up the right bank of the Jumna, and, plundering the venerable city of Muttra, continued his march towards Delhi, hoping to surprise it and possess himself of the Emperor's person. The small garrison of this great city however made a gallant defence, and Holkar, obliged on the approach of Lake's force to raise the siege, crossed the Jumna above the city, and started on a Mahratta maraud through the Doab. Lake, determined to beat him at his own weapons, leaving the bulk of his infantry and camp equipage under his second in command, started off with his cavalry and a few light troops in pursuit. He first got news of the enemy at Scharunpoor, where Holkar had tried to plunder the town, but was beaten off by a battalion of Sepoys which occupied it. Foiled in this, Holkar wanted to cross the Ganges into the fertile province of Rohileund. But his active pursuer did not allow him time for the passage of the great river, and he was fain to continue his course down the Doab on the right bank of the Ganges, plundering and harrying as he went, the English force, two days' march behind, following on the track of burning villages. At last, one evening after a day's march of over twenty miles, Lake got news that Holkar was encamped close to the town and English cantonment of Futtehghur, thirty-six miles distant. He would probably stop for the night in order to attack that place next day; and so Lake, leaving his camp standing, started again at nightfall with his cavalry to surprise the enemy, the troops, as they mounted their horses, receiving the inspiring news that a decisive victory had been gained over the main body of Holkar's army by the infantry which had

been left behind. Just as day dawned the head of the advancing column came upon the enemy's camp, and Holkar's troopers, sleeping by their horses, were awakened by a shower of grape. The surprise was complete; the Mahrattas had been beaten at their own game. Holkar was the first to fly; the English pursued for more than ten miles, cutting up great numbers of the flying enemy with but trifling loss to themselves, and only halted at last from sheer exhaustion, having marched more than seventy miles in the twenty-four hours. The remnant of the Mahrattas escaped in fugitive bands across the Jumna, and Lake's vigour effectually put an end to all offensive movements of the enemy.

The battle already referred to, fought on November 13, 1804, was also a decisive blow at Holkar's power. General Fraser, left in command of the army during Lake's expedition, had marched to beat up Holkar's force, and, finding it drawn up under the walls of Deeg, attacked and defeated it, capturing nearly ninety guns. The battle was not won without considerable loss, the 76th Foot as usual bearing the brunt of the action, and the gallant commander was mortally wounded. The victory would have been still more decisive if Monson, who succeeded to the command when General Fraser fell, instead of pursuing the beaten enemy, had not fallen back a day or two later, on the plea of protecting a convoy of provisions expected from Agra, which, however, would have been equally well guarded by sending back a detachment. 'It is 'extraordinary,' writes Lake to the Governor-General, 'that 'a man brave as a lion should have no judgment or reflection.'

And now a fresh complication occurred. The city of Deeg, before which the battle was fought, and which belonged to the Rajah of Bhurtpoor, had both fired on our troops and opened its gates to the fugitives from Holkar's beaten army, and a correspondence between the Rajah and the enemy had been intercepted, which showed them to be in active alliance. Lord Wellesley now determined that the former should be punished in consequence, and gave orders for the reduction of Deeg and Bhurtpoor. Accordingly, General Lake, on reassuming the command of the united army, proceeded to attack Deeg, and, having in a few days battered a breach in the wall, carried it by assault on Christmas Eve of 1804, with a loss of about 220 killed and wounded. After this highly successful operation Lake moved off for the reduction of Bhurtpoor, only a few miles distant, and the British army took up its position before that place on January 2, 1805. The great extent of the city

rendered anything like complete investment impossible, and the army was very deficient in the means for undertaking a regular siege, but it was expected that the tactics found so effective at Agra, Alighur, and Deeg, would be equally successful here. No attempt was made to construct regular approaches, but on the morning of January 7, 1805, fire was opened from the first breaching battery on the broad and lofty mud wall which surrounded the city, and on the afternoon of the 9th, a breach being reported practicable, an assault was at once ordered. Such a feat of arms must depend for success, among other things, on the practicability of the breach. No measures, however, had been taken on this occasion to ascertain its exact condition, and there was really no available passage for a body of troops. The attacking columns, moving over a wide expanse of broken ground, were received with a destructive fire, and fell into confusion, while all the columns but one were stopped by an impassable wet ditch. A few officers and men of this column succeeded in clambering up a bastion, but they were unsupported, and at nightfall the troops were withdrawn, after 450 had been killed and wounded, with a large proportion of officers—a much heavier loss than that which occurred at the capture of Seringapatam.

This was the first check Lake had suffered during the war, but, still adhering to the same bold tactics, he was sanguine of succeeding at the next attempt. Boldness in Indian warfare is true caution, but it will not achieve the impossible. Again no adequate steps were taken to ascertain the exact state of the defences; a perfunctory examination of the breach was indeed made by three native soldiers, who galloped up to the edge of the ditch, and coming back said that both descent and ascent were easy; but when the storming columns again sallied forth, on the 21st of January, it was found that the water in the ditch had been dammed up below the breach, and was now more than eight feet deep. Thus the columns were brought up, and exposed to a destructive fire from the walls. A few soldiers with an officer swam across and even mounted the breach; but the commanding officer, seeing that the place could not be carried in that way, called off the remnant of his party, having suffered a loss of almost 600 killed and wounded, without inflicting any on the enemy. The 76th figured largely in the list, and even at this distance of time one reads with a pang of the remnant of this gallant regiment, which had survived so many actions, being sacrificed in this useless warfare.

The army now shifted its position, and encamped opposite another part of the walls, ostensibly with a view of finding a

more accessible point of attack, probably also that the troops might not be discouraged, in advancing to the next assault, at having to pass over the corpses of their comrades still lying festering on the ground. The breaching operations were now somewhat more extended, and fough approaches pushed part way, but not wholly up to the walls. Meanwhile all India was in a ferment; Scindia and the Rajah of Berar began to show marked signs of an intention to try conclusions again with the English; a large body of predatory horse made an irruption into the Doab. Lake detached his cavalry in pursuit, and they were overtaken and dispersed, not before they had caused a dangerous scare, and inflicted great damage on some of the districts lately occupied by the Company's officials. Everything pointed to the need for making short work of Bhurtpoor. Lord Lake had now been reinforced by a division of the Bombay army, and his army comprised seven regiments of European infantry—it would be more proper to say the remains of seven regiments, for in those days reinforcements were long in coming from England, and eighteen months of marching and fighting had made great ravages in their ranks. The third attack was fixed for February 20, but again no proper steps were taken to insure its success. The defences were not examined to ascertain whether the breach was practicable, but the stormers were sent forward, to trust to the chapter of accidents for getting into the place somehow. The beginning did not bode well for success. Some attempts had been made a day or two before to mine under the counterscarp and blow it up. The enemy, perceiving this, sent out a sallying party to occupy the ground in front, from which our working parties were accustomed to withdraw at daybreak. This sallying party encountered the stormers advancing at dawn to occupy the sheltered ground preparatory to the attack. A skirmish ensued, and the enemy were driven back, but it was not found practicable, under fire of the ramparts, to withdraw our killed or badly wounded from the ground where they had fallen. The assault was delivered in the afternoon, as before, but the troops were out at heart at starting. A rumour that the enemy had charged our unfinished mine, and were prepared to fire it as the troops advanced, created a panic; the sight of the helpless wounded lying since the morning on the ground over which the columns advanced still further checked their spirits; the broken nature of the ground rendered the execution of the orders for deployment impossible. In fact the Europeans could not be got to follow their officers. Some of the native troops did better; the sepoy of two regiments made a rush for the breach, and a

few of them with several officers succeeded in clambering to the top, where the colours of the 12th Bengal Native Infantry were planted for a time, but the others could not or would not follow, and the officer in command at last drew off his columns. The total loss this time was nearly nine hundred, including a large proportion of officers.

Lord Lake rebuked the regiments concerned next day on parade, and called for volunteers to retrieve their reputation. In answer to this appeal the whole force to a man stepped out of the ranks. It was determined to renew the assault on the following morning, after the breach, up which a few had succeeded in climbing, should be made more easy by further battering. For the fourth assault, which took place on the 21st of February, the whole of the European troops in camp were told off, with four battalions of native infantry, and placed under the command of the brave but unlucky Monson. The attempt was gallantly made, but the breach was not really practicable. A few men, led by their officers, climbed to the summit here and there, but were all killed; others, trying to follow, were knocked down by logs and stones hurled on them from above, and fell, carrying their comrades with them in their fall. The rest remained at the bottom or on the ground in front of the breach, a useless mob, receiving a destructive fire from the ramparts, and unable to inflict any damage in return. The device adopted at St. Sebastian eight years later, of clearing the breaches of defenders by firing from the batteries over the heads of the storming columns, might have succeeded, but it was not tried; and Monson at last withdrew his baffled force, after two hours spent, not in fighting, but in standing to be fired at. The loss, this time, amounted to nearly one thousand; in the long list of officers killed and wounded, a conspicuous place is occupied by the small surviving remnant of the 76th.

Provisions were now scarce in camp; the battering guns were worn out; three thousand men had fallen. Time enough had been spent for taking the place by regular approaches, yet no progress had been made. The siege had to be converted into a blockade, and the camp was moved to a fresh spot. Lord Wellesley, on hearing of the great loss which had occurred, urgently pressed caution on the Commander-in-Chief. It was much more important, he said, not to fail than to succeed soon. Political affairs were now getting to be very disturbed. The effect of the check before Bhurtpoor was to be plainly seen in the conduct of the two Mahratta chiefs whose power had been so completely humbled the previous year. Scindia

had collected an army, avowedly to co-operate with the English, but evidently ready to attack us if things should go badly, and in the meantime it took a line of march in the contrary direction to that indicated by Lord Wellesley as the proper one to follow. His letters to the Governor-General were couched in a tone of insolence such as had never before been exhibited, and, to add to the offence, the English envoy at his court, on announcing his intention of leaving it, was placed under restraint, a tremendous violation of the laws of nations even as understood in India. At another time Lord Wellesley would have taken prompt vengeance for such an offence, but now he felt the need for restraining his pride. Not only was it necessary to keep the whole resources of the Government free for disposal of the war with Holkar and Bhurtpoor; he had news that his successor was on the way to relieve him, and coming with views completely opposed to his own, and it behoved him to finish the war and arrange a durable pacification of the country before his successor should arrive. He was soon able to come to terms with the Rajah of Bhurtpoor. Although that prince had so far maintained the reputation of his virgin fortress, his position was far from satisfactory. He held his town, but nothing more. What part of his territory was not occupied by the British was being harried by Holkar's plundering horsemen. And there remained the prospect of the English siege being successful at last; they showed no sign of giving up their purpose. He was therefore extremely anxious for peace, and took the opportunity of receiving news of General Lake's elevation to the peerage to send out a complimentary letter, on which peace negotiations were set going. The captured fortress of Deeg was restored to the Rajah, but the appearance of victory was afforded to the English by the Rajah agreeing to pay them a considerable sum as war indemnity; the military prestige lost by this unfortunate attack, however, was not recovered till Bhurtpoor was besieged and taken more than twenty years afterwards.

Lord Lake was now free to turn his attention to Holkar and Scindia. The former, who was still hanging about, was followed up and driven off a fugitive to the north-west, without money, credit, or guns, abandoned by all but a few thousand horsemen who lived on plunder. Scindia, left face to face with Lord Lake, showed a disposition for mild counsels, and the Governor-General, accepting a qualified apology for his detention of the British envoy, and also being prepared to restore certain districts the loss of which Scindia had especially taken to heart, friendly relations were once more on the point

of being established. Lord Wellesley had thus got over the only check his war measures had sustained, although not with entire success, and there only remained the suppression of Holkar to effect the final pacification of India. And everything promised the immediate realisation of this, and the complete fruition of the Governor-General's great and far-seeing policy, when the arrival of his successor destroyed all his plans. He had long before asked to be relieved of the government, and expressed his intention of leaving India as soon as a successor should arrive; but it was also his particular desire to remain, at the cost of any personal inconvenience, until he should have settled the affairs of the country. It was, therefore, a cause of great mortification to find his successor arriving before the establishment of peace, a still greater to find that he had come to India resolved to revoke Lord Wellesley's policy, and prepared to sacrifice many of its most important parts.

The unsatisfactory state of the relations between the Governor-General and the Court of Directors has already been referred to. If he had taken no pains to conciliate them, they had treated him with extreme discourtesy; and the Ministry, who were now engaged in carrying on the momentous struggle with Napoleon, were naturally averse to proceedings which distracted their attention from the business immediately before them, and diverted the resources of England to a distant part of the empire, and were no longer so eager as before to take his part. Twice had the Court been induced by the Government to ask Lord Wellesley to defer his return, first after the conquest of Mysore, and again in order to bring the Mahratta war to a conclusion; but now, in dismay at the state of the Indian exchequer, the Court were once more clamorous for his supersession, and this time Pitt and Lord Castlereagh agreed that a change of rulers was expedient. Pitt, however, broke the matter to his friend in a kind and considerate letter. The feeling of hostility at the India House towards Lord Wellesley, he said, had reached a point at which it was the clear opinion of his brother (Arthur, now in England) and Lords Castlereagh and Melville, as well as of the writer, that the Governor-General would no longer have the means of carrying on the government with satisfaction to himself or advantage to the public service, and under the circumstances he would no longer resist Lord Wellesley's wishes to return home. He should not be allowed to surrender his great office without receiving some additional public mark of the cordial sense entertained by the Crown of his very transcendent public services. Pitt himself would

wish him to have the blue riband, but partly from personal bias of the King, and partly from political engagements already made, this might be impossible, and in that case an English marquisate would be proposed. The Prime Minister invited him to take as distinguished a place in the administration as his talents and exertions entitled him to, and in any case looked with eagerness to the renewal in his society of all the habits of friendship and confidence from which, for so many years, the writer had derived so large a share of happiness. The recall could not have been put with greater kindness and delicacy, but the Ministry, as well as the Court of Directors, were alarmed at the state of things in India. Neither party could see what was clear to Lord Wellesley alone—that while enormous benefits would accrue to India and its people from the completion of his policy, the financial difficulty it involved was of a temporary nature only. A great war must involve expense in the first instance, and could not be met from current revenue; and unless funds were provided from special sources, a dearth of money would certainly be felt. As a matter of fact the ultimate financial result of Lord Wellesley's administration was by no means unsatisfactory; the public debt was largely increased, but the revenue had increased in the same proportion, and was better able to bear the burden, because drawn from a wider source. Not that Lord Wellesley's management of the finances was a strong point of his administration. He was not indeed a worse financier than the men about him, but in finance he did not tower above them as in politics and administration. In truth, sound financial government was almost incompatible with the continuance of the Company's double functions of governors and traders, and until within the last few years the old leaven of the commercial bookkeeping with which the Company started business still continued to cumber and vitiate the Indian public accounts. In the present case, and indeed until recent times, the only way of raising money in India was by the clumsy device of an open loan at a fluctuating price. The limited available capital of India was soon absorbed in this way, and the Company's investment had to be appropriated to the purposes of the war, and in a paroxysm of alarm Lord Cornwallis, worn out and broken in health, was entreated to return to India and re-establish peace at any price. This was when only the first war had been heard of in England. When Lord Cornwallis reached Calcutta, to find the treasury empty and Holkar still at large, Scindia showing his teeth, and all India excited and expectant, the old nobleman's resolves for

peace at any price were strengthened. Peace must be had forthwith, at the price even of surrendering almost all we had gained, and giving up India beyond our territories to a renewal of anarchy. In vain did Lord Lake remonstrate, pointing out that the desired pacification was in fact effected; that all real opposition had now been put down; that peace was practically restored, and all that was needed was a show of firmness for a few days longer. Failing to make way against the panic-stricken counsels now in the ascendant, the gallant old veteran surrendered his office, and followed Lord Wellesley to England, to die the next year, worn out by Indian exposure, but not before his eminent services had been recognised by a step of promotion in the peerage. Lord Cornwallis died a few weeks after his arrival, almost in the act of signing away some of our fairest acquisitions. He was succeeded provisionally by Sir George Barlow, of the Civil Service, a man of respectable abilities, who had occupied a seat on Lord Wellesley's council during the greater part of his administration, and, so far as he had ever ventured to raise his voice at all, had always professed himself a hearty supporter of Lord Wellesley's policy. But, whatever his convictions, Barlow now deemed himself bound to carry out the policy which the Court had enjoined on Cornwallis, in total ignorance of the state of things Cornwallis had found in force. The remonstrances of the diplomatic agents attached to the different native courts had indeed some effect on him. The Emperor's person and the Cis-Jumna territory, with the great cities of Agra and Delli, were not delivered up to the Mahrattas, as Lord Cornwallis proposed, but Holkar, who was now a refugee in the Punjaub, was restored to the whole of his possessions. This might have been thought magnanimous; it was not, however, magnanimous to withdraw as we did from all political connexion with the various states of Central India who had been mixed up with the war, and who, without British protection, would now be left at the mercy of the enemies whom they had made by taking our part. In vain did the head of the state of Jeypoor, one of the time-honoured princes of Rajpootana, whose ancestry could be traced back to the furthest limit of historic times, implore us to continue our protection, appealing to the good faith of treaties and to the engagements we had entered into with him as the price of his adherence to our cause. In their blind haste to be quit of all responsibility, and to gain peace at any price, the Indian Government abandoned the state of Jeypoor with all the other states of Rajpootana to their fate, and the English, with-

drawn into their own districts, looked on with selfish composure while the rest of India was again delivered over to anarchy and plunder. This selfish and cowardly policy brought in time its own retribution. Left to themselves, the different Mahratta chieftains showed more conspicuously than ever their incapacity to govern and to maintain peace without the controlling influence of the paramount power; and when their wasted territories became no longer able to furnish plunder for the robber hordes which now infected those tracts, these began to look as a matter of course to the fertile provinces under British rule, and eventually, when at last, from our persistence in the practice of non-interference, the condition of India had become past endurance, the policy of Lord Wellesley was again adopted and effectually carried out to a legitimate conclusion, the supremacy of the British and their active superintendence of affairs being at last established throughout the peninsula. From this time India entered upon the blessings of a peace hardly disturbed during forty years; but it cost the Marquis of Hastings two great campaigns and a prodigious expenditure of money to effect what Lord Wellesley had actually accomplished.

But while Lord Wellesley's last hours in India must have been embittered at the foolish pusillanimity which was so busily pulling down the great structure which his genius had erected, his departure was the signal for the display by the members of the public service and the European community of the feelings of attachment and veneration with which he had inspired them; and it must have been some gratification to find, from the enthusiastic tone of the addresses presented to him on this occasion, how completely the nature of his administration had been appreciated by those who had witnessed its results. The seven years of his rule had indeed effected a momentous change in the condition of India. When he first assumed charge of the government, he found the Company's equality with the King of Mysore hardly recognised or even claimed, and the boldest and ablest men at Madras deprecating even a show of military preparations lest they should give offence to Tippoo and provoke him to attack us. Our only ally was the Nizam, and he was entirely under French influence. Our policy with regard to the Mahrattas was to have nothing to do with them, and to hope that they would leave us alone. A considerable portion of the country was indeed garrisoned by our troops, but we had no concern with the administration of it, except in the province of Bengal and in a few districts of the south; our part in the

business was to witness and support two most contemptible and effeminate princes illtreating and misgoverning their unhappy subjects. The civil servants of the Government were mostly engaged as traders, and it was thought high praise to say of one that he was personally honest. The governments of the different presidencies were conducted as if they had to do with a parish rather than an empire, the councillors wrangling and jobbing like the members of a vestry. There was neither subordination nor discipline in either civil or military service. All this was completely changed in the short space of seven years, and the change was entirely due to the Governor-General. The rivalry of the French was extinguished; all opponents of the English and disturbers of the public peace were suppressed. An enormous territory, for the misgovernment of which we had become morally responsible, was added to the Company's dominions, and the previous anarchy replaced by an administration which, if now seen to be faulty in some respects, was perfection compared with that which it replaced. Lord Wellesley's policy went much further than this. Not only should there be good government and order within British territory; peace should be maintained throughout the whole of India, and for this every native sovereign must surrender his right to make war on his neighbour, and must agree to conduct his government under British supervision, being insured in return British protection. This consummation, as we have said, was not actually carried out till twelve years later, but Lord Wellesley must be credited with the policy, and in fact the political condition of British India as we now find it was his creation. The change which he effected in the character of the English administration has already been dwelt upon. A beginning of the good work had been made by Lord Cornwallis, but only in one part of India, and it may be said without exaggeration that the high tone for which the Indian service has ever since been conspicuous was first breathed into it by Lord Wellesley.

Splendid as were the Governor-General's services, they could not have been less requited or recognised. His return happened at a time unfortunate for England, but especially unfortunate for him. Pitt was dying, and the last letter he wrote was one of affectionate greeting to his old friend, who saw him only once, and then with death stamped on his face. The Ministry which succeeded to office on Pitt's death were opposed to Lord Wellesley in politics, and the Court of Directors were possessed with the bitterest feelings towards him. Soon after his arrival, a certain Mr. Paull,

formerly an adventurer employed in dealings with the Nawab of Oudh, and who had at one time professed great gratitude for kindnesses received from Lord Wellesley, was now in Parliament, and brought forward articles of impeachment founded on the cessions obtained from that chieftain; but the proceedings were a very feeble imitation of the case of Warren Hastings. The House would not refuse to receive the evidence proffered, but the proposed enquiry was interrupted by a dissolution. Paull was not returned to the new Parliament, and when a few months later the motion was brought forward again by Lord Folkestone, his resolution was negatived by a great majority, and a resolution moved by a former Chief Justice of Calcutta, approving of Lord Wellesley's dealings with Oudh, was carried by an equally large majority. Shortly afterwards a Sir Thomas Turton attempted to bring forward a resolution condemnatory of Lord Wellesley's proceedings in the Carnatic which was indignantly rejected. Any objection which the Government might have felt to giving a tardy mark of recognition of Lord Wellesley's services had now been removed, but those services remained for ever unrecognised and unrewarded by the Crown, notwithstanding a representation on the subject which, with questionable regard for his own self-respect, he submitted to the Duke of Portland, and to the end of his long life this neglect was keenly felt by a man sensitive in a peculiar degree on the point of personal distinction. The Court of Directors and the proprietors of the East India Company continued for a long time to cherish the highest animosity towards him, and shortly after his return the latter body condemned his administration by a large majority. But thirty years later, when the fruit of his policy had been reaped by a long period of peace and prosperity throughout the dominions which he had added to the Company's possessions, and when another generation of directors had arisen, containing more than one Indian ex-official who had served directly under Lord Wellesley and been trained in his school, a generous apology was made. The Court took the opportunity of the publication of his despatches to express their appreciation of his splendid services, and ordered that a large number of copies of the work should be circulated in India for the instruction of their servants. They accompanied this expression of opinion with the more substantial acknowledgment of a grant of twenty thousand pounds, and caused a statue of the great Governor-General to be set up in the India House. The reply of Lord Wellesley, now approaching his eightieth year, to the announcement of these resolutions, is among the most interesting

of the many sonorous compositions which have proceeded from his fertile pen. After referring to the pain which the reservation of the Company's approbation has caused him for so many years, the letter thus concludes:—

‘With equal wisdom, justice, and liberality, without any solicitation on my part, without any interference of influence of any description, casting away all passion, prejudice, and error, the Company has relieved me from this heavy burden of grief; and the delay which had occasioned so much affliction, now greatly enhances the value of the ultimate decision.

‘To such an extent have my days been prolonged, that I have seen my Indian administration tried by the unerring test of time, and subjected to the ordeal of a new age and of a new generation. After the lapse of thirty years, after all my principles, motives, and views have been fully disclosed, and all their results and consequences fully ascertained and proved, the Company has awarded to me a meed of fame which gives to living honour all the weight and authority of a judgment of posterity.

‘Grateful for this unprecedented distinction, I prize it still more highly as it affords a sure pledge that the great Empire added to the British dominions under my administration will be governed in the same spirit by which it was acquired; and that the same energy by which our territories have been secured against the assaults of our enemies in war, will now be directed to cultivate the blessings of peace, and to establish our power on the solid foundation of the happiness and affliction of a contented and flourishing people.’

ART. II.—1. *The Poetical Works of Edmund J. Armstrong.* London: 1877.

2. *Essays and Sketches of Edmund J. Armstrong.* London: 1877.

3. *The Life and Letters of Edmund J. Armstrong.* London: 1877.

A LIFE which closes at twenty-three years and five months may be more of a life than many a million that close at three score and ten; and there was a fulness of life and of Irish life in Edmund Armstrong, of which the years he lived afford no measure. Some fruits of it were, of course, youthful and immature; others were scarcely so. For the faculties, elements, and activities which went with it were very various; it was a life abounding in happiness and hope, with seasons of gloom and sore disturbance; abounding in loves and admirations—love and admiration of nature, love and admiration of books, and other and still more passionate loves and

admiration; full of reflection and emotion, giving out at one time

‘Hyblæan murmurs of poetic thought,
Industrious in its joy;’

giving birth at another to battles of the spiritual instincts with their intellectual persecutors and destroyers; and passing through all forms and phases of belief, unbelief, disbelief, and misbelief, though happily finding its way at last to faith and peace.

It was a life of diligent labour in acquisition as well as strenuous intellectual effort; and it was also a life of extraordinary bodily strength and activity, breaking down once and again into extreme weakness from disease of the lungs. It has been said* that ‘exuberant health diseases us;’ and in Armstrong’s case the exuberance of animal vigour, uniting with an almost rapturous love of nature, threw itself off in days and nights of such ramblings amongst mountains and over plains, with such reckless exposure to weather, as no health which was not inexhaustible as well as exuberant could be expected to endure.

His was an Irish hardihood which contrived to make the most wholesome of all arduous somewhat dangerous. Were it not for such devotees as the members of the Alpine Club, who perhaps lift up their eyes to the mountains less from the love of their grandeur and sublimity than from the love of danger for its own sake and the ‘*torva voluptas*’ it inspires—were it not for worshippers such as these, the love and admiration of nature might be said to be, except the love of God, the only love and admiration which can be impassioned without possible contingencies of suffering or of sin. No corruption results from it, no reaction, no disappointment, no blank. It is strange that, so far as can be gathered from any prevailing expression of it in poetry or prose, it is not much more than a hundred years old. In Shakespeare there is occasionally a sort of scenic adaptation of nature to the passions or feelings brought upon the stage; the moonlight sleeps upon the bank where the lovers are loitering, or thunder and lightning meet the maddened king on the heath: but the effects wrought by nature are merely incidental and ancillary. Milton remembers the ‘sight of vernal bloom or ‘summer’s rose’ when he can see them no longer; and in describing the garden of Eden, having to present us with some of the generic beauties of nature, he performs his task with

* By Southey, ‘Roderick the Last of the Goths.’

the power and poetic effect never wanting to him when the theme and mood are consenting. Then comes Thompson; and the admiration accorded in the last century to the careful and accurate, but dull and pompous, descriptions of nature in the 'Seasons,' may serve to show how little of real admiration was felt in those days for nature herself. Young's was a higher order of verse and diction; but he sings by night, and gives effect rather to the negation of what is to be seen in nature than its description. Cowper was genuine and true, and his heart was in his descriptive poetry so far as it went, but that was not very far: and in Gray's letters, though not in his poems, there are indications that the scenery of Cumberland and Westmoreland had taken effect upon him. But in all these there is nothing more to be seen than an occasional mild pleasure and satisfaction in contemplating those of the objects nature is good enough to present us with which are agreeable to the eye.

It was just as that sleepy century was coming to an end that there was to be an opening of its eyes and a revelation. Wordsworth, revisiting the Wye in July 1788, sang of days when

'The sounding cataract
Haunted him like a passion, the tall rock,
'The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, had been to him
An appetite;'

and though the days he sang of were those of his earliest youth, and he conceived, as young men will, that he had left them and their inebrieties far behind at the advanced age of twenty-eight, and that

'All their aching joys were now no more,
And all their dizzy raptures,'

yet the truth is that from first to last his love of natural beauty was an impassioned love. We know something of it, and of the rough roads he would travel in the pursuit of it, from his sister's journal* of their Scotch tour in 1803;—a curious alternation of poetic feeling with plain speaking,—presenting us, as the homely enthusiasts went their way in their spring cart, with pictures of nature in all her beauty when she *was* beautiful, and with exact and complete delineations of her

* Edited in 1874 by Professor Shairp, whose admirable work on the 'Poetic Interpretation of Nature' (1877) has fallen in our way since the above was in print, and when disagreeing from it may be regarded as the higher authority.

when she was not; so that the record might be a companion, in some portions of it to the 'Excursion,' in others to the Ordnance Survey.

With Wordsworth, and perhaps in no small measure from Wordsworth, there sprang up in this century a love of nature which spread far and wide amongst the cultivated classes,—kindling like a train set fire to in not a few, aimed at and tried for by more, and professed because it was the right thing by the rest of us. Armstrong's love of nature and love of Wordsworth appear, both of them, so early,—before he had passed his seventeenth year,—that we hardly know how much of either love was derived from the other. His brother and biographer tells us of his rambles in the mountainous regions of Wicklow in even earlier years than that, and of his

'delight in climbing the highest ranges, in scaling the most dangerous precipices, in leaping the most forbidden chasms, and in marching with wild songs and exuberant mirth over the moors and along the stormy mountain roads, careless whither, so it was up and on; . . . of long hours spent upon sweet-smelling heathery summits, gazing at the fleeting cloud-shadows in the valleys, and the lines of blue and silver and spots of light and gloom on the far-off sea.' (*Life*, p. 26.)

And in a letter of his own, written in his eighteenth year, we find a scene giving birth to a poem:—

'We drove to the demesne and glen of Dunran. . . . The sky was overcast with heavy clouds, occasionally pierced by sickly sunbeams, and over the dark mountain-tops a steel-blue exhalation hung from time to time. . . . Our way lay through the midst of the richest country I have ever seen. . . . The glen of Dunran is chiefly remarkable for a curious isolated crag, called "The Ladye's Rock," toppling over the larches and pines that belt the hill-side, and mirrored in a dark tarn that sleeps at its feet. I am not acquainted with any legend attached to this rock; but I intend to invent one and embody it in a ballad to-night, unless I become gloomy, as usual, and resort to Plato to dispel my melancholy.' (*Life*, p. 115.)

But of course his powers in descriptive as well as in other poetry are seen to more advantage in his twenty-first than in his eighteenth year; and a few lines from 'The Prisoner of Mount St. Michael,' written in 1863, will show, not only his gifts in that kind but something more:—

'In the woods
The pathway circles, roofed with gnarled boughs,
Paven with wild flowers—oxlips, violets,
The primrose, and the lenten-lily. Far
In the rich woodland peal the chapel bells
Of Arranches, and the sea's low voice replies

In whispers from the sandy beach below ;—
 A spot for lovers at the fall of eve
 To watch the daylight die behind the hills,
 The shadows lengthen on the fields of corn,
 And farms, and orchards, and St. Michael's towers,
 Based on the crag, girt with the buffeting surge.' *

The impressions from nature in such passages as these are skilfully interposed to afford the reader a short and very needful rest in the somewhat headlong course of a tumultuously tragic story ; and in this the skill is seen in the rhythm as well as in the change of scene. There could hardly be found elsewhere an example of blank verse written at so early an age, with such happy measurements in its structure, and with movements so easy and so graceful. Of all the arts poetic that which was least understood between the Elizabethan age and the second quarter of this century was the art of writing blank verse ; and even as written since and to this day, it is seldom perhaps to be found with the full range and power and varied significance of the Elizabethan inspiration. More than any other form of verse it requires studious culture, and less than any other is it to be expected in the immaturity of the student. Armstrong's blank verse, not otherwise than good in its ordinary fabric, affords by its occasional excellence a strong presumption that, had he lived, he would have attained to a consummate mastery of it.

This poem, entitled 'The Prisoner of Mount St. Michael,' originated in a correspondence with a friend of Armstrong's who had sent him a sketch of a plot he had devised for a sensational novel :—

'The sketch you have sent me I unhesitatingly pronounce to be an admirable plot for a sensation novel, and I advise you, if you want to awake some morning and find yourself famous, to set about it vigorously at once. You will pardon me if I add that I entertain the most undiluted contempt for sensation novels, and therefore I feel it my bounden duty to adjure you, by your hopes of immortality, to write no more than one book of the sort. A sensation novel is like a sky-rocket ; *one* does not constitute a pyrotechnic display ; and the excruciating birth-throes of Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon ought to be a warning to all pious Christians. But send up your rocket to catch the eye of the public, and when once you have secured this object, invite them to a more rational entertainment for the years to come, and you will possibly build yourself an everlasting name. . . . I expect from you a novel in the true sense of the word. I know you will leaven your raw dough with better materials than we find the sensationalists

* 'Mount St. Michael,' *Poetical Works*, p. 160.

of the present day to possess. I have also a faint presentiment that you will interweave a deep moral with your frightful plot, and so I wish good luck to you, and that you may be well rid of the "sensation fever," and come out of it with no more serious calamity than a reputation which you must replace hereafter by something more substantial. In consideration for all this patronage I wish you would send me the plot for a sensation *poem*—something sulphurous and diabolic, please—and I shall feel eternally obliged to you. I am quite in earnest; give me an explosive plot, and I will set it blazing magnificently. To recur to the example of Collins and Miss Braddon, it is manifest that any person who has a gift that way can turn them out with marvellous fecundity. So you will not miss one plot even should you decide upon becoming a literary incendiary by profession. Be charitable, and give me something very attractive, and by the horrors of nightmare I'll acknowledge my obligations in the preface. There! (Life, pp. 457-8.)

In one of his earlier letters, his biographer tells us

'he describes a little glen that lies on one side of the demesne in which stands the house that had become his temporary home. Through this glen runs a mountain stream, and above the stream is a rustic summer-house, a quiet secluded retreat, where he had written many a line and built up many a dream. Here the first draft of the "Prisoner of Mount St. Michael" was now dashed off with great rapidity.'

And at first he proceeded at the rate of 150 lines in a day, afterwards raising the average to 250. He had travelled in Normandy and Brittany, the country of his maternal ancestry, the Anglo-Norman House of the Savages of Ardkeen and Rock Savage, and he writes in a letter of May 30, 1863:—

'I am hard at work, morning, noon, and night, at a *sensation poem*, called "The Prisoner of Mount St. Michael," which is C——'s novel plot (given to me most kindly)—Frenchified, blank-versified, and terribly intensified—abounding in Norman scenery and Breton superstitions, interspersed with charming lyrics as light as a *vaudeville*, and worked up in the most thrilling manner by half concealing the real character of the heroine till near the conclusion of the poem. It is a new experiment in poetry. . . . With God's help, I will publish it before the year is over, with a dedication to G. A. C., acknowledging the obligations of the author.' (Life, p. 462.)

The poem (no less than 2,436 lines in length), begun at the end of May, was ended on June 10—ended, not finished; for his manner was to rush on to the end, 'rave it off,' to use his own expression, and then to apply himself sedulously again and again to correct and improve the diction and the rhythm; and it was not finished till September. The poem is the longest of his poems, and of his longer ones the latest; and sensational though it is and was intended to be, and though that of course

does not indicate a high order of poem, yet we are not much disposed to dispute the view taken by its editor, that it reveals 'the presence of vast and ever-growing powers of thought, of imagination, of passion, and of utterance.'

The heroine is a sort of female Iago. The principal male character—not the hero, for he is avowedly unheroic—is the victim of two contending passions, love and fear; and he tells his own story during the three days of his life preceding his execution for a murder committed, not by himself, but by the object of his passion. The story is wildly frightful, but not at all beyond the bounds of what human nature can find room for in the way of possible guilt and crime on the part of the heroine, and possible weakness and bewilderment on the part of her lover.

Louise is the daughter of a Norman count, whose castle is close to the Breton boundary, and Edouard is a well-born Breton, and meets her at a Breton peasants' festival, celebrated by night with bonfires on the hills.

‘As I mused

A soft voice thrilled me. It was you, Louise!
 My love had ridden across the border-land
 To see our Breton games. I loved you more
 For this than all your beauty. There you saw me
 And blushed; and through the sweet confusion dawned
 A little loving smile. I turned, and hid
 Among the crowd, to hug the secret joy
 That tore my being. Still, afar, I gazed
 On the dear face, flushed by the roscate flame.
 I gazed until I sank into the trance
 That held me in the dim-lit church of Dol,
 A sense of boundless bliss, of boundless life,
 Of melting music, of delicious pain!
 The universe was void of all but love,
 And thou wert love and I was merged in thee!
 It seemed an endless age of pure delight,
 That happy hour. I *felt* a spirit then;
 I knew myself a spirit, and I saw
 The golden vista of eternity,
 My natural home, with thee, with Christ, with God,
 The veil of mortal dimness far withdrawn,
 Rent by the lightning glance of love, the chains
 Of earth dislinked and scattered, and the soul
 Uplifted in itself beyond all forms,
 Self-conscious of its own divinity.’*

She and those with whom she rode were unable to pass the

ford of a swollen river on their way home, and slept in a farmhouse adjoining it. The farmhouse caught fire, and Edouard, helplessly nervous and cowardly though he was by constitution, in the intoxication of his newborn passion rushed to her rescue:—

‘ With the might of a strong man
I gained and saved her. Then I sank in swoon
On the green sward beside her—woke, and saw,
As in the heaven of heavens, her grateful eyes
Low bended over me. I closed my sight
And prayed for death, and would to God in heaven
That I *had* died that moment in her arms,
That weak wild waking of perplexed delight.’ *

The father is grateful; and upon this follows a season of prosperous love-making. But there is a brave and proud marquis, her cousin, who also is in love with her; and, though hated by her father and forbidden her presence, he finds his way to her in one of her evening walks with Edouard, declares his love too presumptuously, is rebuked by her, and, stung by the rebuke, allows himself to reply to it in a manner which is still more presumptuous and somewhat insulting. She appeals to Edouard to resent the insult:—

‘ I strove for strength
And battled with my soul, and Love was there
To help me,—Love the conqueror of self;
But weaker grew my weakness as I strove.
Suddenly she withdrew her arm, and threw
A cry of sad despair and blighted love
To the pale heaven, and then with lips compressed
And white with anger, to her full height drawn,
Flung forth one withering look, one withering word,
Upon me, as I writhed in agony
Before her—“ Coward ! ”—while his pealing laugh
Smote on my heart, and dimness veiled my eyes.’ †

He tried to appease her, but in vain, and left Brittany in his despair; and, after wandering for months elsewhere, returned for a further trial; and on returning detected Louise in a secret intercourse with his rival, the marquis, who had now supplanted him in her love. She could not afford to brave his anger, lest he should betray her to her father, and feigning a return of love for himself she almost persuaded him for a while that his jealousy was fanciful and unfounded; but he secretly kept a watch upon them, and contrived that her father should surprise them in one of their clandestine meetings in

* Poetical Works, p. 148.

† Poetical Works, pp. 161-2.

his woods. The result was an encounter with unequal weapons between the father and his nephew, in which the former conquered and exacted from his nephew an oath to come no more within his demesne. What followed between Edouard and Louise was a hollow pretence of each to believe in the other—he pretending to believe in her pretence that her love, like his own, had still survived all that had come across it to its destruction; she pretending to believe in his pretence that he had not betrayed her to her father. What he pretended to believe, his passion and her wiles and caresses brought him in no long time truly to believe.

‘ I hoped to love
And to be loved even as I once had been ;
And as our hopes will blossom in belief,
So sank I down before her. Even thus
Rinaldo melted in Armida’s arms,
Enbathed in bliss, what time the enchantress wrought
The spells that robbed him of his might, his will,
His conscience and his purpose.’ *

Hitherto the story, though the waters have been troubled and turbulent, has been one and the same stream. But now it is joined by a tributary torrent. A new personage appears :—

‘ A shrivelled man of law,
Worn to a phantom by a life of toil ;
A man of scrolls and parchments, in whose eye
Glimmered no light but treachery ; whose brow
Was heavy with mean thought ; whose very soul
Seemed furrowed into lines of sharpest care,
Irradiate from a narrow centre, Self.’

This man has got possession of some papers by which he has it in his power to prove the illegitimacy of the old count and deprive him of all his possessions; and armed with this power he comes to the castle, threatens the father, and makes love to the daughter. She loathes and abhors him, but dallies and tampers with him, and strives by all her arts of allurement to beguile him and get the papers out of his hands; he, too sagacious to be so wrought upon, presses his suit to the verge of what she can endure without betraying her rage and disdain. Still, however, she insidiously encourages his addresses, while she discloses her predicament to Edouard; and pleading her duty to her father, who, if she should refuse to marry their persecutor, would be thrown upon the world in his old

* Poetical Works, p. 187.

age a beggar and a bastard, she insists that she must and will consent to the marriage, unless the one and only escape which is possible for her shall be provided: and this is that her persecutor should be *removed*. Edouard recoils with horror from the suggestion; but after long and passionate persuasion he is induced to swear that he will do the deed. Of this vow, extorted in the weakness of the moment, he presently in his secret heart repents; she perpetually urges, and he postpones its accomplishment; till, driven to extremity, he renounces his pledge; whereupon she in return, with anger, pride, and scorn, renounces his love. There is then a separation; but after a time he is unable to withhold himself from secretly watching her in her walks with the man of scrolls and parchments, and sometimes also visiting the arbour in the wood in which he had been used to meet her in their happier days. On approaching this spot one evening,

‘A sudden cry of pain
Broke thro’ the lurid dusk! I hastened on,
Borne on the wind of impulse uncontrolled,
Whirled by a tempest of foreboding fears
Of what I dared not think. Another cry,
And then a stifled groan—and the wind wailed.
With a wild leap I burst into the wood,
And saw . . . Oh agony! Oh fate! Oh love
Dashed down in pieces! . . . There she stood—her hair
Loose on her shoulders, and a shuddering light,
That was not love, upon her lips and eyes!
And when I rushed upon her, with a shriek
That pierced me, she recoiled, and cowered, and strove,—
With flickering hands that would not work her will,
She strove to hide within her garments’ folds
The guilty knife dripping with innocent blood,
And fumbled with the papers she had robbed
In dumb mechanic energy of fear! . . .
A hideous sight! . . . and at her feet there lay
The dead man in his blood—a purple pool
Gushing and bubbling from the treacherous wound.’*

For once a moral energy is aroused in the poor wretched slave of passion. He flings off the murderess who crouches at his feet, curses her, and threatens her with the doom she has deserved. Then

‘An awful shudder shook her grovelling frame
From head to foot. She rose to all her height,
And tottered while she rose. It passed, and lo!
She stiffened to a statue’s rigid calm.

White were her lips, white were her cheeks, more white
Than the pale forehead which her tresses bound;
The tearless orbs of her blue glistening eyes
Dilated on me to a starry blaze,
That checked my speech, and bound my tongue, and fixed
My form in icy terror where I stood. . . .
Silent and cold as death I stood. We gazed,
Mute, motionless, as though the breath of God
Had chilled us into marble. A great dread
Crept to my heart, as when the fluttering bird
Feels the fell charming of the hooded snake.'

And in the prayers and appeals for love and pity which follow there is felt to be something of the charm of the serpent as well as of its subtlety and craft. She prevails:—

'I spoke her pardon and my death, and flung
My hungry arms around her slender waist,
Weeping and mad with love—the great strong love
Of early days—while passionately I cried:
"My own Louise, let us forget the past
As a delirious dream, and dry our tears
Together. Thou art mine thro' life and death,
Mine ever!" She unfolded my warm clasp,
Tenderly, softly. Slowly she bent down
And touched my aching forehead dreamfully
With the sweet poison of her lips, that coursed
Thro' all my frame. Then stately, pale, and calm,
Without a word she glided thro' the mist,
And left me with that fearful thing alone.' *

They remain in the relations thus brought about; but shortly the grand old count, though rescued from the outward consequences of his illegitimacy, crumbles away with the sense of inward shame and wrongful precarious possession of what is not his own, and sickens to death. His pride is humbled, and he desires to be reconciled to his nephew the marquis, who is summoned to attend him on his death-bed. The nephew is noble and generous, and wishes to be reconciled to Edouard as well as to the count. But he remains after the funeral, and his hoverings about Louise reawaken Edouard's jealousies and suspicions. He dares not make them known to the marquis, but pours them out upon Louise—

'On her alone within the echoing hall.
Then, when I ceased, she rose, and drew aside
The tapestry door, while from the inner room
The marquis moved.'

Then she wildly cries—

‘Hear me, O Heaven and Earth ! The time is ripe
When I must break the hated seal which closed
These bursting lips. While he who gave me life
Lay on the verge of death, I dared not crush
His year-worn frame, trembling beside the grave,
By the fell tidings which I locked and barred
Within an aching breast.’

And she proceeds to accuse Edouard of the murder which she had herself committed. He had met her father’s guest with her, she said, in the wood, and, maddened by jealousy, had stabbed him to the heart. This disclosure is followed by the arrest and public trial of Edouard, at which Louise bears her false witness with consummate skill. He hears her in silent horror, till the coldness with which she confronts her victim rouses him to a storm of rage, and he reveals the truth. His utterance of it is received with universal incredulity and execration as a base and cowardly attempt to save himself at her expense, and he is condemned to death. It is in soliloquy during the three days preceding his execution that the prisoner of Mount St. Michael tells his story.

As a plot for a melodrama no story could be better. Edmund Armstrong felt how much he was indebted to his friend for the melodramatic plot, and his friend must have felt how much the plot is indebted to him for more than melodramatic power in the treatment. The power evinced by it is very rare; and it may be observed with equal truth that in these days the skill by which a good story is constructed is also rare. Even our best writers of fiction seem to be wanting in the structural faculty; and whilst details are admirably executed, the fabric into which they are wrought is either carelessly or clumsily designed. The realising arts of the imagination are more exercised, and seem to be more valued, by our artists in this kind, than the inventive and constructive.

Edmund Armstrong had regarded his poem with hope and pleasure; while ‘raving it off’ he wrote of it as ‘the most exciting, the most absorbing’ work he was ever engaged in. He had only occasional misgivings in the course of its execution; but before the process of correction was completed he was tired of it, and had persuaded himself that it was a failure. His love and admiration for the works of others, especially poetical works, was ardent and comprehensive, and not cooled down by much care to criticise. His own productions pleased him only for a time; and even when he was best pleased with them, a spirit of mockery was apt to mix itself with his plea-

sure. The same spirit would break out when, having given expression to his purest and most earnest aspirations, it occurred to him that he was taking credit for more virtue than belonged to him. And, indeed, the sense of humour is never long absent from his life and letters, whatever story they are telling, and whether sad and serious or ungovernably gay.

It is a common remark, and true enough, that humour is oftener the attribute of a mournful than of a mirthful mind. But perhaps it is more frequently still the attribute of a mind which is both by turns. This was Armstrong's case. He may be found in some of his diaries and letters starting off into humorous fancies, when the context leaves little doubt that his mood was mournful. Of his humour in its merry mood there is an example which, though thrown into a note by his biographer, deserves a more prominent place; for it is a lively illustration, not only of Irish drollery, but of the wild freedom of Irish life in its domestic relations. We have heard already of Armstrong's rambles by day and night amongst the Wicklow hills.

'One night in the preceding autumn he had arrived very late at the door of his father's house, and found all dark and silent. He knocked and rang, but no response came. He knocked and rang again and again; and at last the voice of a domestic was heard in alarm from within, demanding, "Who's there?" The timidity which the question and the tone of the voice betrayed, aroused his inward mirth, and he determined to enjoy the joke. So he assumed the brogue and manners of a drunken country fellow, and demanded admission vociferously. "Let me in, or I'll pull down the house, by all that's sacred in heaven and earth. I'll smash the windows, I'll wring off the knocker, I'll tear out the bell-wire!" "Go away, go away," cried the voice. "Go away, is it? I'm blowed if I'll go away," said he, knocking more furiously than ever. Disturbed by the noise, his father now descended the stairs in the condition of Signor Brabantio when he appears at the summons of Iago and Roderigo. "Who *are* you?" inquired the well-known voice. "I'm a poor country-fellow; and I want a night's lodgin'. I haven't a halfpenny to buy a bit of bread with, and I haven't a stitch of clothes on my back, and I've buried all that's be-longin' to me." "Well, there's nothing for you here, my man; so you had better go about your business." "O charity, charity, Christian charity!" cried Armstrong, from without, ready to burst with laughter. "What's a poor divill of a benighted thraveller to do at all, at all?" "Get away, sir, at once, or I'll call the police!" "The police, avourneen! ah, musha, musha, there's a nice kind gintle-man! . . . But look at here, yer Honour! I've got two fine birds for yer Honour's lardship—a cock and a hin—take *them* anyhow; I'll re-turn good for evil, so I will; I'll bear no malice, wid the help of God—so take the cock and the hin!" "Who *are* you, and what is your

"business?" "My business is pig-dhriving, and I want a night's lodgin'." "Then once for all, I tell you to go away." "Oh, thin, it'll be the worse for you if you dhrive poor Tom from your door; these is dangerous times" (*roaring like thunder through the keyhole*), "these is dangerous times, begarra!" The whole household was now aroused and up. . . . "Oh, get away, sir, I tell you," persisted the major-domo, kindling with rage. "Thin, just open the door a bit, and take the cock and the hin, and I'll go, and joy be with yiz." "Papa, papa," cried a gentle voice from above, "it's Edmund; don't you know it *must* be Edmund; who else *could* it be?" "Let me in, or by the holy Jingo I'll smash down the door," shouted Armstrong, in unutterable amusement; and with that the door was opened, and in he tumbled, with a brace of grouse in one hand, and his valise in the other, amid a volley of laughter that might have awakened the dead. (*Life and Works*, pp. 426-8.)

The sense of humour has been wanting in some of our greatest poets—in Milton, in Wordsworth, in Coleridge. We do not miss it in them, owing to the abundance of other gifts; but it would have given them one charm more.

Armstrong's humour and levity seem to have been occasionally employed to disguise some excess of the romantic element in his nature. But on the whole, and certainly in letters to his brother and those who were dearest to him, he was decidedly Irish,—or rather, perhaps it should be said, delightfully un-English,—in dispensing with that or any other disguise when he indulged himself in ebullitions. It was in the ardour of friendship, as well as in amorous ardour, that he exceeded; and the chief friendship of his life was conceived for a man whom at the time he had hardly seen, and whom from first to last he saw but five or six times, the intercourse of the friends being almost entirely by letter.

To women in matters of mere social intercourse he seems to have had little to say. Of course, however, such a nature as his could not exist for twenty-three years without one or two amorous seizures. The first occurred before his seventeenth, or at least before his eighteenth year. All that is told of it is, that when he was rambling with his brother, then in early boyhood, on a summer's day, in one of the Wicklow gorges, the boy was left to rest himself by a brook whilst Edmund wandered alone into a neighbouring glen, whence he returned having seen a celestial face—and how celestial was made known to his brother not by words only; for in his brother's apprehension the face he had seen had transfigured his own face in a moment into that of an inmate of Paradise. His brother, in relating the incident, adds that when the joy which then broke upon him was overshadowed,

and disappointment and severe suffering ensued, 'although ' there were many and many happy days to follow, and with ' them successes, and fine experiences, and progress in knowledge, and bright achievements, still the same lightness of ' heart and the same freedom from care never returned.'

The effects of his first passion, however, were not such as to preclude a second. This took possession of him some two years later when he was residing for some months in Jersey. If the first was love at first sight, the second was not unlike it—a fascination at first sight, growing into a passion by successive sights, and subsisting apparently upon nothing else; how long it is not easy to make out. The face which inspired the passion seems, for many weeks at least, to have been seen only at church. 'That face, those eyes, first gave me comfort. I used ' to delight in watching them Sunday after Sunday.' He kept the secret of his love for nearly two years, even from his brother, to whom he divulges it in a letter of September 1862, in language of impetuous emotion; the less controlled, perhaps, from having been so long suppressed. And even in this letter he writes: 'She probably never bestowed a thought on me.' Two days later he returns to the subject:—

'What will come of it? Is it but a poet's dream? . . . Is the beautiful form, the spiritual eye, the brow encircled with the wreath of magic light, a phantom or a reality? The wild romance of *Lamia* is an intensely vivid vision to me. A strain of sorrowful music has ere now crept through me like a mighty spirit, stirring the roots of my hair and causing me to shudder in the delicious agony even to my very feet. Is this sweet sad enchantment of love like that mournful song? Will it pass away and leave me as before, cold as marble, gloomy as the sepulchre? Or will it not rather grow more and more entrancing, richer, lovelier, nobler—a deep divine harmony welling out from my own solitary soul, gushing forth from unknown depths of feeling and fountains of frozen tears, and rolling onward and onward, broader, deeper, nobler still, till the low sweet chaunt of human love shall become a portion of that magnificent burst of praise and joy which swells around the throne of the Lamb for ever?' (*Life and Works*, p. 401.)

This is not the language that would be employed in reference to such subject-matter by an Englishman, or even perhaps by an Irishman of mature age and of ordinary thinking and writing habits. But Armstrong when he used it was an Irishman hardly out of his boyhood, and one to whom, whether in or out of it, the language of the imagination was a familiar tongue. What became of the passion in the years that followed is not told, and the only allusion to the subject is in a letter of February in the following year, describing a delightful but delusive dream which came to him one night,

and in which all that he had longed for had seemed to come to pass. That nothing of the kind had actually come to pass, is to be inferred from the agony which he says that he had suffered on awakening.

Of other encounters with women, whether social or sentimental, two only are mentioned. One was in his eighteenth year when he walked in the gardens of a house in Derbyshire with a beautiful Miss S—— who is conjectured to have been the model from which he drew one of the characters in his poem of that year entitled ‘Ovoca.’ The mention of another occurs in a diary of the same year written in Latin :—

‘*May 17.*—Cælum adhuc contristatum est, et sol quasi mærens funebribus in modis inter cæca nubila fulget. Et ego et G——s per florea rura ambulavimus. Italicum sermonem ut disceremus, operam dabamus. . . . Puellam quamdam pulcherrimam in via R——in quum conspexissem, haud multum auit quin amore misere flagrarem—sed me servavit Apollo.’

Possibly it was the two unhappy passions for the two unnamed ladies that swept the rest of womankind from his path. And his companions amongst men seem to have been but a chosen few till the last year or two of his life. An ardent love for his brother, a heartfelt affection for his friend ‘B.,’ and a romantic and enthusiastic attachment to his seldom-seen friend ‘G. A. C.’ cover the ground. When, the prospect of independent means, and ultimately the inheritance of a large landed property, being removed from him, he betook himself to an academical career, he was friendly and cordial enough with his fellow students, and occasionally also as riotous in his gambols as they could desire. But his life was elsewhere. It was a life in which he found relief from melancholy thoughts, and also perhaps from excess of intellectual excitement, in laborious studies and acquisitions. In a letter to his brother, of August 1863, he writes :—‘I believe it to be the true maxim for attaining happiness, to work hard at all times and at all seasons. . . . The world is a laboratory, Sir, and by no means ‘a pleasure-garden.’

Applied to most men, and especially to men like Edmund Armstrong, susceptible of every sort of emotion and liable to incessant vicissitudes of the feelings, this is true doctrine ; but it is not applicable to all men, nor even to all poets. There are to be found amongst the varieties of human temperaments some which can afford to dispense with labour. Wordsworth speaks of ‘glad hearts,’ with whom ‘joy is its own security,’ and he himself lived a life which was certainly not a life of labour,—a life which in one sense might be called idle, though

in another it was eminently active and productive. A poet of a very different order, Anacreon Moore, if he was not idle, was certainly far from industrious, and one of his friends was of opinion that no amount of idleness would have prevailed over his constitutional joyousness. One evening at Holland House, when some one who was of Edmund Armstrong's way of thinking, insisted on the necessity of occupation to happiness, Lord Holland observed—'But there is Moore' (who was present); 'nothing can depress *his* spirits. If they were to 'make a duke of him; he would be as happy as ever.' And in truth a *policy* of industry, as a means to happiness, should be regarded as susceptible of many modifications in its application to individual temperaments. It is not the best course for all industrious men to find something to do for *every* hour of the day. It may be well that they should look at their life as a picture, and see if it would not gain by a certain breadth being given to it. Nor did Armstrong himself adopt his own precept to the letter. He lived in the laboratory, but he walked into the garden.

It was in the garden that his poetry was conceived, and in the laboratory that it was again and again revised and brought into a form with which he could be content, or if not, 'purged 'as with fire;' for much of it was destroyed. This was the fate of his only dramatic poem. His brother had objected, probably with reason, to the intermixture of the tragic and comic elements in its composition—with reason if the intermixture had not been so managed as to harmonise the effects. And there is no exercise of the arts of idealisation for which a nicer sense of harmony is needed. A discussion and correspondence arose between the brothers on the relations between tragedy and comedy and their compatibility in one production, and it ended in a compromise. Edmund of course appealed to Shakespeare and the other masters of the mixed drama. But he appealed also to nature:—

'Your father is dead, your mistress is irrevocably alienated, your finances are engulfed in ruin. In a state of frenzy you walk out into the public highway. The first object that meets your gaze is an inflated calf in love, a coquetting damsel making a fool of him, an old dandy in as painful a suit of fashionable clothes as Malvolio's cross-garters, an antiquated virgin in ravishing little boots and a soul-annihilating bonnet? Is this an overdrawn sketch of life? If not, let it be always borne in mind that the skillful introduction of the comic element invariably heightens, instead of marring, the effect of the tragic. As in life, so in art.' (*Life and Works*, pp. 424-5.)

Some forty or fifty years ago a dramatist of that day

expressed to Wordsworth (in conversation) the difficulty he had in defending Hamlet's strange exclamation uttered when the ghost from 'beneath' requires Horatio and Marcellus to 'swear.' 'Ah, ha, boy! Say'st thou so? Art thou there, 'Truepenny?'' Wordsworth admitted the difficulty; but added, 'We are to consider how closely connected in nature 'are the grotesque and the horrible.'* They are connected in nature as extremes meet, the mind impelled to the one extreme as a refuge from the other. In art it is necessary that some amalgam shall be found through an idealisation common to both. And from this point of view one conclusion which Edmund Armstrong was led to adopt—that what is comic should be in prose—ought not perhaps to be accepted absolutely and without reference to what may be the particular collocation in question. In this, too, the authority of Shakespeare is appealed to; but, if most of Shakespeare's comic colloquies are in prose, there is no small minority of them in blank verse; and there is this also to be borne in mind, that we moderns read in Shakespeare a diction no longer familiar to us in life, which in itself is one element of harmonising idealisation. And whatever models we may follow, the truth is that, in our times, there are no portions of the mixed drama which should be written, whether in prose or verse, with so much care to lift them, imperceptibly as it were, off the level of common life and conversation, as those which are comic. A change to prose may not be inconsistent with this effect, but not seldom it will be best accomplished by an adherence to verse.

Shakespeare may be quoted as alternating prose with verse, not only in colloquies partly comic, but in those also which deal with what is neither comic nor tragic, but simply familiar; those, it may be, in which the business of the play is to be transacted, or, as Hamlet says, 'some necessary question of 'the play is to be considered.' In these also no pains should be spared (if the unconscious sense of harmony shall not dispense with painstaking endeavours) to avert any incongruities of the actual with the ideal. It will sometimes be desirable, even when no business is to be transacted, to interpose what may be called a neutral parenthesis between two dramatic effects which are highly wrought but wholly different; and this also should be done without too much lowering the level. When Shakespeare sees occasion for a touch at once quieting and realising between the exit of Cassius after his

* *Ex auc. aurium.*

quarrel with Brutus and the entrance of Cæsar's ghost, he takes an incident of ordinary occurrence in life, and expresses it in the simplest language; but he does *not* descend from blank verse to prose:—

‘ Look, Lucius, here’s the book I sought for so ;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.’

Into the extant lyrical poems of Edmund Armstrong—the extant *miscellaneous* lyrical, that is—as well as into the non-extant dramatic, the element of humour found its way; not however into those which are lyrical in the stricter sense, not into the songs. These spring from an unmixed emotion, simple and sad; and as in the case of Kingsley (to whose noble nature and wide range of faculties and feelings those of Armstrong have rather a singular resemblance) his saddest songs may be said to be born of the sea; and his saddest are, of course, his sweetest:—

‘ At night in the fisherman’s hut
The door blew open and shut,
When the two little babes were sleeping.
The wail of the deep never broke on their sleep,
Nor the salt sad billows weeping.

‘ Clasped they lay, and alone ;
For their mother was cold as a stone,
While the two little babes lay sleeping.
The wail of the deep never broke on their sleep,
Nor the salt sad billows weeping.

‘ The fisherman tost in his grave
In the seaweed below the wild wave ;
But his two little babes lay sleeping.
The wail of the deep never broke on their sleep,
Nor the salt sad billows weeping.’ *

Another sea-born song is less gently sad:—

‘ Boom, storm-bell !
Swing from thy rusted chain,
Boom away and away
Over the darkling main !
And I will walk with folded arms,
And I will walk alone,
And I will talk to the winds and waves
Of the love that is over and gone.

‘ Boom, storm-bell !
 The mariner out in the foam
 Is thinking now of the winsome wife
 And the rosy babes at home !
 But I must pace by’ the running sea,
 In the tempest all alone,
 And I must wail to the winds and the waves
 For the love that is over and gone.

‘ Boom, storm-bell !
 Swing from thy rusted chain !
 Boom away and away
 Over the stormy main !
 Across the winds a funeral knell,
 In the waves a weary moan—
 And in’ my heart a samishing cry
 For the love that is over and gone ! ’ *

In reading Armstrong’s lyrical poems we can scarcely fail to perceive, even when we are not told, that not a few of them were created or coloured by what had happened to him in life. And perhaps it would not be difficult to infer from the change of colour, as one poem succeeds another, how far what had happened had been left behind at the times when each was written. In the experiences of life it may be noted of lovers of music that the effect of it upon their feelings when an affliction has befallen them is palpably different at successive periods and in the different gradations of grief. In the first stage it has wholly lost its power; in the second it has power only to wound; in the third it has power to soothe. And when a poet’s elegiac inspirations issue from sources opened by events in his own life, after the first and deadening stage of grief is past, an analogous change may be traced in successive records of recollected pain. The cry of disappointed passion dies away and is followed in due season by tones betokening tender regrets and a ‘mild commemorative love.’ In Armstrong’s poems, as in those of other youthful poets, these changes may be traced; and in a poem entitled ‘Death ‘Within’ there is to be found a further change which is peculiar to himself. The anguish of a loss had been uttered in a poem of earlier date. In this he mourns the loss of the anguish :—

‘ Is it whirled away like a wreath
 Of foam on a stormy sea ?
 Is it dead and buried beneath
 The passions that are not me,
 The little pleasures and angers and fears
 Of one who is quite heart-free ?

' The lights of her eyes are gone,
The smile of her lips forgot ;
The memory now is wan ;
I may have loved her or not.
The golden letters that made her name
Are nothing now but a blot.

' Ah, better the blight on the green
Than the old tree withered and sere !
Ah, better the storms that have been
Than the icy death that is here !
Better the corpse in the bed still warm
Than the loathsome thing on the bier ! ' *

Leaving Armstrong's poems, we come next, and lastly, to his essays. If this volume is less interesting than the other, it is because prose is less interesting than poetry. But the prose is the prose of a poetical mind. And it is the more and not the less poetical in being free from the incongruous embellishments which so often force their way into the prose of youthful poets. The volume of Armstrong's essays begins with an essay on essay-writing, in the form of an address delivered, in his capacity of president, to the Philosophical Society of the University of Dublin three months before his death. In this he exemplifies, whilst he teaches, the principles of composition by which an essayist should be guided. In these days, and rather suddenly, all literature seems to be resolving itself into periodical forms, and much of it into the form of essays in literary journals, not a few by the foremost men of the age, but many more, of course, by those who are in an earlier stage of their career and have yet much to learn. Under such circumstances an examination and exposition of the principles of essay-writing may be the more extensively instructive. Young as the teacher was, his teachings are not juvenile. And in some of the essays which follow the disquisition on essay-writing, though they are of earlier dates, the practice of the author does not stand far apart from the principles he inculcates. They also were written to be read to the society over which he presided, and only a few were intended for publication. With the exception of the essay on Shelley, written at nineteen years of age, we are not made acquainted with their respective dates. But those on the life and writings of Coleridge and the life and writings of Wordsworth may be conjectured to belong to the author's latter years ; and if the love and admiration of books is, as has been said, to be

numbered amongst the abounding loves and admirations by which Armstrong's life was enriched and animated, assuredly his love and admiration for the works of these two great men may be regarded as of all such sentiments the most fervently felt as well as the most deeply founded. But Shelley, Keats, Goethe, and Edgar Poe have each their ample share. And the life of each poet is considered in relation to his works, without bringing the mortal to bear too heavily upon the immortal part, or mixing too much the flowers and fruits with the earth from which they sprang. For of the poets whose lives are known to us there is none in whose life some elements of the earth earthy may not be successfully discovered if sedulously sought; and it is well for those poets of the past (when critics and biographers were scarce) of whose lives we know next to nothing. Well for us, perhaps, not less than for them—for us who, in the case of all poets past and present, may wisely conceive ourselves to be happiest should we

‘know to know no more.’

In Armstrong's insights, whether into the lives of the poets or into their works, the only discernment that may sometimes be missing is the discernment of faults.

We are near the close of the young life; but returning for a moment to its earlier years, there are some letters to be noticed, in which theological and metaphysical discussions are carried on with all the intellectual energy which young men are accustomed to employ when they are seeking for the root of religion in logic and not in love. Truth, they will say, perhaps, is sacred, and in the cause of truth they are to dare all things. Truth is a word of divers meanings. If by truth they mean veracity, they are right. But if they mean correctness of inference from reality of fact, that is another matter. It may be desirable that they should apply themselves to the cultivation of truth in that sense; but there is nothing necessarily sacred about it; it may have one sort of connexion or another with sacred subjects; but if the sacred subjects with which it is connected are spiritual and insusceptible of definition, and cannot be told by number, weight, and measure, its value and relevancy will often be questionable; and instead of daring all things in its vindication, the more sacred obligation may be to guard their own love and hope and happiness, and that of others, from needless disturbance, and to pray, in the language of the ‘student's prayer,’ left to us by the greatest, and also and therefore the humblest, of all philoso-

phers, that through 'the kindling of a greater natural light 'nothing of incredulity or intellectual night may arise in our 'minds towards divine mysteries,' and that 'there may be 'given unto faith the things that are faith's.'

At the age at which such things usually happen, an icy chill of doubt and incredulity fell across the path of Edmund Armstrong. He was

'Caught in a snow-drift, where to sleep is death.'

But sleep he never did, and never could. There were strivings and strainings of the intellect, and agonies of the mind and heart: there was no intellectual pride or vanity; and there was a root of earthly love, in recognition of heavenly love, which death only could destroy.

With the love which sprang from this root, and the light springing from the love, his last years were years of more than happiness—they were years of such unclouded hopes and joys and delights as are seldom accorded to a nature capable in its largeness of so much besides. Then at the close of his twenty-third year occurred the second, and this time fatal, fall out of high health into a state of sudden prostration from disease of the chest; and after three not unhappy months—for his spirits, though intenerated, were not depressed—death came in the gentlest form of its visitations:—

'Throughout the day, as he sat up in his bed, he had been reading the "Prelude" of Wordsworth, and the marker still remains at the spot where he had left off when he closed the volume, the beginning of Book Fourteenth. . . . Later on, as he sat propped up with his pillows, his life-long companion took leave of him for the night. He nodded, with the old merry, loving look upon his beautiful face, saying he was perfectly comfortable, and that no one could be happier; and he nodded again and kissed his hand playfully. Towards dawn of the next day, at the first trill of the robins and the thrushes outside his window, he awoke from a quiet sleep, and murmured to his mother, who sat watching by his bedside, "Where are they all?"—naming his father and sister and brothers successively—"why are they not here?" His mother answered, "Dear, it is not daylight yet! They are all "asleep." "Oh, yes, of course," he said. But by-and-by he murmured once more, and now with a touch of his old fun, "Where are they all? "What do they mean by leaving a fellow by himself all this time?" And his mother asked, "Shall I call them, dear? Do you wish them "to come?" "Ah, no," he said, "don't." And then he dozed again, and so passed gently into a deeper slumber.' (*Life and Works*, pp. 555-6.)

His life is written, and his poetry edited, by his brother, himself the author of dramatic poems which can claim to have captivated the critics, not of this country only, but also of

stances, or in the action of individuals, would have altered the whole course of history. There are, indeed, few streams of tendency, however powerful, that might not, at some early period of their career, have been arrested or deflected. Thus the whole religious and moral sentiment of the most advanced nations of the world has been mainly determined by the influence of that small nation which inhabited Palestine; but there have been periods when it was more than probable that the Jewish race would have been as completely absorbed or extirpated as were the ten tribes, and every trace of the Jewish writings blotted from the world. Not less distinctive, not less unique in its kind, has been the place which the Greek, and especially the Athenian, intellect has occupied in history. It has been the great dynamic agency in European civilisation. Directly or indirectly it has contributed more than any other single influence, to stimulate its energies, to shape its intellectual type, to determine its political ideals and canons of taste, to impart to it the qualities that distinguish it most widely from the Eastern world. But how much of this influence would have arisen or have survived if, as might easily have happened, the invasion of Xerxes had succeeded, and an Asiatic despotism been planted in Greece? It is a mere question of strategy whether Hannibal, after Cannæ, might not have marched upon Rome and burnt it to the ground, and had he done so, the long train of momentous consequences that flowed from the Roman Empire would never have taken place, and a nation widely different in its position, its character, and its pursuits, would have presided over the developments of civilisation. It is, no doubt, true that the degradation or disintegration of Oriental Christianity assisted the triumph of Mohammedanism; but if Mahomet had been killed in one of the first skirmishes of his career, there is no reason to believe that a great monotheistic and military religion would have been organised in Arabia, destined to sweep with resistless fanaticism over an immense part both of the Pagan and of the Christian world, and to establish itself for many centuries and in three continents as a serious rival to Christianity. As Gibbon truly says, had Charles Martel been defeated at the battle of Poitiers, Mohammedanism would have almost certainly overspread the whole of Gallic and Teutonic Europe, and the victory of the Christians was only gained after several days of doubtful and indecisive struggle. The obscure blunder of some forgotten captain, who perhaps moved his troops to the right when he should have moved them to the left, may have turned the scale, and determined the future of Europe. Even the changes of the French Revolution, prepared as they undoubtedly were by a long train of irresistible causes, might have worn a wholly different complexion. Had the Duke of Burgundy succeeded Lewis XIV. and directed, with the intelligence and the liberality that were generally expected from the pupil of Fénelon, the government of his country. Profound and searching changes in the institutions of France were inevitable, but had they been effected peacefully, legally, and gradually, had the shameless scenes of the Regency and of Lewis XV. been avoided, that frenzy of democratic enthusiasm which has been the most distinctive product of the Revolution, and which has passed, almost like a new

religion, into European life, might never have arisen, and the whole Napoleonic episode, with its innumerable consequences, would never have occurred.' (Vol. i. pp. 14-16.)

We must, therefore, acquit Mr. Lecky of any tendency to adopt Mr. Buckle's celebrated paradox, and, indeed, he leans at times to the opposite belief, like Pascal when he said that a grain of gravel obstructing a passage might have terminated the life of Cromwell and changed the fate of England. But Mr. Lecky has not the less adopted a method of writing history which is peculiar to himself. He begins by discarding what he terms the 'personalities of history,' and he suppresses nearly all that is of a purely biographical, parliamentary, or military character. The consequence is, that although some of his portraits of the men of the time are executed with his usual candour and discrimination, he nowhere exhibits them in action; the dramatic element is entirely wanting. Nor does he attempt to give us a connected narrative of events. The wars of Marlborough, the struggles of party in the House of Commons, the diplomatic negotiations with Holland, Austria, and France, the transactions which led to the union with Scotland, the financial measures of Sir Robert Walpole, are related in the most cursory manner, and the particulars of these memorable occurrences must be sought elsewhere, or, as the phrase is, 'taken for read.' It is true that they have often been recorded before, and by none better than by the late Lord Stanhope, though not, it must be said, as Lord Macaulay would have described them, had he lived to complete that portion of his work, which he was of all men best fitted to execute, and which we have most reason to regret.

Mr. Lecky's method of writing history is, therefore, entirely *critical*. It resembles, though in a more complete and extended shape, that form of historical composition which has been created by the periodical literature of the present day. It consists of a series of ingenious speculations and remarks, suggested by the course of events, and illustrated by a prodigious amount of minute details, collected with great care in an extended range of reading and research, to throw light on the manners of the age. From this point of view his work is perfectly successful. It combines a great many facts with a great deal of thought: in his facts he is singularly accurate, and his reflections are always suggested by a liberal and ingenuous spirit. Except when he speaks of Ireland, in a portion of the work to which we shall revert hereafter, he never assumes the tone or temper of a partisan. He has no passionate likings or aversions, and the actions of public men have never been discussed in more

philosophical and dispassionate language. His style is equable and pure, sometimes rising to eloquence, but never straining after rhetorical effect. Few books, therefore, of the present time reflect more credit on their author, or deserve to be more read by a cultivated public. But, to express our meaning without disguise, we think that his work might more fitly be described as what the French term a *Tableau de Mœurs* than as a 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century;' and its true character would have been more accurately expressed if he had omitted the word 'History' in his title-page, and called the book simply 'England in the Eighteenth Century.' Indeed, this is the running title of the work on every left-hand page of it. Mr. Lecky shines as an essayist rather than as an historian. His disquisitions on the moral and social aspects of the times, on aristocracy, on marriage and divorce, on the influence of religious sects, on cruelty and humanity, on sports, on the habits of society, on the tone of literature, and the state of the arts, are the most finished parts of his book, and those which contain the largest amount of novelty and amusement. He rambles at pleasure through these topics, just as the fancy of the moment leads him, and though the result is a mosaic picture rather than a work of consummate art, his varied reading and his pleasing style render it both instructive and entertaining. It would be easy to cull from his pages a *cento* of anecdotes illustrating the eighteenth century and the manners of our forefathers. One wonders if our own grandchildren will differ as much from ourselves as we evidently differ from our great-grandfathers. We only hope they will make as much progress in the arts and refinements of life as has been made by the last two generations. To us it would seem preferable to be transported back to the days of Elizabeth or the Stuarts, rather than to those of the intriguing politicians and roystering squires who lived a hundred and fifty years ago. There can hardly have been a time when party spirit was more senseless or more fierce, when the Court was more profligate, the Church more torpid, the people more ignorant, and manners more coarse than they were in the days of which Lord Hervey and Fielding have left a too faithful picture to excite the disgust of posterity.

We propose, however, not to dwell on these scenes, as they have already been reproduced to the public by a highly competent critic, but rather to examine the historical portions of the work, which Mr. Lecky doubtless regards as the most important part of his undertaking, and which, though fragmentary, are of undoubted interest.

The political history of England in the eighteenth century is marked, in Mr. Lecky's view, by two great divisions. The rule of the Whigs, extending from the later days of William and Anne, through the reigns of the two first Georges, to the accession of George III.; and the rule of the Tories, extending throughout the long reign of that sovereign and his immediate successor. The exceptions to this general observation, when the Opposition stumbled casually into office, were inconsiderable. The fact being so, it seems to us that this division was really determined by a consideration of a higher order. The first half of the eighteenth century was a period of disputed succession to the British crown. The contest, which began with the Revolution of 1688, was terminated at Culloden in 1745. The one great question, paramount to all others, was whether the Stuarts should return, or whether the Hanoverian settlement should be maintained—whether the love of legitimacy and the monarchical theory of government, as held by the Tories, should prevail, or a system of government limited by Parliament and the will of the people. That question predominated over all. The *foundation*, as they called it, of Whig principles was the maintenance of the Hanoverian dynasty on the throne; every one of their political measures and opinions, some of which were doubtless in themselves open to criticism and censure, was dictated by the supreme necessity of resistance to the Jacobites. By this test they must be tried, and this point of view alone explains all the transactions and policy of the time. The Whigs made war on France because Louis XIV. had been the active ally of James II., and left nothing undone to bring about the restoration of the Catholic line. The Whigs maintained the penal laws against the Catholics, especially in Ireland, because Ireland had been the field on which James maintained himself to the last, and might look for his warmest adherents, who were, however, so effectually disarmed that it was in Scotland, not in Ireland, that successive insurrections broke out. The Whigs prosecuted Dr. Sacheverell (one of their least reasonable measures) because, as Mr. Burke showed with great force in his 'Appeal from the New to 'the Old Whigs,' that noisy priest had attacked in popular language the very basis of popular government and parliamentary power. The Whigs passed the Septennial Act, by which a House of Commons prolonged its own existence, because new elections at that moment would probably have returned a Jacobite Parliament. These were strong party measures, only to be justified by their necessity and their success. It is marvellous, even with these measures, that success was obtained.

For it deserves to be remarked that if this country had always been governed by the voice of numbers and popular opinion, several of the greatest reforms which have ever been accomplished in it, and those most favourable to liberty and progress, would have been defeated. The Reformation of the Church was intensely unpopular—the monasteries were seized to glut the minions of the Court, the religious usages and traditions of the people were broken, and the reaction burst forth with revolutionary violence under Edward VI. and the Protector Somerset. Queen Mary ascended the throne with acclamations, which were only silenced by her Spanish marriage and the sanguinary bigotry of her creed. The recollections of the Long Parliament and the rule of Cromwell were certainly not popular, and the restoration of Charles II. was hailed with rapture. The Church of England, then perhaps the most powerful institution of the country, turned against James, not because he was a tyrant, but because he was a Papist. Of William III., after all the service he had rendered to liberty and to England, Mr. Lecky says, ‘ Few English sovereigns have ever sunk into the tomb less regretted by the mass of the English nation.’ But this is perhaps an exaggeration, for certainly William’s last Parliament, elected in December 1701, was highly favourable to the policy of the king. Queen Anne was herself a Stuart, a Tory, a friend of the High Church party, though a Protestant and strongly inclined to bring back her brother to the throne. It turned upon the hazard of a die that a second restoration was not accomplished, and if accomplished as Bolingbroke intended, James III. would have been almost as well received as Charles II., for the Church, the landed interest, and a large portion of the people were not only Tory but Jacobite. The scenes which followed the acquittal of Dr. Sacheverell prove on which side the popular sympathies lay. It is therefore the peculiar glory of the Whigs, from Somers and Halifax down to Sir Robert Walpole and Chatham, that they succeeded in maintaining the true principles of freedom and parliamentary government, destined to bear far greater and richer fruit in another age, *against* the prevailing passions and prejudices of the people. Great reforms and the progress of liberty owe far more to the band of high-minded and cultivated men who look beyond the motives and obstacles of the day, and who surmount

them, than to the impulses and illusions of popular power. No measure was ever more unpopular, especially with the nation it has so much benefited, than the union of England and Scotland. Even in more recent times, concessions to the American colonies were unpopular, the emancipation of the Catholics

was unpopular, free trade was carried by the momentary influence a great popular leader exerted in its favour, but we should be sorry to rely on mere popular support for the defence of the great truths and conquests of economical science. The history of the government of England by the Whig party in the first half of the last century derives, therefore, its main interest from the victory they achieved over the passions and interests which were leagued against them. For, as Mr. Lecky observes, 'the triumph of the Whig policy, which was effected by the Revolution and confirmed by the accession of the House of Brunswick, was the triumph of the party which was naturally the weakest in England.' He attributes this result mainly to the fact that the Whig party had on its side an aristocracy, popular in its character and liberal in its opinions, which in all ages had been the mainstay of British freedom against the power of the Crown—the commercial classes, whose influence increased with the trading and manufacturing prosperity of the great towns—and the Nonconformists, who found in the Whigs their best allies against the bigotry and intolerance of the clergy. It may not be amiss to quote in this place Mr. Lecky's estimate of the character of these two great parties, which is a good specimen of his philosophical style. Henry VIII. said long ago that the parties in the kingdom were 'the dull' and 'the rash,' and Lord Russell adopted the same classification, adding that when the foolish joined the stupid no Minister could resist them. Mr. Lecky says the same thing more diffusely:—

'There is a real natural history of parties, and the division corresponds roughly to certain broad distinctions of mind and character that never can be effaced. The distinctions between content and hope, between caution and confidence, between the imagination that throws a halo of reverent association around the past and that which opens out brilliant vistas of improvement in the future, between the mind that perceives most clearly the advantages of existing institutions and the possible dangers of change and that which sees most keenly the defects of existing institutions and the vast additions that may be made to human well-being, form in all large classes of men opposite biases which find their expression in party divisions. The one side rests chiefly on the great truth that one of the first conditions of good government is essential stability, and on the extreme danger of a nation cutting itself off from the traditions of its past, denuding its government of all moral support, and perpetually tampering with the main pillars of the state. The other side rests chiefly upon the no less certain truths that government is an organic thing, that it must be capable of growing, expanding, and adapting itself to new conditions of thought or of society; that it is subject to grave diseases, which can

only be arrested by a constant vigilance, and that its attributes and functions are susceptible of almost infinite variety and extension with the new and various developments of national life. The one side represents the statical, the other the dynamical, element in politics. Each can claim for itself a natural affinity to some of the highest qualities of mind and character, and each, perhaps, owes quite as much of its strength to mental and moral disease. Stupidity is naturally Tory. The large classes who are blindly wedded to routine, and are simply incapable of understanding or appreciating new ideas, or the exigencies of changed circumstances, or the conditions of a reformed society, find their natural place in the Tory ranks. Folly, on the other hand, is naturally Liberal. To this side belongs the cast of mind which, having no sense of the infinite complexity and interdependence of political problems, of the part which habit, association, and tradition play in every healthy political organism, and of the multifarious remote and indirect consequences of every institution, is prepared with a light heart and a reckless hand to recast the whole framework of the constitution in the interest of speculation or experiment. The colossal weight of national selfishness gravitates naturally to Toryism. That party rallies round its banner the great multitude who, having made their position, desire merely to keep things as they are, who are prepared to subordinate their whole policy to the maintenance of class privileges, who look with cold hearts and apathetic minds on the vast mass of remediable misery and injustice around them, who have never made a serious effort, or perhaps conceived a serious desire, to leave the world in any respect a better place than they found it. Even in the case of reforms which have no natural connection with party politics, and which, by diverting attention from other changes, would be eminently beneficial to the Tories, that party is usually less efficient than its rival, because its leaders are paralysed by the atmosphere of selfishness pervading their ranks, and because most of the reforming and energetic intellects are ranged among their opponents. On the other hand, the acrid humours and more turbulent passions of society flow strongly in the liberal direction. Envy, which hates every privilege or dignity it does not share, is intensely democratic, and disordered ambitions and dishonest adventurers find their natural place in the party of progress and of change.' (Vol. i. pp. 174-5.)

The eighteenth century and the reign of Queen Anne began with war, and with a war of which William and the Whigs were undoubtedly the authors. We have heard a great orator, who entertains for James II. the sentiments of William Penn, denounce the policy of that war; and a Radical pamphleteer of the present day, belonging to the same school of politicians, speaks of the 'disastrous effulgence of Blenheim and Ramillies.' Is it then forgotten or unknown that Blenheim and Ramillies broke the military power of Louis XIV., and consequently destroyed the mainstay of the Jacobite party, and the pernicious ascendancy which France had exercised on

behalf of the Stuarts in England? Even as late as 1745, Mr. Lecky regards the Jacobite insurrection in Scotland as an immediate consequence of the defeat at Fontenoy; and it cannot be doubted that the military strength of England during the first half of the century, as opposed to that of France, was an essential condition of the maintenance of the House of Hanover on the throne. To us, the value and importance of Marlborough's victories lies not in their bearing on the Spanish succession, but on the force and stability they gave to the settlement of the British Crown. It is not true that William was irreconcilably bent on war with France, for he negotiated two successive treaties of partition with Louis to avert it. Louis repudiated the treaties, and accepted the will of the King of Spain in favour of his own grandson; but even these breaches of faith failed to excite the people of England to war. 'It grieves me to the soul,' William wrote, 'that almost every one rejoices that France has preferred the will to the treaty.' 'The whole Tory party,' says Mr. Lecky, 'steadily censured the interference of England in the contest.' It is commonly believed that this opinion prevailed until the death of James II. and the formal recognition by Louis XIV. of the right of his son, the Pretender. But Mr. Lecky points out another cause, which suddenly turned the course of events.

'There was one point on the Continent, however, which no patriotic Englishman, whether Whig or Tory, could look upon with indifference. The line of Spanish fortresses which protected the Netherlands from the ambition of France was of vital importance to the security of Holland, and if Holland passed into French hands it was more than doubtful whether English independence would long survive. To preserve these fortresses from French aggrandisement had been for generations a main end of English policy; during the last fifty years torrents of English blood had been shed to secure them; and with this object, William had agreed with the Elector of Bavaria, who governed them as the representative of the Spanish king, that they should be garrisoned in part with Dutch troops. Propositions for the absolute cession of the Spanish Netherlands to the Elector of Bavaria had been made, but for various reasons abandoned; but the maintenance of the Dutch garrisons was of extreme importance, and if, as was alleged, the transfer of the Spanish monarchy to the grandson of Louis XIV. did not mean the subserviency of Spain to French policy, it was on this, beyond all other questions, that the most careful neutrality should have been shown. Lewis, however, was quite determined that these garrisons should cease, and he at the same time saw the possibility of forcing the Dutch to recognise the validity of the will of Charles II. With the assent of the Spanish authorities he sent a French army into the Spanish Netherlands, occupied the whole line of Spanish fortresses in the name of his grandson, and in a time of perfect peace detained the

Dutch garrison prisoners until Holland had recognised the title of the new sovereign to the Spanish throne.

'It would be difficult to exaggerate either the arrogance or the folly of this act. The Tory party, which in the beginning of 1701 was ascendant in England, was bitterly hostile to William; the partition treaties excited throughout the country deep and general discontent, and the ardent wish of the English people was to detach their country as far as possible from continental complications, and to secure a long and permanent peace on the basis of a frank acceptance of the will of Charles II. But it was impossible that any English party, however hostile to William, could see with indifference the whole line of Spanish fortresses, including Luxemburg, Mons, Namur, Charleroi, and the seaports of Nieuport and Ostend, occupied by the French, the whole English policy of the last war overthrown without a blow, and the transfer of the Spanish monarchy to Philip immediately employed in the interests of French ambition.' (Vol. i. pp. 26-7.)

The consequence was that on September 7, 1701, William concluded the triple alliance of England, Austria, and Holland, for the purpose of recovering the Low Countries from the French, and of resisting the aggrandisement of France in Italy and Spain. This alliance was signed ten days *before* the death of James II.; consequently the recognition of the Prince of Wales had nothing to do with it. It is more probable that Louis, aware of the coalition just formed against him, retaliated by this note of defiance. William himself died six months later, on March 8, 1702.*

No one questions the Tory politics of Queen Anne, but the chief glories of her reign were due to Whig ministers and Whig alliances. Godolphin and Marlborough were certainly very moderate Tories, if they deserve the name, and they gradually strengthened the Whig element in the queen's government. Duchess Sarah, whose influence surpassed that of ministers, was a decided Whig. Sunderland, the son-in-law of Marlborough, was also a Whig; and the ministry of which these men were the most distinguished ornaments lasted from 1704 to 1710, six of the most glorious years in the annals of this country. Mr. Lecky points out with great fairness the errors, as we now judge them, committed by these leaders of the party. They failed to take advantage of the overtures of peace made in 1706 and again in 1709, when all that could reasonably be desired or obtained by war would have been

* It is much to be regretted that Lord Macaulay's history was interrupted by his death just as he was about to enter upon the narrative of these transactions of 1701, the very crisis of the king's reign. His account of William's death is a detached and posthumous fragment.

conceded to them. And of Marlborough it must be said, that as he had betrayed his first master, he was ready to betray the second; and had the Pretender shown the slightest disposition to change his religion, he would in all probability have ascended the throne. But Mr. Lecky judges Marlborough with far more lenity and justice than Lord Macaulay, who was inspired with a positive hatred of the man by his treachery and his avarice. His military genius was not more eminent than his extraordinary skill in dealing with mankind, by patience, tact, temper, and self-command. Even his avarice was proof against the bribes of France, and, though he might sell a dynasty, he never sold the interests of his country. Yet he was not trusted, and he was not popular. Mr. Lecky suggests that 'the hated memory of the Commonwealth' and of Cromwell still inspired the nation with a fear of military greatness; and that the possible designs of another ambitious general, idolised by the army, were thought to be not without danger to liberty and to the crown.

'The profound horror of military despotism, which is one of the strongest and most salutary of English sentiments, has been, perhaps, the most valuable legacy of the Commonwealth. In Marlborough, for the first time since the Restoration, men saw a possible Cromwell, and they looked forward with alarm to the death of the queen as a period peculiarly propitious to military usurpation. Bolingbroke never represented more happily the feelings of the people than in the well-known scene at the first representation of the "Cato" of Addison. Written by a great Whig writer, the play was intended to advocate Whig sentiments; but when the Whig audience had made the theatre ring with applause at every speech on the evil of despotism and arbitrary principles, the Tory leader availed himself of the pause between the acts to summon the chief actor, to present him with a purse of money, and to thank him publicly for having defended the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual military dictator. These considerations help to explain the completeness of the downfall of Marlborough.' (Vol. i. pp. 120-1.)

Mr. Lecky describes with considerable minuteness the failure of the Tory ministry of the last days of Queen Anne, which deserves rather to be called a conspiracy than a government, for it was a conspiracy against our allies, who were abandoned to make a separate peace, a conspiracy against our own generals in the field, and a conspiracy against the settled succession of the crown. But the story has been told so often that we shall not repeat it. The intrigues of the Tory leaders, who, without being Jacobites or Papists, were endeavouring to bring about a second restoration, and were defeated in the act, had the effect of throwing the Elector of Hanover, on his

accession to the British throne, entirely into the hands of the Whigs; and, fortunately for George I., he was enabled to place the conduct of affairs in the hands of one of the ablest and most prudent of British statesmen, Sir Robert Walpole.

One of the strongest elements in the question of succession was the aversion of the English people to foreigners and foreign influence. The greatest crime of the Stuarts was that they had condescended to become the pensioners and dependents of France, and had relapsed into the Church of Rome. The greatest drawback in the Revolution was that it had been accomplished by a Dutchman at the head of a Dutch army. But with the reign of Anne this foreign aversion changed sides. She was a British princess, and her reign was made glorious by British victories. The foreigner, on the other hand, was the Elector of Hanover, her destined successor—no representative of the splendour, politeness, and munificence of the court of France—no representative of the freedom and commercial genius of Holland—but the offspring of a German electorate, the most degraded and contemptible members of the monarchical family of Europe. No wonder that, in the ears of a large portion of the people of England, the word ‘Hanoverian’ became for half a century a term of reproach, and that even in our times the severance of the crown of England from the petty court of Hanover seemed to give additional lustre to the reign of Victoria. We have heard M. Guizot remark that nothing was to him more striking in English history, or more characteristic of the political sense of the English people, than the fact that they submitted for forty-seven years to be governed by two dull, ignorant, and vulgar German princes, for the sake of a constitutional principle. The constitutional principle saved itself and saved them; for if George I. and George II. had been called upon or enabled to take a more active part in the duties of government than they did—if, for instance, as some of the modern apologists of court influence would have us believe, such sovereigns as these had directed the foreign policy of the country—it is more than probable that their descendants would not now occupy the throne. It was mainly to Sir Robert Walpole that the continuance and success of so clumsy and corrupt a form of monarchy was due. He contrived, by a skilful management of the court, and especially by the constant support of the queen (who submitted from a love of secret power, and from unshaken confidence in the minister, to lead a most tedious and odious existence), to hold both these sovereigns in continual check, to maintain peace while they desired war, and

to defend and govern England while they were thinking of Germany. He contrived, often by discreditable means, to maintain his ascendancy in the Cabinet and in the House of Commons; but, however impatient of opposition there, his finger was always on the pulse of the nation, and he took care never to stretch his great authority beyond the limits of popular sympathy and support. Upon the whole, Lord Hervey's 'Memoirs' and Horace Walpole's 'Memoires' (as he affectingly called them) give us a far livelier picture of the court and government of England during this period than we can extract from the pages of any critical historian. There we have those 'personalities of history' which Mr. Lecky repudiates, but which constitute, after all, its greatest charm. Machiavelli, who was not the less one of the most philosophical of historians, did not disdain to say, 'Se niuna cosa diletta 'o insigna nella historia, e quella che particolarmente se 'discrivi.' In these particulars the work before us is deficient, in spite of the facts with which it abounds, for facts are not incidents. Mr. Lecky's comments on them bear the same relation to these scenes of real life as an article in a review bears to the narrative of a battle. But, not to disparage our own craft, we must add that they always bear the stamp of fairness, judgment, and insight into character. The following is his character of Walpole:—

'It is the fault of many historians and the misfortune of many statesmen that the latter are often judged almost exclusively by the measures they have passed, and not at all by the evils they have averted. In the case of Walpole this mode of judgment is peculiarly misleading, and it is remarkable that great practical politicians have usually estimated him far more highly than men of letters. The long period of his rule was signalised by very few measures of brilliancy or enduring value. His faults both as a man and a statesman were glaring and repulsive, and he never exercised either the intellectual fascination that belongs to a great orator, or the moral fascination that belongs to a great character. He was not a reformer, or a successful war minister, or a profound and original thinker, or even a tactician of great enterprise, and yet he possessed qualities which have justly placed him in the foremost rank of politicians. Finding England with a disputed succession and an unpopular sovereign, with a corrupt and factious Parliament, and an intolerant, ignorant, and warlike people, he succeeded in giving it twenty years of unbroken peace and uniform prosperity, in establishing on an impregnable basis a dynasty which seemed tottering to its fall, in rendering, chiefly by the force of his personal ascendancy, the House of Commons the most powerful body in the state, in moderating permanently the ferocity of political factions and the intolerance of ecclesiastical legislation. A simple country squire, with neither large fortune nor great connections, he won the highest

post in politics from rivals of brilliant talent, and he maintained himself in it for a longer period than any of his predecessors. No English minister had a sounder judgment in emergencies or a greater skill in reading and in managing men. He obtained a complete ascendancy over George I., although, the king speaking no English, and his minister no French or German, their only communications were in bad Latin, and although the favourite mistress of the king was his enemy. On the death of George I., when the other leading politicians turned at once to Mrs. Howard, the mistress of the new sovereign, as the future source of political power, Walpole at once recognised the ability and unobtrusive influence of the queen, and by her friendship he was soon absolute at court. Though George II. came to the throne with an intense prepossession against him, and though the king was as fond of war as his minister of peace, he soon acquired the same influence over the new sovereign as he had exercised over his father. His chancellor, Lord Macclesfield, excited a storm of indignation, and at last an impeachment, by corruptly selling masterships of Chancery; but Walpole, without unfairly abandoning his colleague, met the charges against him with such consummate tact and such judicious candour that the affair rather strengthened than weakened his administration. He managed the House of Commons with an admirable mixture of shrewdness and frankness, and his facility of access, his unflinching good humour, the ease with which he threw aside the cares of office, his loud, ringing laugh, and the keen zest with which he rode to the hounds, contributed perhaps as much as his higher qualities to win the affections of the country squires, who were still so powerful in politics. Parliamentary government, under his auspices, acquired a definite form and a regular action, and he was a great Parliamentary leader at the time when the art of Parliamentary leadership was altogether new.

‘As a statesman the chief object of his policy was to avoid all violent concussions of opinion. He belonged to that class of legislators who recognise fully that government is an organic thing, that all transitions to be safe should be the gradual product of public opinion, that the great end of statesmanship is to secure the nation’s practical well-being, and allow its social and industrial forces to develop unimpeded, and that a wise minister will carefully avoid exciting violent passions, provoking reactions, offending large classes, and generating enduring discontents. In many periods the policy of evading or postponing dangerous questions has proved revolutionary, or has, at least, increased the elements of agitation. In the time of Walpole, and in the degree in which he practised it, it was eminently wise. England was at this time menaced by one of the greatest calamities that can befall a nation—the evil of a disputed succession. Large classes were alienated from the Government. Strong religious and political passions had been aroused against it, and there were evident signs in many quarters of a disposition to subordinate national to dynastic considerations. In an earlier period of English history causes of this nature had deluged England with blood for more than sixty years. Since the time of Walpole very similar influences have corroded the patriotism and divided the energies of the leading nation on the continent, and have

led to the most crushing catastrophe in its history. To the systematic moderation of Walpole it is in a great degree due that the revolutionary spirit took no root in England, that the many elements of disaffection gradually subsided, and that the landed gentry were firmly attached to the new dynasty. To conciliate this class was a main branch of his policy, and if this course was dictated by his own party interests, it is equally true that it was eminently in accordance with the interests of the country.'

'The highest English interest of his time was the maintenance of the Hanoverian dynasty and of the constitutional maxims of government it represented; and to Walpole more than to any other single man that maintenance was due.' (Vol. i. pp. 327-332.)

It is to be regretted that Mr. Lecky has confined himself too much to these generalities. For instance, we look in vain for a particular account of one of the most important measures of Walpole, his Excise Bill; for that we must turn to Lord Hervey. Indeed it must be said that throughout the work we remark a total absence of an historical view of the finances of the country. But finance was Sir Robert Walpole's strongest point, and any account of his administration is extremely incomplete without it.* On questions of taxation and trade Sir Robert was far ahead of his age, and the principles he laid down in the speech in which he introduced the Excise Bill, are the same which were advocated by Adam Smith, and carried into effect a century later by Sir Robert Peel. In this respect he was too far before his age, yet it is almost incredible that a proposal so well meant and in truth so inconsiderable as the Excise Bill should have shaken in his seat such a minister as Sir Robert Walpole was in 1733. The simple cause of these commotions was a project to ease the land-tax of one shilling in the pound (it was then two shillings), by turning the duties on tobacco and wine, then payable on importation, into inland duties, to be collected, we presume, from the vendors of these articles. 'Customs,' said Walpole, 'are duties paid by the merchant on importation; excise duties payable by the retail trader on consumption.' Walpole calculated that by this mode of collection, although the duty itself was not to be increased, and by the continuation of the salt-duty, he should improve the public revenue by 500,000*l.*, or one-sixth of the sum raised upon these articles, and this sum was to go in abatement of the land-tax. The landed interest had borne the

* The account of the Excise Bill in Mr. Ewald's recently published '*Life of Sir Robert Walpole*' is more detailed than Mr. Lecky's, but it is full of inaccuracies, and it is to be regretted that this writer has not taken more pains to verify his statements.

heat and burden of the day since the Revolution. For many years land was taxed up to four shillings in the pound. Walpole therefore thought it both just and popular to reduce the land-tax to one shilling in the pound by a mere alteration in the mode of collection of other duties. This was the whole scheme. Yet it gave rise to more clamour and violence than any other act of his administration. The country rang with the cry, '*No excise, no slavery, no wooden shoes!*' It was supposed that the excise officers of the government were to penetrate into every warehouse and every branch of trade, and that all the necessaries of life were to be taxed. This popular outcry may in some degree be explained by the fact that excise duties were first imposed by the Long Parliament in 1643, and afterwards greatly extended and abused by the Stuarts. On the Revolution most of these taxes on articles of general consumption were abolished, with the exception (still retained) of spirits, malt, and beer. The nation dreaded a return to the old system, which was not yet forgotten.

Mr. Lecky seems to us hardly to have examined this matter in sufficient detail, or to have shown his usual accuracy in his account of the conclusion of it. He says, 'The Bill passed by large majorities through the earlier stages,' and that at the final stage Walpole's adherents '*without a dissentient voice*' urged him to persevere, and pledged themselves to carry the 'Bill.' The fact is, as related by Lord Hervey, that 'some of his friends, whose timidity passed afterwards for judgment,' advised him to relinquish it; 'by friends,' Lord Hervey probably means himself. But the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Montrose, Lord Stair, Lord Marchmont, the Duke of Bolton, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Clinton, and Lord Cobham, all holding civil or military offices under Walpole, caballed against the scheme. Lord Stair had a stormy interview with the queen, in which she told him 'My Lord, you forget that you are speaking of the king's minister, and to the king's wife.' Lord Scarborough, certainly not unfriendly to Walpole, remonstrated with him earnestly against the Bill, though he had at first supported it. At length Walpole himself offered both to the queen and to the king to retire, which the king, who was strongly in favour of the scheme, refused. Meantime the majorities in the House of Commons on the different stages of the Bill steadily declined from sixty-four to seventeen votes. After this division Sir Robert pulled his hat over his eyes, and was greatly moved. The queen exclaimed, with tears running down her cheeks, when told the numbers, '*It is over; we must give way.*' The debate had lasted till midnight, but there was a

supper of a dozen friends at Sir Robert's after it. At his own table, and not at any formal meeting of the party, Walpole then said, after the servants had withdrawn, '*This dance it will no further go*, and to-morrow I intend to sound a 'retreat.' On this text he preached for some time to this select band of his private friends, and then sent them to bed to sleep if they could. Even the surrender of the Bill did not save Sir Robert the next day from a personal attack, from what Lord Hervey calls the 'mercantile gauntlet,' on the stairs of the House of Commons. Horace Walpole afterwards recorded, with some exaggeration, that his father was to have been murdered by the mob, and he certainly was nearly trampled to death, when the strings of his red cloak broke, and he was enabled to get to his coach unhurt.

This occurrence, which was one of the most exciting in Sir Robert's life, loses all the vivacity of truth in Mr. Lecky's somewhat frigid account of it. It had, moreover, two important consequences. Though not vindictive, Walpole would tolerate no revolt from his supreme authority, and those who had deserted him in the hour of danger were punished, whatever their rank, with exemplary rigour. Nor was the warning lost on himself. When Pulteney called the Excise Bill a wicked scheme, Walpole replied that he believed it to be a good one, but certainly was not mad enough to repeat the experiment. In fact he found it, as many another minister might do, much easier to carry on the government without attempting any changes or innovations, than it is to carry the wisest remedial measures. Under our Constitution, it demands a high sense of public duty not to let things alone; and accordingly *quieta non movere* became the motto of Sir Robert Walpole's long reign. Few ministers have done less to urge on the country 'down the ringing grooves of change' or to remedy the grossest injustices and abuses. His refusal to entertain the just demands of the Dissenters for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Act, after they had given a staunch support to the Revolution Government for forty years, was a base act of timidity, and the injustice continued for another century to be unredressed. But against these shortcomings must be placed the excellence of Sir Robert's financial administration, the firmness with which he maintained peace and resisted the king's proclivity to war, and the steady conviction that the designs of the Pretender were, both at home and abroad, a permanent danger to the stability of the throne, demanding the constant vigilance of the government, down to the catastrophe of 1745.

The general effect of an ignorant, coarse, and alien court, served by a government which Mr. Lecky justly describes as corrupt, inefficient, and unheroic, although it was moderate, tolerant, economical, and on the whole free, was to sink the public spirit, the genius, the literature, and the temper of the English nation under the leaden rule of the two first Georges to the lowest point they have reached in the annals of a thousand years. The task of the historian of this period becomes singularly thankless. Between the reign of Anne, with its victories, its passions, its ardent controversies, its political struggles, its polished literature—represented by Pope and Addison, the wit of Swift, the eloquence of Bolingbroke—and the great revival of England's greatness and glory under Chatham, there lies a tract of barren soil to which no literary art can give much interest. Mr. Lecky philosophises, *more suo*, on the melancholy prospect :—

‘It is not surprising that under such circumstances the spirit of the nation should have sunk very low. In the period between the Reformation and the Revolution England had been convulsed by some of the strongest passions of which large bodies of men are susceptible. The religious enthusiasm that accompanies great changes and conflicts of dogmatic belief, the enthusiasm of patriotism elicited by a deadly contest with a foreign enemy, the enthusiasm of liberty struggling with despotism, and the enthusiasm of loyalty struggling with innovation, had been the animating principles of large bodies of Englishmen. Different as are these enthusiasms in their nature and their objects, various as are the minds on which they operate, and great as are in some cases the evils that accompany their excess, they have all the common property of kindling in large bodies of men an heroic self-sacrifice, of teaching them to subordinate material to moral ends, and of thus raising the tone of political life. All these enthusiasms had now gradually subsided, while the philanthropic and reforming spirit, which in the nineteenth century has in a great degree taken their place, was almost absolutely unfelt. With a Church teaching a cold and colourless morality and habitually discouraging every exhibition of zeal, with a dynasty accepted as necessary to the country, but essentially foreign in its origin, its character, and its sympathies, with a government mild and tolerant, indeed, but selfish, corrupt, and hostile to reform, the nation gradually sank into a condition of selfish apathy. In very few periods was there so little religious zeal, or active loyalty, or public spirit. A kindred tone pervaded the higher branches of intellect. The philosophy of Locke, deriving our ideas mainly if not exclusively from external sources, was supreme among the stronger minds. In literature, in art, in speculation, the imagination was repressed; strong passions, elevated motives, and sublime aspirations were replaced by critical accuracy of thought and observation, by a measured and fastidious beauty of form, by clearness, symmetry, sobriety, and good

sense. We find this alike in the prose of Addison, in the poetry of Pope, and in the philosophy of Hume. The greatest wit and the most original genius of the age was also the most intensely and the most coarsely realistic. The greatest English painter of the time devoted himself mainly to caricature. The architects could see nothing but barbarous deformity in the Gothic cathedral, and their own works had touched the very nadir of taste. The long war of the Spanish Succession failed signally to arouse the energies of the nation. It involved no great principle that could touch the deeper chords of national feeling. It was carried on chiefly by means of subsidies. It was one of the most ill directed, ill executed, and unsuccessful that England had ever waged, and the people, who saw Hanoverian influence in every campaign, looked with an ominous supineness upon its vicissitudes. Good judges spoke with great despondency of the decline of public spirit as if the energy of the people had been fatally impaired. Their attitude during the rebellion of 1745 was justly regarded as extremely alarming. It appeared as if all interest in those great questions which had convulsed England in the time of the Commonwealth and of the Revolution had died away—as if even the old courage of the nation was extinct. Nothing can be more significant than the language of contemporary statesmen on the subject. "I apprehend," wrote old Horace Walpole when the news of the arrival of the Pretender was issued, "that the people may perhaps look on and cry 'Fight dog! 'fight bear!' if they do no worse." "England," wrote Henry Fox, "Wade says, and I believe, is for the first comer, and if you can tell whether the 6,000 Dutch and ten battalions of English, or 5,000 French and Spaniards will be here first, you know our fate." "The French are not come—God be thanked! But had 5,000 landed in any part of this island a week ago, I verily believe the entire conquest of it would not have cost them a battle." (Vol. i. pp. 466-8.)

He then proceeds to fill up this outline of a degraded age by details. It was at this time that the habit of drinking spirits, and especially gin, became a national vice, which has, alas! stuck to us to this day. The fine passage in Mandeville describing the effects of the introduction of gin from Holland has escaped him; but he tells us in arithmetical language that the quantity of British spirits distilled was only 527,000 gallons in 1684, but 5,394,000 gallons in 1735. The attempt to check the consumption of spirits by immoderate duties only gave rise to more fraud and smuggling; other crimes increased in proportion, and the people grew cruel and inhuman. The streets of London were to the last degree insecure. Gay, in his 'Trivia,' is pleased to invoke

'Happy Augusta! law-defended town!
Where tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But liberty and justice guard the land.'

But just before he warns his readers—

'Where Lincoln's Inn, wide space, is rail'd around,
Cross not with venturous step; there oft is found
The lurking thief, who, while the daylight shone,
Made the walls echo with his begging tone :
That crutch, which late compassion mov'd, shall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;
In the mid way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band.
Still keep the public streets, where oily rays,
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.'

The 'crystal lamp,' it is true, was introduced into London under Charles II., but only from Michaelmas to Lady Day, and then only till midnight—the rest was darkness or the link-boy. It was not till 1736 that a more efficient system of lighting was established, though still very imperfect, as some of us may remember when gas was not. But the purple hand of justice, if not of tyranny, lay heavy enough on miserable offenders. Seventeen persons have been known to be hanged in London on a single morning. Street robberies and highway robberies were common. Fugitive debtors, and with them many criminals, still found an *Alsatia* at the Mint, in Southwark, as late as 1723. Wrecking was practised to an enormous extent on the coast, till Pelham made it a capital offence; but even in 1776 Wesley found it in Cornwall as common as ever. The state of the prisons was horrible. In 1750 gaol fever raged to such an extent in Newgate that two judges, the lord mayor, an alderman, and several other persons caught the infection at the Old Bailey assizes and were carried off by it. The criminal law was barbarous in the extreme, and Mr. Lecky produces some evidence to show that the *peine forte et dure* to compel prisoners to plead to a capital charge was applied in England as late as 1735, and in Ireland in 1740.

The aversion of the nation to standing armies was still a deep-rooted tradition of the Liberal creed, which Mr. Lecky attributes to the hate of military government under the despotism of Cromwell. He forgets that other despots besides Cromwell had threatened the liberties of the people by standing armies. From whatever cause, the feeling existed to such a degree that barrack-accommodation was wanting for the small force of 17,000 men then existing in England. The men were billeted in public houses or lodged in barns purchased for that purpose.

The habits of the upper classes were profligate and immoral. Gambling among women and drinking among men were the favourite entertainments. The introduction of the Italian opera was denounced even by Addison in the 'Spectator,' because the singers were foreigners and Papists. Mr. Lecky describes with remarkable elegance and feeling the melancholy struggles of Handel to gain a livelihood, in spite of the patronage of the king and queen; and it flatters his strong Irish sympathies to record that when the greatest musical genius of the age was driven across St. George's Channel, the 'Messiah' was first performed in April 1742 in Dublin. Handel himself was touched to the heart by the kind treatment he received in Ireland and 'the politeness of this generous nation.' Yet when he returned to London he was reduced, in 1745, to a second bankruptcy.

The stage was slowly recovering from the degradation into which it had been cast by the wits of the Restoration. Addison's 'Cato' was revived with applause, Gay's 'Beggars' Opera' with rapture; but the popularity of both pieces was due to the political allusions discovered in them. Shakespeare slowly recovered his hold on the stage and on the reading public, more especially after the appearance of Garrick. The 'Merchant of Venice,' and the 'Winter's Tale,' were played in 1741, after an interval of one hundred years; 'As You Like It' for the first time since the death of Shakespeare.

In minute but interesting particulars of this kind Mr. Lecky's work abounds, and his chapter on the social aspect of England in the middle of the eighteenth century is scarcely less curious, though somewhat less graphic, than Lord Macaulay's celebrated picture of England in 1690. The general impression left upon the mind would be a painful one were it not for the reflection that society has evolved itself, in the Darwinian fashion, into a higher and better state of being.

No doubt one of the causes which most contributed to this lamentable state of things was the torpor of the Church, the inefficiency of the universities, a low school of philosophy, as far as there was any philosophy at all, the prevalence of deistical opinions, and the indifference of the nation to all that can dignify and elevate the spiritual faith of man. Another writer, Mr. Leslie Stephen, has, with more complacency than Mr. Lecky, recently raked among the ashes of the extinct controversies of the eighteenth century; but he appears to us to have found but little to reward his industry in the study of Toland, Whiston, and Warburton. We are rather disposed to agree with Mr. Lecky that the revival came from below, and came

in the shape of opinions which we ourselves regard as enthusiastic. But there was a sacred fire in John Wesley and in Whitefield, when that fire had gone out upon the altar. Methodism rekindled a fervent Christian spirit in the hearts of the people, which gradually spread through the Church and the nation. The Puritanism of the seventeenth century was dissociated from the political animosities it had excited, and which long survived the Commonwealth. A religious revival began, which Mr. Lecky ranks in importance before the career of the elder Pitt and the victories which crowned the reign of George II. ; and, although the forms of this movement have often varied, the people of England have never relapsed into the ice of indifference. It began with field-preaching—a thing ungenial to the decorous habits of John Wesley, who at first ‘would have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had ‘not been done in a church.’ But the eloquence of Whitefield had already been attended with such success that Wesley followed his example. Of Whitefield Mr. Lecky says:—

‘He was filled with horror and compassion at finding in the heart of a Christian country, and in the immediate neighbourhood of a great city, a population of many thousands, sunk in the most brutal ignorance and vice, and entirely excluded from the ordinances of religion. Moved by such feelings, he resolved to address the colliers in their own haunts. The resolution was a bold one, for field-preaching was then utterly unknown in England, and it needed no common courage to brave all the obloquy and derision it must provoke, and to commence the experiment in the centre of a half-savage population. Whitefield, however, had a just confidence in his cause and in his powers. Standing himself upon a hillside, he took for his text the first words of the sermon which was spoken from the Mount, and he addressed, with his accustomed fire an astonished audience of some 200 men. The fame of his eloquence spread far and wide. On successive occasions, five, ten, fifteen, even twenty thousand were present. It was February, but the winter sun shone clear and bright. The lanes were filled with the carriages of the more wealthy citizens, whom curiosity had drawn from Bristol. The trees and hedges were crowded with humbler listeners, and the fields were darkened by a compact mass. The voice of the great preacher pealed with a thrilling power to the very outskirts of that mighty throng. The picturesque novelty of the occasion and of the scene, the contagious emotion of so great a multitude, a deep sense of the condition of his hearers and of the momentous importance of the step he was taking, gave an additional solemnity to his eloquence. His rude auditors were electrified. They stood for a time in wrapt and motionless attention. Soon tears might be seen forming white gutters down cheeks blackened from the coal-mine. Then sobs and groans told how hard hearts were melting at his words. A fire was kindled among the outcasts of Kingswood, which burnt long and fiercely,

and was destined in a few years to overspread the land.' (Vol. ii. p. 562.)

'The effect of this style of preaching was greatly enhanced by an extreme variety of gesture, intonation, and manner. Considering the very small number of his ideas, it is a remarkable proof of the oratorical talents of Whitefield that his sermons were never charged with monotony. He frequently interspersed the more serious passages with anecdotes or illustrations. He sometimes even relieved them by a jest. Often, when the audience had been strung to the highest pitch of excitement, he would suddenly make a long, solemn, and dramatic pause. He painted scenes as if they were visibly present to his eye, with all the fire and the animation of the most perfect actor. On one occasion, when illustrating the peril of sinners, he described with such an admirable power an old blind man deserted by his dog, tottering feebly over the desolate moor, endeavouring in vain to feel his way with his staff, and gradually drawing nearer and nearer to the verge of a dizzy precipice, that when he arrived at the final catastrophe, no less a person than Lord Chesterfield lost all self-possession, and was heard audibly exclaiming, "Good God! he is gone." On another occasion preaching before seamen at New York he adopted a nautical tone. "Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves arise and dash against the ship! The air is dark! the tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam-ends! What next?" "The long boat, take to the long boat!" shouted his excited hearers.' (Vol. ii. p. 572.)

Upon the whole, we regard Mr. Lecky's ninth chapter, which he has thrown to the end of his second volume, and which he entitles 'The Religious Revival,' as the most able portion of his work. Extravagance, intolerance, and fanaticism are as little to his taste as they are to our own; but he recognises even in these aberrations of zeal something that merits respect, the awakening of a people from a life of brutality and vice. an awakening not due to a preposterous imitation of ritual observances, or to the spread of sceptical opinions, but to the propagation of evangelical piety.

Thus far Mr. Lecky's work is distinguished by a spirit of judicial impartiality, and he takes especial pleasure in weighing *le pour et le contre* on every subject he touches. But to the greater part of his second volume this eulogy in no way applies. After a brief and imperfect notice of the affairs of Scotland, although they never were more interesting than in the first years of the eighteenth century, he devotes 330 pages

to a survey of Irish history, beginning with St. Columba and Strongbow, touching on the Irish rebellions under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, examining at great length the evidence with reference to the Catholic massacres of 1641 and the legislation of the Irish Parliament of 1689, and discussing the whole policy of Great Britain to Ireland. With the utmost respect for Mr. Lecky's patriotic sentiments, and for his generous sympathy with the oppressed, we must say that if his work is to be regarded as a history of England in the eighteenth century he has here run quite off the course, and all historical proportion is lost sight of. What is still more to be regretted is, that he exchanges the character of a critic and a judge for that of an advocate, and these chapters are in fact a passionate pleading for the justice and humanity of the Irish character. We quite admit that Ireland has in past centuries been treated with injustice and inhumanity by England—crimes for which it has since been the ardent desire of this country to make the largest atonement in its power. But we are unable to accept Mr. Lecky's version of the temper and conduct of the Irish people, who have in all ages rendered the wise government of the country difficult, and sometimes impossible. Mr. Lecky's object appears to be to administer to the public an antidote to the poisonous charges of Mr. Froude, on which he comments with severity in his notes.* For ourselves, having a sincere respect for both these eminent writers, and believing both of them to be animated by a sincere desire of truth and love of freedom, we regret to see them so much at variance. Neither the poison nor the antidote is to our taste, and it is painful to see minds of so much power inflamed by the heat of national predilections. Fortunately, both of them are free from those sectarian passions which give

* In truth, Mr. Lecky should have addressed his remonstrance, not so much to Mr. Froude as to David Hume, whose narrative of the Irish rebellion of 1641 is one of the most touching and eloquent passages in English literature, and has sunk deep into the minds of English readers for six generations. Hume and Froude worked upon the same materials, chiefly the history of Sir John Temple, based on the depositions still preserved in Trinity College, Dublin; and the main facts are not invalidated, though the numbers of the victims cannot be ascertained. We think Mr. Lecky has shown that the thirty-two folio volumes of depositions in Trinity College contain a great deal of exaggeration and loose evidence, not borne out by the correspondence of Ormond, Clancricarde, and the Lords Justices; but he has no right to assume that this evidence was invented for the purpose of depriving the Irish people of their estates. Such an insinuation rests on no 'tolerably certain' basis.

additional acrimony to such contests. Mr. Lecky is as little of a Catholic as Mr. Froude; for although he thinks that 'Catholicism has contributed much to the attractive charm' and to the sterling excellence of the Irish character,' he lays it down more broadly than we should do that 'under the conditions of modern life no country will ever play a great and honourable part in the world if the policy of its rulers or the higher education of its people is subject to the control of the Catholic priesthood.' But he holds that the wrongs of Ireland not only explain but justify the spirit of insurrection, political and agrarian, which has so long characterised her people.

We agree with Mr. Lecky that the evils from which Ireland has suffered under English ascendancy may be traced mainly to two points—the proscription of the Irish religion and the confiscation of the Irish soil. But he goes too far when he asserts that the English race cared much more for the suppression of the Irish race than for the suppression of its religion. The peculiar hatred and dread entertained by the English for the Roman Catholic Church was much more political than religious. In the sixteenth century the cause of the Roman Church was the cause of Spain. In the earlier half of the seventeenth century the Roman Church aimed at the extermination of the English and Scottish races from Ireland, and declared irreconcilable war against the Commonwealth. In the latter half the Roman Church was identified with the cause of the Stuarts. James II. claimed to be Catholic King of Ireland after he had ceased to be King of England and Scotland, and fought his last battle on Irish soil. That was a state of things absolutely incompatible with the existence of the British monarchy as established by the Revolution of 1688. To put an end to it the Irish were again conquered and placed under highly intolerant and repressive laws, although the authors of those laws were themselves on the side of freedom. But the consequence was, as Mr. Lecky himself points out, that no further Stuartist movement occurred in Ireland, even when Scotland rose in 1715 and 1745; and, much as we condemn the penal character of those laws, it must be said that Ireland made greater progress in culture between 1690 and 1790 than she had done in any previous period of her history. When M. d'Avaux accompanied James in his expedition, he describes a savage country, with scarce a hovel, out of Dublin, fit to sleep in. At the end of the last century Ireland could boast of a society as refined and cultivated as any in Europe, though the

manners of the country gentry were prodigal and the condition of the peasantry was still very low.

A more lasting evil, for its consequences are still flagrant, was the confiscation of the soil by repeated conquests, and the attempt to transform a system of land-tenure bordering on community of possession into the forms of property recognised by English law. It would carry us too far to discuss that question here, but we are convinced that the establishment of individual property is an essential condition of progress, and the maintenance of common right a mark of barbarism. The confiscation of land is a measure of great harshness, and sometimes injustice, on the actual holders of it; but this injustice loses its intensity with each succeeding generation, till it becomes impossible to maintain or show that any existing individual has been deprived of a rightful claim to a particular portion of land or to compensation for the loss of it. In this case prescription by lapse of time effaces both the injustice and the remedy.

The settlement of Ulster by James I. we regard as one of the wisest measures ever taken by the English Government in Ireland, for reasons which we stated fully in this Journal some years ago.* But it was in Ulster that the Catholic rebellion of 1641 broke out with the greatest violence, precisely for the reason that a flourishing and progressive settlement had been established in that province by English and Scottish immigrants, whom the Irish party were resolved to exterminate. About thirty years before that date, in 1610, Philip IV. of Spain, inspired by the fanaticism of the Archbishop of Valencia, had driven the Moriscos from the lands they cultivated with signal success, and at least 150,000 'Nuevos Catolicos' of suspected piety were robbed of all they possessed and transhipped to Barbary for the greater glory of the Christian faith, leaving the most fertile parts of Spain depopulated and ruined. In our own times, we lament to say, the policy of Russia and the fanaticism of her adherents has dared to advocate and apply the same policy of extermination to the Moslem land-owners and peasantry of European Turkey. These appear to us to be two of the worst actions in history. But equally bad was the design of the Irish Catholic party to expel the Protestant settlers in Ulster. We will give Mr. Lecky the benefit of the eloquent passage in which he describes its origin.

* See *Edinburgh Review*, No. cclxiv. Mr. Lecky is of a different opinion. He describes the settlers in Ulster as for the most part poor, scandalous, or needy adventurers.

'The rebellion was not, however, due to any single cause, but represented the accumulated wrongs and animosities of two generations. The influence of the ejected proprietors, who were wandering impoverished among the people, or who returned from military service in Spain; the rage of the septs, who had been deprived of their proprietary rights and outraged in their most cherished customs; the animosity which very naturally had grown up between the native population and the alien colonists planted in their old dominions; the new fanaticism which was rising under the preaching of priests and friars; all the long train of agrarian wrongs, from the massacre of Mullaghmast to the latest inquisitions of Wentworth; all the long succession of religious wrongs, from the Act of Uniformity of Elizabeth to the confiscation of the Irish College under Charles—all these things, together with the opportunity caused by the difficulties of England, contributed to the result. Behind the people lay the maddening recollections of the wars of Elizabeth, when their parents had been starved by thousands to death, when unresisting peasants, when women, when children, had been deliberately massacred, and when no quarter had been given to the prisoners. Before them lay the gloomy and almost certain prospect of banishment from the land which remained to them, of the extirpation of the religion which was fast becoming the passion as well as the consolation of their lives, of the sentence of death directed against any priest who dared to pray beside their bed of death. To the most sober and unimpassioned judgment, these fears were reasonable; but the Irish were at this time as far as possible from sober and unimpassioned. The air was hot, feverish, charged with rumours. In this case there was no safety in quiet, and there was no power on which they could rely. The royal authority was manifestly tottering. Sir William Parsons, the most active of the Lords Justices, leaned strongly towards the Parliament; he was one of the most unprincipled and rapacious of the land-jobbers who had, during the last generation, been the curse of Ireland. He had been chief agent in the scandalous proceedings against the O'Byrnes, and if we may believe the account of Carte, who has described this period with far greater means of information than any other historian, Parsons ardently desired and purposely stimulated rebellion in order to reap a new crop of confiscations. Week after week, as the attitude of the English Parliament became more hostile, the panic in Ireland spread and deepened; and as the shadow of approaching calamity fell darkly over the imaginations of the people, strange stories of supernatural portents were readily believed. It was said that a sword bathed in blood had been seen suspended in the air, that a Spirit Form which had appeared before the great troubles of Tyrone was again stalking abroad, brandishing her mighty spear over the devoted land.' (Vol. ii. pp. 123-5.)

The rebellion broke out in Ulster on the night of October 22, 1641, the intended attack on Dublin Castle having been prevented by the timely arrest of More. Mr. Lecky labours hard to prove that the Catholic gentry of Ireland were reluctantly driven into it by the intolerant attitude of the English Par-

liament; that it never had the character of a pre-arranged massacre, like that of St. Bartholomew; that its object was plunder and expulsion, not murder; that some traits of humanity were shown by the Irish; and that the number of Protestants killed was not above 4,028; or, as the Commissioners say, 'besides 848 families there were killed, hanged, burned, and drowned 6,062,' or perhaps in all (on the authority of Father Walshe) about 8,000, instead of the 150,000, even 300,000, reported by Temple. Hume considers 40,000 a reasonable estimate. In the reports of crimes of this nature there is always a great deal of exaggeration, as we know by recent experience. Horrible as the Reign of Terror was in Paris, we believe the number of the victims of the guillotine did not reach 2,000. But it is not by arithmetic that we calculate guilt. We do not see that Mr. Lecky gains anything by disproving 'a general and organised massacre,' when he goes on to say in the next page that 'before the first week elapsed the English were everywhere driven from their homes, and their expulsion was soon accompanied by horrible barbarities. . . . The English in the open country were deprived of all they possessed. The season was unusually inclement. The wretched fugitives often found every door closed against them, and perished in multitudes along the roads.' In the midst of these horrors he tells us that 'the rebels were commanded by O'Reilly, and, as far as his influence extended, he showed a remarkable humanity and good faith. Belturbet was compelled to surrender, and O'Reilly took 1,500 persons out of the town, and sent them with their goods towards Dublin under a convoy, *which took care to plunder them by the way.*' A singular convoy! and a singular example of good faith!

Mr. Lecky contends that the Irish displayed but a small amount of religious fanaticism in this contest, and quotes a witness to show that the Irish hatred was 'greater against the English nation than against their religion,' and that 'the Irish sword knew no difference between a Catholic and a heretic.' In this form of toleration there is not much to boast of. He then proceeds to say that—

'In spite of the vehement efforts of the Lords Justices, of Temple, and of other members of the Puritan party, a truce was signed between the king and the confederate Catholics in September, 1643, but the complete reconciliation of the great body of the Irish and the Loyalists was only effected by successive stages in 1646, 1648, and 1649.' (Vol. ii. p. 170.)

This really is not only an imperfect, but a misleading view,

of the events which followed the rebellion of 1641. Mr. Lecky has entirely overlooked the fact that during the period to which he adverts, the supreme government of the Catholic and national party in Ireland was vested in, and exercised by, Rinuccini, an Italian priest, Papal Legate, and Archbishop of Fermo. The despatches of this personage have recently been published in Dublin, translated by Miss Hutton, and most curious documents they are. It was by Rinuccini's orders that the peace of 1643 between Ormond and the Catholic confederates was broken off, and it distinctly appears that the sole object of the Pope's representative in Ireland, who was master of the country, was the establishment of the exclusive domination of the Romish Church. It is surely an all-important fact that the result of the rebellion of 1641 was to make a Papal Legate the supreme ruler of Ireland, defying alike the king's representatives, Ormond and Glamorgan, and the Lords Justices who were well-affected to the English Parliament. Of this Mr. Lecky says nothing at all.

Whether the atrocities with which the rebellion commenced were exaggerated or not, they were believed in England to evince a spirit of bitter hostility on the part of the Irish Catholics against the English Parliament, then absolute; against the Puritan creed, then dominant; and against the English race of which Cromwell became ere long the stern representative. Therefore they were the immediate cause of the terrible repression inflicted by Cromwell as soon as he was able to turn the victorious arms of the Commonwealth against Ireland. Nor did the evil stop here; the same policy of distrust and dread prevailed in the councils of England for more than a century, and was aggravated in the interval by fresh calamities.

The first act of the Stuarts on the Restoration was to endeavour by a compromise to reconcile the harsh conditions of the Cromwellian settlement with the claims of the dispossessed landowners—those, at least, who had not taken up arms in the late war. The result was (after one abortive scheme) the passing of an Act of Settlement, by which, according to Lawrence, the Protestants possessed four-fifths of the whole kingdom, and, according to Sir William Petty, rather more than two-thirds of the good land. Mr. Lecky then goes on:—

‘The downfall of the old race was now all but accomplished. The years that followed the Restoration, however, were years of peace, of mild government, and of great religious toleration, and although the wrong done by the Act of Settlement rankled bitterly in the minds of the Irish, the prosperity of the country gradually revived, and with it

some spirit of loyalty to the Government. But the Revolution soon came to cloud the prospect. It was inevitable that in that struggle the Irish should have adopted the cause of their legitimate sovereign, whose too ardent Catholicism was the chief cause of his deposition. It was equally inevitable that they should have availed themselves of the period of their ascendancy to endeavour to overthrow the land settlement which had been made. James landed at Kinsale on March 12, 1689. One of his first acts was to issue a proclamation summoning all Irish absentees upon their allegiance to return to assist their sovereign in his struggle, and by another proclamation a Parliament was summoned for May 7. It consisted almost wholly of Catholics. The corporations appear to have been much tampered with by Tyrconnel, and most of the more important Protestant landlords had either gone over to the Prince of Orange or fled to England, or at least resolved to withdraw themselves from public affairs till the result of the struggle was determined. In the Lower House there are said to have been only six Protestant members. In the Upper House the Protestant interest was represented by from four to six bishops, and by four or five temporal peers.' (Vol. ii. pp. 181-2.)

He then proceeds to discuss the measures of what he calls this Irish Parliament. They were what might be expected from such a body. Mr. Lecky himself can only say for them that 'they were not all criminal.' They proclaimed what they termed religious liberty; they repealed Poyning's Act; they abolished the payments to the Protestant clergy, and appropriated tithes and other dues to the Catholic priests; and they repealed (contrary to the wish of James himself) the Acts of Settlement and Explanation, though Mr. Lecky contends that Lord Macaulay has in his *History* misrepresented the effects of this measure.

In all this there is much to criticise and much from which we entirely dissent. In the first place we cannot admit that James II., having abandoned by flight the throne of England, and this act having been declared to be equivalent to abdication by the Convention, could still be King of Ireland. That would have been to recognise the complete independence of the neighbouring island, which had never, like Scotland, had a sovereign of its own, but had been regarded for centuries as a dependency of the crown of England. James II. indeed had contemplated such a separation, and had throughout his reign thrown every office into the hands of the Catholics, in order to raise up a power opposed to the Protestantism of England. When the Revolution took place Tyrconnel was master of the country, and he called the whole Catholic population to arms. But if James was not King of Ireland, which he could not be unless the ties between the two islands were broken for

ever, he was not a king at all, and consequently had no authority to call a Parliament, and the acts of a Parliament so called were *ab initio* void. Mr. Lecky speaks of this assembly, convoked by a dethroned king, as 'the Irish Parliament of 1689,' and treats its measures as if they were valid laws; in our eyes, and in the eyes of the British nation at that time, this king was no king, and this Parliament no Parliament at all. It certainly had no base whatever either in law or tradition. Nor is our opinion founded merely on the construction we put on the measures of the English Parliament. It rests on positive law. An Act of the Irish Parliament, 7th William III. c. 3, declared all attainders and all other acts made 'in the late pretended Parliament' to be void, 'inasmuch as they were formed 'and designed in manifest opposition to the sovereignty of the 'crown of England;' and whereas the Parliament of England had enacted in the first year of their Majesties' reign that 'the said pretended Parliament was not a Parliament, but an unlawful and rebellious assembly,' and that all its proceedings were void. We cannot, therefore, conceive on what grounds Mr. Lecky seriously discusses the acts of such a body as if they were invested with full legislative authority.

If the measures of this body could be seriously discussed, they would be found to be as extravagant as they were unconstitutional. We are surprised that Mr. Lecky should have attempted to palliate their enormity. He even endeavours to show that the repeal of the Acts of Settlement and Explanation was accompanied by compensation to purchasers of land. In the preceding page (vol. ii. p. 183), in speaking of Church property, he says: 'The principle of 'compensation was as yet wholly unknown.' The compensation held out to these landowners under the Act of Settlement was certainly no exception to the rule he lays down, although Mr. Lecky designates this charge as 'grossly calumnious,' and maintains that the Irish Parliament 'admitted 'in clear and express terms the right of the purchaser to 'full compensation.' What, then, was the compensation to be? 'The Irish Parliament held that, as in 1689, the great 'bulk of the English proprietors of Irish soil were in actual 'correspondence with William, and were therefore legally 'guilty of high treason. The Irish legislators, by a clause of 'extreme severity, pronounced *the real estates of all Irish proprietors who dwelt in any part of the three kingdoms which 'did not acknowledge King James, or who aided, abetted, or 'corresponded with the rebels, to be forfeited and vested in the 'Crown, and from this source they proposed to compensate*

'the purchaser under the Act of Settlement.' And Mr. Lecky quotes this amazing enactment as if he thought it was a fair settlement of the matter, and a very efficient compensation for claims which he acknowledged to be just. Such an opinion in so candid a writer seems to us as amazing as the enactment itself; and, if these are the views of a most cultivated and temperate Irish gentleman, we may surmise that the measures of an Irish Parliament in the present century would be scarcely more equitable than they were in 1689. Such an act was in fact a declaration of war against the government England had just established. Ireland decreed that England, being in a state of rebellion against the House of Stuart, must submit to the penal consequences of confiscation and attainder. It is asserted by some writers that James himself gave a reluctant assent to the repeal of the Act of Settlement, because he knew that it would destroy his last hope of conciliating his British subjects: but there is a passage in a despatch of Barillon's to Louis XIV. of the 16th October, 1687, which demonstrates that it was a settled object of the king's policy to repeal the Act. Tyrconnel and the Irish Parliament were his instruments. The ambassador writes:—

*'Milord Sunderland m'a dit que le roy son maitre est résolu de renverser l'établissement fait des biens des Irlandois catholiques aux Anglois protestants après le retour du roy d'Angleterre; que cela est tenu encore fort secret; mais qu'on y travaillera bientôt et que les mesures sont prises pour en venir à bout. Le renversement de cet établissement fait en faveur des rebelles et des officiers de Cromwell est regardé ici comme ce qu'il y a de plus important; et s'il peut être exécuté sans opposition, ce sera une entière séparation de l'Irlande d'avec l'Angleterre pour l'avenir.'**

We commend this passage to Mr. Lecky's attention, for it places beyond dispute the fact that the tendency of the Catholic and Irish feeling was the total disruption of all ties between the islands—pure Catholic Home Rule, with James II. on the throne of Ireland.

The Irish were not satisfied with the repeal of the Act of Settlement. They proceeded to an Act of Attainder, containing more than 2,000 names of persons charged with high treason against King James, and 'aiming' (in Mr. Lecky's words) 'at nothing less than a complete overthrow of the existing land system in Ireland.' This Act he condemns as tyrannical, unjust, and a blot on the reputation of the Short Parliament of 1689, though even here he says 'a few things to palliate and

* Dalrymple's Memoirs, Appendix to Part I. p. 262.

‘explain it.’ One of these things is that a similar Bill of Attainder was brought into the English Parliament at the same time, which (amongst other things) declared ‘all the proceedings of the pretended Parliaments and courts of justice now held in Ireland to be null and void.’ But in fact this Bill only sought to attain those who, in Ireland or beyond seas, adhered to his Majesty’s enemies, namely, to the deposed sovereign. It had nothing to do with the confiscation of land, except as regards persons proved to be in arms with the late King James, and after all the bill never became law, as the House of Lords scrupled to pass it, and Parliament was prorogued before the amendments were considered. Mr. Lecky reproaches Lord Macaulay with omitting to notice this incident, but it seems to us to have no bearing on the question. When matters had reached this point, no argument could be of any avail but the subjection of one party to the other by force of arms. The last campaign between absolutism and Popery on the one hand and freedom and Protestantism on the other was fought on Irish soil.

The view taken by Mr. Lecky can hardly be regarded as original, for it is precisely the same as that of Plowden, who in a more condensed narrative relates the same facts, and draws from them even stronger conclusions. But Plowden was a strong partisan of the Stuart kings. He maintains that the atrocities of 1641 were caused by the Puritan party, and the ‘too well-founded apprehension of an immediate general massacre and extermination of the whole body of the Catholics;’ that, from the moment the usurped power of the Long Parliament commenced, resistance to that power was loyalty, not treason; that the Irish Catholics in all they did were the most faithful subjects of Charles I., and that they took up arms in self-defence against the arbitrary measures of the Lords Justices; that the Acts of Settlement and Explanation were ‘a laboured piece of insidious and perplexed sophism;’ that after the Revolution of 1688 the Irish again rose to support the rights of their lawful sovereign, and that no Irishman desiring that ‘the crown of Ireland should be worn by its hereditary monarch could be guilty of treason.’ In a Jacobite writer these doctrines are perfectly consistent. If James had an indefeasible right to the Irish crown, if Charles I. was in the right and the Long Parliament in the wrong, no doubt the subjects who adhered longest to these sovereigns were in the right too, and might be justified in the measures they took. But Mr. Lecky is not a Jacobite any more than he is a Catholic. He does not adopt the extreme views of

Plowden, whom indeed, we think, he does not refer to. His position is therefore inconsistent and untenable. The Irish national cause, to which he is warmly attached, was identified with allegiance to the Stuarts and attachment to the Roman Church. The British nation rejected the Stuarts and rejected Popery. Therefore the Irish national cause succumbed, not because it was Irish, but because it was Jacobite and Romish. We leave Mr. Lecky, who is sincerely attached to the principles of civil and religious liberty, to determine on which side he would have the balance incline; but it is impossible to defend the cause of the Irish Catholics in the seventeenth century without overthrowing the barriers erected for the defence of the most sacred rights of freedom in government and freedom of faith.

All this, it may be said, has but little to do with the history of England in the eighteenth century, and we have been reluctant to follow Mr. Lecky into a divagation so vastly out of keeping with the ostensible subject of his work. But as he evidently attaches great importance to this portion of his labour, we have thought it due to him to express our own difference of opinion. What, we may ask him, would the triumph of James II. in Ireland, the absolute dominion of the Roman Catholic clergy, the expulsion of the British landowner, and the establishment of a Celtic Parliament have done to promote the freedom, wealth, and culture of Ireland? No man is more attached than Mr. Lecky to the cause of progress and the liberation of the human mind from the shackles of superstition and barbarism. Would that cause have gained under Stuart princes and Popish priests, ruling in defiance of the liberties England had so dearly won? No doubt the history of the struggles of the seventeenth century is full of harshness and severity, sometimes of injustice and bad faith; but the severity was not unprovoked, and the injustice was not all on one side.

These considerations have a direct bearing on one important part of the policy of English statesmen during the first half of the eighteenth century, namely, the passing and maintenance of the penal laws against the religion and the clergy of the majority of the Irish people. In principle nothing could be more repugnant to the mind of William and the doctrines of the Whig party. But the Whig party knew where the danger lay. When Anne mounted the throne, about sixty years had elapsed since the atrocities committed in Ulster—about fourteen years since a pretended Irish Parliament had passed the Act of Attainder and repealed the Act of Settlement.

The same men, the same passions, were still in existence. The Pretender was watching his opportunity to assert his claim to the throne; Louis XIV., with the largest army and fleet in Europe, was in regular communication with the most disaffected portion of the British dominions. Mr. Lecky ascribes all the evils that afflicted Ireland for three-quarters of a century after the Revolution to the 'corrupt and selfish government of England,' the commercial policy that ruined Irish industry, the confiscation of land, the abuse of patronage, and we entirely agree with him that these were wrongful and impolitic measures and gross abuses. But these and almost all the other evils from which Ireland suffered may be traced to the necessity, or supposed necessity, of defending the Protestant succession in that part of the Empire which was most notoriously Catholic. Perhaps one of the most foolish methods of defending it was that which drove the Irish to enlist in foreign armies instead of serving under the flag of King George.

Meanwhile, as we have already observed in this article, it is impossible to deny the progress of Ireland in the eighteenth century. The growth of population was indeed excessive, and so light was the taxation of the country that for fifty years after the accession of George II. no additional taxes were imposed in Ireland, except a few small duties for local purposes. Dublin became the second city in the Empire (*pace* my Lord Provost!). Cork was the resort of trade. Belfast was the seat of a flourishing manufacture. And the picture Mr. Lecky has drawn at length of the state of the country during this period is evidently intended to contrast with the darker shadows of Mr. Froude's history. Unhappily there lurked, and still lurks, under these fairer externals the curse of secret associations, purposeless conspiracies, and agrarian crimes, which seem to be almost as incorrigible by tolerance and by fair-dealing as they once were by sterner measures of repression and resistance.

In our opinion Mr. Lecky has dealt with the subject of Ireland too much in the spirit of that exclusive patriotism which seeks to sever the interests and the welfare of the sister island from that of the United Kingdom. We too lay claim to patriotic Irish sentiments; we desire the peace, union, and prosperity of Ireland as warmly as any man born on the other side of St. George's Channel, for we know them to be important and essential conditions of the greatness of the United Kingdom; and we are convinced that Ireland will flourish in proportion as she accepts and uses our common liberties for wise purposes. It is the 'particularismus' of

Ireland, to use an expression applied by the Germans to those States and parties which oppose the unity of the Empire, which has been and is her greatest misfortune; for, as in the case of our own Scotland, a nation may preserve all that is best and noblest in its national traditions, without placing itself in a position of obstruction and separation in the British Parliament.

With this reservation, we readily express our unqualified admiration of the industry and good taste with which Mr. Lecky has placed before his readers the leading features in the social history of England during the first half of the eighteenth century. They are in fact much more instructive and interesting than a barren narrative of battles and sieges, or than the contests of rival statesmen in the Cabinet or in the House of Commons. He has some of the best qualities of an historian, though not all of them, and above all a thoughtfulness and fairness which lead to a just appreciation of the meaning of events and the motives of men. We shall await with interest the continuation of his labours, which will bring him into more animated and eventful scenes, and we trust he will give us (as he is well able to do) a just and ample picture of the reign of George III. down to the epoch of the French Revolution.

- ART. IV.—1. *Ueber die Mundarten und Wanderungen der Zigeuner Europa's.* Von Dr. FRANZ MIKLOSICH. Denkschriften der kaiserlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften. Wien: 1872-7.
2. *Etude sur les Tchinghianés ou Bohémiens de l'Empire Ottoman.* Par ALEXANDRE G. PASPATI, D.M. Constantinople: 1870.
3. *Zigeunerisches.* Von G. J. ASCOLI. Halle: 1865.
4. *Die Einwanderung der Zigeuner in Europa.* Ein Vortrag von CARL HOFF. Gotha: 1870.
5. *De l'apparition et de la dispersion des Bohémiens en Europe; Nouvelles Recherches, &c.* Par PAUL BATAILLARD. Paris: 1844, 1849.
6. *Die Zigeuner in ihrem Wesen und in ihrer Sprache.* Von Dr. jur. RICHARD LIEBICH. Leipzig: 1863.
7. *Die Zigeuner in Europa und Asien.* Von Dr. A. F. POTT. Halle: 1844-5.
8. *Romano Lavo-Lil: Word-book of the Romany.* By GEORGE BORROW. London: 1874.

LATE in the year 1417 the Hanseatic towns on the Baltic coasts and at the mouth of the Elbe were startled out of their commercial propriety by a novel and fantastic apparition. A horde of swarthy and sinister figures, in aspect and manners strangely unlike any samples of humanity which had till then come within the range of the worthy burghers' experience, suddenly appeared before the gates, first of Lüneburg, then successively of Hamburg, Lübeck, Wismar, Rostock, and Stralsund. They were, the chroniclers inform us, uncouth in form as well as hideous in complexion, and their whole exterior betokened the lowest depth of poverty and degradation. The wretchedness of their plight was rendered more conspicuous by the bizarre fragments of Oriental finery with which it was sought to modify or conceal it. An ample cloak, draped in classic fashion, and striped with gay colours, which, though half obliterated by time and travel, still recalled the fabrics of Tunis or Damascus, usually disguised the filth and raggedness of their remaining apparel. Even when this relic of dignified costume was absent, a gaudy handkerchief or brilliant cockade never failed to denote the grotesque solicitude of these singular strangers for the adornment of their unprepossessing persons. The women and young children travelled in

rude carts, drawn by asses or mules; the men trudged alongside, casting fierce and suspicious glances at those they met from underneath their lowering brows; the elder children, unkempt and half-clad, swarmed in every direction, calling with shrill cries the attention of the passers-by to their uncommon feats of jugglery and legerdemain.

At the head of this motley caravan rode two principal leaders, followed by a train of minor dignitaries. They were pompously mounted on gaily-caparisoned horses, and all the insignia by which the baronial rank was at that period distinguished were parodied in their trappings and accoutrements. It was observed, however, that the hounds which their attendants held in leash showed more eagerness to worry the peaceful inmates of the farmyard than to chase the wild denizens of the forest; and their masters were quickly suspected of entertaining a livelier taste for domestic rapine than for field-sports. These nondescript chieftains styled themselves 'Dukes of Little Egypt,' and called their followers *Secané*, a word quickly transformed by Teutonic pronunciation into its modern representative, *Zigeuner*. Amongst the lower orders, however, the new arrivals were long familiarly known by the appellation of 'Tartars,' which, in those days of rough and ready classification, was in Germany applied indiscriminately to all nomad tribes. Nor did the 'Egyptian' dukes come unprovided with credentials. They presented to the magistrates of the various towns visited by them certain letters of protection purporting to have been given early in that same year at Lindau by the Emperor Sigismund, then plunged deep in the affairs of the Council of Constance. The imperial safe-conduct, having set forth that Dukes Michael and Andrew of Little Egypt, with their people, were engaged in a seven years' pilgrimage, imposed upon them by their bishops in expiation of the apostasy of their forefathers from the Christian faith, commanded that they should be received and protected by all loyal subjects of the Holy Roman Empire, whithersoever they might turn their steps. This singular document bore all the marks of authenticity, and, in deference to its injunctions, the 'penitents' were at first treated everywhere with respect and consideration. It was not until their peculiar views on the subject of property came abruptly into collision with the matter-of-fact notions of the Hanse citizens, that the authorities so far departed from their obedience to the imperial mandate as to compel several of the dusky strangers to terminate their 'pilgrimage' prematurely on the gallows.

Forsaking the Baltic provinces, the band then sought a

more friendly refuge in Central Germany; but their depredations in Meissen, Leipzig, and Hesse caused their speedy banishment, and in 1418 they turned their steps towards Switzerland. They reached Zürich on August 1, and encamped during six days before the town, exciting much sympathy by their pious tale and lamentable appearance. Their popularity was not diminished by the circumstances that, notwithstanding their penitential rags, their pockets were well lined with gold pieces; that they lived on the fat of the land, and paid in ready money for what they consumed. The credulous citizens believed that these ample supplies were furnished to them by the opulent and considerate relatives whom they had left behind in 'Little Egypt;' had they been better acquainted with their habits and history, their unaccountable wealth would have presented itself in a more questionable light.

Soon after leaving Zürich the wanderers divided their forces. One detachment crossed the Botzberg, and by its sudden appearance created a panic amongst the peaceable inhabitants of the Provençal town of Sisteron, who, fearing the worst from these wild-looking 'Saracens,' fed them with a hundred loaves, and induced them to depart forthwith. The main body, led by two dukes, two earls, and a bevy of 'knights,' turned towards Alsace, swarmed through Strasburg, and on November 1 halted under the walls of Nuremberg, where they were gazed at and succoured with wondering hospitality. We next hear of them in Italy. This was in 1422, when the original term of their chartered vagrancy was drawing to a close, and when the short lease by which they held their reputation for sanctity had long since expired. Their leaders, who were evidently not wanting in astuteness, perceived that, if their waning credit was to be restored, some process of rehabilitation must be gone through, and a visit to Rome was decided on as the surest and easiest means of attaining the desired end. A preliminary gathering seems to have been held in Switzerland, long the chosen rendezvous of their scattered bands, and Duke Andrew was there appointed to lead the adventurous party, which was to cross the Alps, reach the chief city of Christendom, and penetrate, if possible, even into the august presence of the Supreme Pontiff. We find in the 'Chronicle of Bologna,' printed by Muratori,* a detailed account of their proceedings in that town, repeated, *mutatis mutandis*, in most of the others favoured with their presence. It runs as follows:—

* *Scriptorum Rerum Italicarum* tom. xviii.

'On the 11th day of July 1422, a certain Duke of Egypt, named Duke Andrew, arrived in Bologna, with men, women, and children of his nation to the number of fully one hundred persons. This Duke having denied the Christian faith, the King of Hungary conquered his country, and captured his person. Then the Duke, having informed the said King of his desire to return to Christianity, was baptised with a portion of his subjects, amounting to about four thousand men. Those that persisted in their apostasy were put to death. After the King of Hungary had taken and rebaptised them, he ordained that they should wander through the world for seven years, that they should go to Rome, present themselves to the Pope, and then return to their native country. When they reached Bologna, their peregrinations had already lasted five years, and more than half their number had perished. They had with them a decree of the King of Hungary, who was also Emperor, in virtue of which they could rob without penalty or hindrance wherever they went during the entire course of those seven years.* On their arrival in Bologna, they took up their quarters at the Porta di Galiera, within as well as without the gate, and in crowds under the porticoes; but the Duke lodged in the *Albergo del Rè*. They tarried fifteen days, during which time many visited them because of the Duke's wife, who, they said, was a sorceress, and could tell the future events as well as present circumstances of each person's life; how many were their children, whether a woman was good or bad, and such like. With regard to most of these things, what she said was true. And of those who went to have their fortunes told, few there were who had not their purses stolen, or some portion of their garments cut away. Their women also traversed the city six or eight together, entering the houses of the citizens and diverting them with idle talk, while one of the party secured whatever she could lay her hands upon. In the shops, too, they pretended to buy, but in fact stole, so that there were great robberies in Bologna. Wherefore an edict was issued, prohibiting recourse being had to them, under penalty of a fine of fifty *lire* and excommunication. They were amongst the cleverest thieves that the world contained. But license was given to those who had been robbed to steal in return from them up to the value of their losses, and thus it came about that several men went together one night to a stable where

* We are not called upon to believe that this incredible concession was actually contained in the imperial patent. The report of its existence was probably circulated by the ingenious wayfarers themselves as a cover for their predatory habits. Nevertheless, there is a certain parallel between it and the following singular formula of oath, which, until comparatively recent times, was administered to gypsies in Hungarian courts of justice. 'As King Pharaoh was engulfed in the Red Sea, so may I be accursed and swallowed up by the deepest abyss, if I do not speak the truth! May no *theft*, no traffic, or any other business prosper with me! May my horse turn into an ass at the next stroke of his hoof, and may I end my days on the scaffold by the ministry of the hangman!'—Hopf, '*Die Einwanderung der Zigeuner in Europa*,' p. 37.

some of their horses were kept, and carried off the finest one amongst them. Whereupon the others, wishing to have their horse restored, agreed to make restitution to our people of a quantity of goods. Then, finding they could rob no more, they went on towards Rome. Be it noted that they were the most hideous crew ever seen in those parts. They were lean and black, and ate like pigs. Their women wore mantles flung across one shoulder, with only a vest underneath; they had rings in their ears, and long veils on their heads.'

We have no record of the progress of the 'Egyptians' beyond Forli, where Fra Girolamo commemorates their arrival on August 7. He does not seem to have formed a more favourable opinion of their habits or manners than his brother chronicler of Bologna, describing them as 'a people not over-civilised, but resembling rather savage and untamed beasts.' He adds a curious hint as to their origin. 'Some of them,' he says, 'maintained that they came from India.'*

This statement is remarkable for its isolation no less than for its intrinsic significance. In this chance phrase of the historiographer of Forli we find probably the sole surviving vestige of a genuine Indian tradition brought with them by the gypsies to Europe †—an obscure and neglected testimony, long afterwards unexpectedly confirmed.

The adventures in Rome of this singular tribe would doubtless have made an interesting story; but it has unfortunately remained unwritten. We only know that the object of the expedition was by some means successfully attained, since they subsequently showed all over Europe a papal brief, to every appearance genuine, confirming their pretensions to the alms and compassion of the faithful. It ought perhaps to be added that several respectable authorities, including Muratori, have treated both imperial and papal safe-conducts as palpable forgeries. We cannot share this view. Of the *bonâ fide* character of the first, it seems to us there can be no reasonable doubt, and the authenticity of the second follows as a probable consequence. The Egyptian fable, it should be remembered,

* 'Chronicon Fratris Hieronymi de Forlivio,' Script. Rer. Ital. tom. xix.

† The conversation reported by Sebastian Münster in his 'Cosmographia Universalis' as having taken place between himself and some gypsies at Heidelberg, has been misinterpreted in this sense; and a misinterpretation, especially of a passage occurring in an obscure and ponderous volume, once started, is apt to gain authority by repetition, until nine full points of the law are in its favour. The truth is, that the passage in question proves nothing except the nomads' Homeric ignorance of geography.

did not outrage the common sense of the fifteenth as it does that of the nineteenth century, when marginal possibilities have been reduced to a minimum by increased geographical and historical knowledge; and as Sigismund took it on trust at the recommendation of his Hungarian viceroy, Nicholas of Gara, so Martin V., or the officials of his court, would not unnaturally take it on trust at the recommendation of Sigismund.

During the ensuing years the nomad strangers emerge from time to time into the twilight of some obscure contemporary record, now in one spot, and shortly after at one far distant—now with one version of their crafty tale upon their lips, and again with another, according to the dictation of circumstances or the suggestion of their subtle instinct for deceit. Sometimes a story is brought forward which reminds us of the legend of the Wandering Jew—how their forefathers had refused hospitality to the Holy Family in Egypt, and how, for this ancestral crime, they were condemned, like Ahasuerus, to a cycle of unrest. Sometimes it is the Sultan of Egypt, sometimes the King of Hungary, who figures as the prime agent in their misfortunes; sometimes they appear as renegade Christians, again as converted heathens; but the inevitable upshot of these varying preliminaries is always to present an apology for persistent vagrancy, and to afford a pretext for unblushing mendicancy. Their appearance before Paris in the dazzling summer of 1427 provided the Athenians on the banks of the Seine with a new sensation, and offered a welcome diversion from the painful novelties incidental to an English occupation. The ubiquitous band is heard of three years later at Metz, and again in 1433 in Bavaria, after which it seems to have been gradually dispersed or absorbed. M. Bataillard is probably right in attributing to the rapid peregrinations of a single horde, consisting of a few hundred individuals, the numerous and distant manifestations by which Western Europe was, during those years, astonished and disquieted. They were in fact a scouting party, collecting the information they desired through secret channels, with the tortuous winding of which they were intimately acquainted. While the main body halted tranquilly in Hungary, protected by the favour of the viceroy, the detachment led by Dukes Michael and Andrew, Counts Ion and Panuel, industriously explored the condition of the countries which they coveted for their camping-ground, and sounded the dispositions of the peoples whom they designed for their dupes.

The momentary emotion caused by their transient presence

had died out, and the popular memory preserved but a faint trace of their earlier visits, when, in 1438, the great wave of gypsy immigration broke over the West. They no longer came in hundreds, but in thousands. They were no longer led by dukes or counts, but by a king, whose name, *Zindl*, was one of the very few native appellatives retained by them in their intercourse with Europeans. In a few years, Germany, France, Italy, and Spain were overrun with dusky-visaged Orientals, speaking an unknown tongue, aliens to the religion and morality of Christendom, boasting of occult knowledge, and laying claim to a mythical fatherland. Like the Tartars, these unbidden visitors possessed the art of travelling invisible, of scattering and assembling, of living without a commissariat, of marching without a road, of vanishing at the note of danger, and of reappearing at the prospect of booty. Their progress was besides facilitated by the skill with which they secured favour at both extremes of the social scale. They managed to conciliate the goodwill of princes, at the same time that they ingratiated themselves with the dregs of the populace. Although their practices quickly fell under the ban of the Church, they for a time partially succeeded in gaining the shelter of a pious profession. They demanded, under feigned pretexts, the alms of the clergy, while they told the fortunes and picked the pockets of the faithful. While the gypsy chiefs entered into leagues with kings, and exercised an independent jurisdiction within the bounds of their several realms, the gypsy people silently reinforced the ranks of the criminal classes, and noiselessly absorbed into their bosom the outcasts and the fugitives from civilised society. This anomalous state of things could not last long. The only cause for surprise is that it did not terminate sooner. After being unwisely tolerated, the gypsies were cruelly persecuted in almost every state in Europe; but toleration and persecution alike failed to mitigate the evils which their unwelcome but inevitable presence occasioned. Farther on, however, we shall, in a few words, recur to their later history; we must now endeavour to deal with what we may call the penumbral portion of their annals, before plunging into the all but total eclipse which overshadows their primeval condition.

Although the attempt to trace to their source the obscure impulses of a barbarous people must always be abundantly liable to error, still we may conjecture with some probability that the death in 1437 of the Emperor Sigismund gave the final fillip to the resolution, long cherished in secret by his vagrant clients, of seeking fresh outlets and penetrating into

the interstices of a larger social fabric. The original source of disturbance was, there can be little doubt, the Mohammedan conquest of Wallachia (1415), where, from an indeterminate epoch, the gypsies had been settled in great numbers. Recent investigations have demonstrated that their arrival in the East of Europe preceded by at least a century their appearance in the West. The proofs of this fact are of two kinds—documentary and linguistic—and include evidence of every degree of value, from doubtful suggestion to rational certitude. We put aside at the outset of this enquiry, as worse than useless, the wild surmises as to the origin of the gypsies in which so many writers on the subject have indulged. One theory recognises them as descendants of the wandering votaries of Isis; another identifies them with the ‘mixed multitude’ which followed Israel out of Egypt. According to one view, they fled from Bactria before the incursions of the White Huns and Afghans; according to another, they turned westward on the fall of Babylon; according to a third, they entered Egypt with the Mamelukes. These are, moreover, but specimens, and by no means the least favourable that could be produced, of the random notions which have prevailed even amongst thoughtful men on this point. We will not trespass upon our readers’ time and patience by stopping to expose the fallacies on which these loose conjectures severally rest. Not an iota of real evidence can be adduced in favour of any one of them, and historical research would become an empty phrase if such crude imaginings were to pass current as rational hypotheses. A hundred years ago, in the absence of any grounds for forming a sounder opinion, surmises, however fanciful, might be excused: but now that a reliable basis for investigation is afforded by the modern science of comparative philology, they ought no longer to be tolerated.

The first task of an enquirer into an obscure subject such as that upon which we are now engaged, should be, if a profitable issue is to be secured, to sift and classify the evidence at his command. A considerable portion of it will not improbably turn out to be purely mythical; and this, should he be gifted with the right use of reason, he will reject unflinchingly. A further portion will perhaps appear entirely reliable; and here again his course will be free from embarrassment. The real difficulty lies in the region of half-lights and dubious possibilities. It should, however, be steadily borne in mind that a strong case can afford to be understated, while a weak one gains nothing by exaggeration. Conclusive evidence, however minute in quantity, should be studiously separated from

what is merely conjectural; and the over-zealous advocate who endeavours to place guesses on a par with demonstrations, succeeds only in discrediting the strong points of the cause he pleads, not in fortifying the feeble. We shall strive in the following pages to make our practice, to some extent at least, conformable to our precepts; and although we cannot pretend to offer a final solution of this difficult problem, we hope at any rate to extract from the confused and contradictory mass of statements accumulated in the literature of the subject, some tolerably clear indications as to the direction in which that solution may be looked for. In maritime language, we can discern a clear lead through the ice-floes into the open sea, although our bark has not yet entirely freed itself from the hampering masses which impede its course.

We will first state the positive results which have been arrived at, and then endeavour to form a just estimate of the several degrees of credit to which the more doubtful items of testimony are respectively entitled. In a valuable series of papers, communicated during a period of five years—from 1872 to 1877—to the Vienna Academy of Sciences, Dr. Franz Miklosich exhibits a method of investigation which future enquirers cannot do better than adopt for the regulation of their researches. It is not indeed in the power of everyone to use it as Dr. Miklosich has done, since it requires for its fit manipulation an unusual amount of linguistic knowledge, and a still more uncommon stock of scientific patience. But its conclusions, when legitimately arrived at, leave no room for doubt or cavil. It is founded on the peculiarities of the gypsy language (which we may more conveniently call the *Romany*), and consists in a careful separation and classification of the heterogeneous foreign elements with which that tongue is in different countries variously adulterated. This inevitable corruption is no doubt due to the habits of the people using it rather than to any special assimilative power in the language itself. The fact is at least undeniable that the gypsies invariably borrow from the vocabulary of every nation with which they come into contact, in proportions varying with the duration of that contact. They moreover, like other habitual borrowers, omit to restore the goods of which they have become fortuitously possessed, and, oblivious of previous ownership, eventually confound their casual acquisitions with their proper patrimony. Thus, as the secret of their origin lay enveloped in the primitive fabric of their native speech, so we may find a clue to their wanderings in the parti-coloured rags

and foreign patches with which the roadside dilapidations of the original texture have been summarily repaired.

This system, if judiciously applied, has the merit of yielding negative as well as positive results. For instance, we can say with confidence that the people whose name in several European languages, including our own, implies an Egyptian descent, have at no time entered into collective relations with the dwellers in the land of Pharaoh. Gypsies are indeed found in Egypt as in almost every other part of the habitable globe, but under the same conditions as elsewhere. They are alien wanderers by the shores of the Nile, as they are along the banks of the Thames, and their dusky tents are equally foreign to the soil when they blot the yellow sands at the base of the Great Pyramid and when they are pitched on the green-sward beside Melrose or Stonehenge. It is certain that if the gypsies had approached Europe by way of Egypt some Coptic admixture would have penetrated into their speech. This not being the case, we unhesitatingly conclude that their route must have lain in a different direction. On the other hand, from the fact that, of the thirteen European dialects of Romy, all without exception contain a well-marked Greek element, the inference is obvious that the entire body, previous to their dispersion through the rest of Europe, halted during some considerable time amongst a Greek-speaking population. On the same principle, when an analysis of the English gypsy tongue discloses the existence of Slav, Magyar, German, and French ingredients, side by side with the invariable Greek constituent, all flung pell-mell into the original Indian receptacle, we are justified in asserting that the gypsies of England must, at some stage of their wanderings, have lived in countries where these various languages were severally spoken. By similar reasoning we arrive at a corresponding conclusion in the case of each of the other European tribes. We can even go one step farther. The common stock of gypsy speech is found to contain a certain number of words unmistakably Persian and Armenian; and, guided by this unerring indication, we are enabled to follow these mysterious nomads backwards along two stages of their long Asiatic pilgrimage. Thus, their language not only betrays their Indian origin, but reveals a sojourn on the table-lands of Irak and Anatolia, a prolonged halt in the Grecian peninsula, and records the subsequent intercourse of each separate horde with the different European nations.

Some scanty fragments of evidence corroborative of the early presence of this people in Eastern Europe have been

extricated by the diligence of M. Bataillard and others from the obscurity of mediæval records. These demand at our hands a brief notice. The mere coincidence of a name is not much to be depended upon. It may suggest, but it should never supersede enquiry. As an example of the misleading nature of this kind of testimony, we may mention the letter of Ottocar II., King of Bohemia (July 13, 1260), to Pope Alexander IV., describing a victory gained by him over Bela IV., King of Hungary. In the text published by Ludewig the word *Gingarorum* appears in a catalogue of savage and schismatic tribes led to battle on the Morava by the Hungarian king, and the inference was at once drawn, with some show of probability, that gypsies were already in the thirteenth century settled in the Danubian regions. On further examination, however, the significant name turned out to be a mere copyist's error for *Bulgarorum*; and indications less problematical had to be sought elsewhere. Nor can we lay much stress on a charter of Boleslas V., King of Poland (date 1256), in favour of certain '*advenæ, qui vulgariter Szalassii vocantur.*' Now *szalasy*, in Polish as well as in other Slav languages (with unimportant local modifications), signifies 'tent;' and the enslaved gypsies of Wallachia were, up to a recent date (their emancipation was completed in 1856), regularly sold by *salássuri*—that is, by tents or families. Hence the plausible conjecture that the *Szalassii* protected by Boleslas V. were no other than tented gypsies straggling northward from the Danube. The clue is a slight one, and becomes still slighter when we consider the liability at that time of the outlying regions of Europe to incursions from stray bodies of Tartars and other nomads. Nevertheless, it is not altogether to be neglected.

The evidence of the existence of gypsies in the south-eastern extremity of Europe during the following century is of a different and far more satisfactory character. We have first a passage in the 'Itinerary' of Simeon Simeonis, an Irish monk of the Minorite order, in which he describes the habits of a singular tribe encountered by him in the island of Crete in 1322.

'We there saw,' he says, 'a people living outside the city (of Candia), who worship according to the Greek rite, and declare themselves of the race of Ham. They rarely or never abide in one place longer than thirty days; but, as if accursed of Heaven, wander, fugitive and dispersed, from cavern to cavern, or shift from one field to another their little tents, which, like those of the Arabs, are low, black, and oblong. It is impossible to dwell in common with them, the spots they inhabit becoming, after the above-named space, full of filth and vermin.'

It seems to be generally agreed that the people whose mode of life is here delineated were in point of fact a tribe of gypsies, and we see no objection to giving in our adhesion to this view. Their adoption of the Greek form of worship is completely in accordance with the universal gypsy custom of everywhere conforming outwardly to the predominant local religion.

We next encounter them in Corfu: probably, before 1346, since there is good reason to believe them to be indicated under the name of '*homines vageniti*' in a document emanating from the Empress Catherine of Valois, who died in that year; certainly, about 1370, when they were settled upon a fief recognised as the *feudum Acingauorum* by the Venetians, who, in 1386, succeeded to the rights of the House of Valois in the island. This fief continued to subsist, under the lordship of the Barons de Abitabulo and of the House of Prosalendi, down to the abolition of feudalism in Corfu in the beginning of the present century. There remain to be noted two important pieces of evidence relating to this period. The first is contained in a charter of Mircea I., Waiwode of Wallachia, dated 1387, renewing a grant of forty 'tents' of gypsies, made by his uncle Ladislaus to the monastery of St. Anthony at Vodici. Ladislaus began to reign in 1369. The second consists in the confirmation accorded in 1398 by the Venetian governor of Nauplion of the privileges extended by his predecessors to the *Acingani* dwelling in that district. Thus we find gypsies wandering through Crete in 1322, settled in Corfu from 1346, enslaved in Wallachia about 1370, protected in the Peloponnesus before 1398. Nor is there any reason to believe that their arrival in those countries was a recent one. On the contrary, they appear as a familiar and well-established part of the population, whose presence excited no surprise, and whose origin stirred no curiosity.

So far our course has been attended by no serious difficulty; but we confess that it requires some courage to plunge into the dark places beyond, which, although they invite us with the mystery they conceal, repel us by the confusion we discover in them. Some twilight glimmerings of probable truth, however, we can discern, guided by which we may hope that our researches will not prove wholly fruitless. Common prudence would suggest that we should tread cautiously where the footing is uncertain, and the most ordinary experience teaches us that if we would read by the light of a tallow candle, we must bring our pages closer to its blurred ray than would be necessary if it possessed the illuminating power of a Drummond light or an electric lamp. Nevertheless, writers

are found in every department of knowledge who seem to think that paucity of *data* can be compensated by fertility of invention, and that critical acumen may, on occasions of difficulty, be superseded by extravagant imagination. It is thus not to be wondered at if they fall headlong into those pitfalls and quagmires towards which a will-o'-the-wisp fancy beckons all who strive to emancipate themselves from the prosaic guidance of logical reasoning. We, therefore, warned by their example, while following carefully the scanty indications tending towards a rational conclusion, and pointing out, to the best of our ability, the line of proof by which the soundness of that conclusion may hereafter be verified, can make small account of historical guesses, precariously supported by etymological conjectures.

The problem of the origin of the gypsies is, in the main, a philological one, although other kinds of evidence are also of considerable importance for its solution. But, while the case may be tried in the first instance in the court of historical enquiry, the final appeal undoubtedly lies at the bar of linguistic science. The fundamental Romany idiom, when stripped of the miscellaneous foreign overgrowths which, in different countries, variously conceal its true form, is found, notwithstanding its present degraded condition, to belong by hereditary right to a highly aristocratic family of languages. The pedigree of this Plantagenet in rags is decipherable in the complex grammatical structure and elaborate phonetic system inherited, at least collaterally, from the most ancient and illustrious of Aryan tongues. Romany stands in precisely the same relation to Sanskrit as the living languages of Northern India, and is, in every respect, strictly co-ordinate with them. The analogy is indeed so close, that it has been ranked as an eighth beside the seven representative forms of speech selected by Mr. J. C. Beames * as the most widely diffused and characteristic among the numerous Aryan dialects spoken south of the Himalayas. It is then certain, not only that they sprang from the same source, but that they were developed under the same conditions and in one common home, which can have been no other than the peninsula of Hindustan. This being clearly established as the starting-point of our investigation, the questions at issue regarding gypsy origin practically resolve themselves into these two: At what period did

* Hindi, Marathi, Bengali, Sindhi, Panjabi, Gujarati, and Oriya. A Comparative Grammar of Indian Languages. London: 1872.

they set out on their western pilgrimage? and from what tribal stock did they immediately spring?

It would seem at first sight that the determination of the first of these points would naturally fall within the competence of the young and enterprising science of comparative philology. But first the means should be at hand of following with some accuracy the historical development of at least one of the languages to be compared. These means are in the present instance unfortunately denied to us. There is a portentous gap in our acquaintance with Indian tongues between the disappearance of the Prākritis, or intermediate idioms, about the beginning of our era, and the emergence with the poet Chand, in the twelfth century, of the modern analytical dialects. In the interval a radical change had taken place. Phonetic decay had worn down the Old-Indian case-suffixes until they were no longer fit for service, and dialectic regeneration had stepped in to supply the deficiency by expedients of its own choosing. Now Romany agrees with the New-Indian languages, not only in the general principle of their inflection, but also in the particular means employed for the purpose; and it may therefore be looked upon as certain that its separation from the parent stock occurred subsequently to the formation of those languages. But we have already seen that the *data* are wanting which would have enabled us to fix this period definitively. Nevertheless, Dr. Miklosich, after careful consideration, believed himself able to indicate approximately the year 1000 A.D. as the probable epoch of the dispersion of the gypsies. It is true that out of regard (as we think, a mistaken regard) to the supposed exigencies of a later theory, he was subsequently induced to modify this view; but a hesitating after-thought cannot be looked upon as in any way invalidating his original and unbiassed judgment.

The question as to the parentage of the tribe whose antecedents we have proposed to ourselves to study, demands a somewhat more detailed examination. Conjecture in this field has been so rife, and reliable information remains so scarce, that we must order our course with caution if we would ourselves escape the reproach of hasty theorising, which we have addressed to others. Moreover, while we endeavour on one side to steer clear of the Scylla of rash credulity, we run the risk of being engulfed, on the other, by the Charybdis of unwise scepticism; for our prospect of attaining a satisfactory result would be no less impaired by indiscriminate rejection than by inconsiderate admission. The difficulty of this subject consists not so much in the paucity of materials, as in the

abundance of contradictory surmises, with which the few grains of ascertainable fact have been enveloped and concealed by the prolific ingenuity of speculators. Our object, then, must be to rescue these facts as far as possible from such an unsatisfactory position, to divert from them the false lights of preconception, and to set them in the places which their different values and varying import entitle them to occupy. We do not forget, in the meantime, that an hypothesis, if constructed with discretion and propounded with sobriety, is an invaluable implement for the discovery of truth. We shall not, then, while carefully discriminating what is merely conjectural from what is already securely established, refrain from pointing out the direction towards which it seems to us that many separate lines of evidence converge. We do so with the greater confidence, that the growing resources of linguistic science afford the means of testing the theory we are about to suggest, and we are thus encouraged to hope that this obscure problem may at length receive a triumphant solution at the hands of some of the eminent Orientalists whose attention has already been attracted towards it.

Professor Pott, at the suggestion of Dr. Fleischer of Leipzig, first drew attention, in the '*Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft*' for 1849, to the remarkable bearing of some passages extracted from mediæval Persian writers on the question of the origin of the gypsies. This eminent author, like most of those whom we have chosen as our special authorities, being solicitous rather for the accumulation of facts than for the evolution of ideas, left it to M. Bataillard to construct a formal hypothesis on the basis he had indicated. The theory, however, found little favour, and had been in great measure superseded, in the regard even of its first advocate, by other views, when Professor de Goeje, of Leyden, once more, in 1875, directed notice to it. We believe that it is possible to set this idea in a light which may tend to give it a more plausible aspect, as well as a more definite outline.

In the great Persian epic, the '*Shah-nameh*,' or '*Book of Kings*,' Firdusi relates an historical tradition to the following effect. About the year 420 A.D., Behrâm-Gûr, a wise and beneficent ruler of the Sassanian dynasty, finding that his poorer subjects languished for lack of recreation, bethought himself of some means by which to divert their spirits amid the oppressive cares of a laborious life. For this purpose he sent an embassy to Shankal, King of Canoj and Maharajah of India, with whom he had entered into a strict bond of amity, requesting him to select from among his subjects, and transmit

to the dominions of his Persian ally, such persons as could, by their arts, help to lighten the burden of existence, and lend a charm to the monotony of toil. The result was the importation of twelve thousand minstrels, male and female, to whom the king assigned certain lands, as well as an ample supply of corn and cattle, to the end that, living independently, they might provide his people with gratuitous amusement. But at the end of one year they were found to have neglected agricultural operations, to have wasted their seed-corn, and to be thus destitute of all means of subsistence. Then Behrâm-Gûr, being angry, commanded them to take their asses and instruments, and roam through the country, earning a livelihood by their songs. The poet concludes as follows:—‘The Lûry, agreeably to this mandate, now wander ‘about the world in search of employment, associating with ‘dogs and wolves, and thieving on the road by day and by ‘night.’*

These words, written more than eight centuries and a half ago, accurately describe the condition of one of the nomad tribes of Persia at the present day. Their name, which has continued unchanged since the time of Firdusi, probably means ‘street-singers,’† and they must not be confounded with the settled inhabitants of Luristan, the principal haunt of the vagrant Lûry being Kurdistan. They have been commonly identified by travellers as members of the gypsy family, and Sir Henry Pottinger’s description of those encountered by him in Beloochistan strongly countenances this view.

‘The Loories,’ he writes, ‘are a class of vagabonds who have no fixed habitations, and in many other respects their character bears a marked affinity to the gipsies of Europe. They speak a dialect peculiar to themselves, have a king to each troop, and are notorious for kidnapping and pilfering. Their favourite pastimes are drinking, dancing, and music, the instruments of which they invariably carry along with the fraternity, which is likewise attended by half-a-dozen of bears and monkees, that are broke in to perform all manner of grotesque tricks. In each company there are always two or three members who profess an insight into the abstruse sciences of Ruml and Qoorua, besides other modes of divining, which procure them a ready

* Col. J. Staples Harriot, ‘Oriental Origin of the Rominchal,’ Trans. Royal Asiatic Society, 1830.

† M. de Gobineau, ‘Persische Studien,’ Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft, 1857. The derivation of ‘Lûry,’ given by Col. Harriot, from *lohari*, Hindi for ‘smiths,’ although repeated by Pott, seems extremely doubtful.

admission into every society, among a people who 'believe so firmly in predestination.' *

The tradition of the importation of the Lûry from India is related by no less than five Persian or Arab writers. First, about the year 940, by Hamza, an Arab historian born at Ispahan; next, as we have seen, by Firdusi; in 1126 by the author of the 'Modjmel-al-Tevaryk;' in the chronicle called 'Taryk-Guzydeh,' of 1329; and in the fifteenth century by Mirkhond, the historian of the Sassanides. * Of these, some may not improbably have written at second hand: but there is reason to believe that at least two, Hamza and Firdusi, derived their information from independent and original sources. The point of chief interest in the story has yet to be adverted to. The transplanted musicians are called by Hamza, *Zuth*, and, in some manuscripts of Mirkhond's history, the same name occurs, written, according to the Indian orthography, *Djatt*. These words are undistinguishable when pronounced, and may in fact be looked upon as phonetically equivalent, the Arabic *z* being the legitimate representative of the Indian *ḍ*. Now *Zuth* or *Zott* (as it is indifferently written) is one of the designations of the Syrian gypsies, and *Djatt* is the tribal appellation of an ancient Indian race, still widely diffused throughout the Punjab and Beloochistan. Thus, we find that the modern Lûry who may, without fear of error, be classed as Persian gypsies, derive a traditional origin from certain Indian minstrels, called by an Arab author of the tenth century, *Zuth*, and by a Persian historian of the fifteenth, *Djatt*—a name claimed on the one hand by the gypsies frequenting the neighbourhood of Damascus, and on the other by a people dwelling in the valley of the Indus.† Led by these striking coincidences, and hoping to find in this quarter the desired solution of our enigma, we seek a nearer acquaintance with the race thus emphatically thrust upon our attention.

When the drop-scene of primeval silence rises from the stage of history, the Djatt (*anglice*, Jats) are discovered as a rude and predatory people, living in reed-huts on the marshy lands about the delta of the Indus, between Mansoura and the Mekran, or breeding camels and grazing cattle on the pasturages of the interior. Although an Aryan race of the purest type, their ethnical peculiarities held them in a striking manner aloof from the other Aryan races of Hindustan. Their habits were aggressive and enterprising; those

* Travels in Beloochistan and Sind, p. 153.

† Bataillard, 'Nouvelles Recherches,' p. 45.

of the remaining Indian populations were peaceable and sedentary. They were explorers and colonisers; the typical Hindu regarded life as in some sort tributary to the sacred stream of the Ganges. The Jats were averse to religious speculations, and rejected all sectarian observances; the Hindu was mystical and meditative, and a slave to the superstitions of caste. From a remote period there were Jat settlements along the shores of the Persian Gulf, and the earlier Mohammedan Khalifs endeavoured to break down the barrier which their antagonism opposed to the advance of Islam in India, by deporting large colonies of them to Armenian and Syrian territories. In the ninth century there was a Jat quarter in Antioch, and one of the first triumphs of the Crescent was the conquest of the Jat colony between Râmhornouz and Arradjân. In 810, a formidable group settled in the Tigris valley rose in revolt during the troubles of succession following upon the death of Haroun-al-Raschid, and for many years defied the whole force of the divided Khalifate. In 834, the great city of Bagdad did not disdain to celebrate, as if it had been a splendid extension of the empire of the Prophet, the reduction, amid the marshes of Khuzistan, of this rebel horde of savage and desperate strangers. But it was from the Ghaznevide conqueror and at home that the independence of the Jats received its death-blow. The victorious army of Mahmoud, when returning laden with spoil from the Somnauth expedition of 1025, was attacked and pillaged by them on the banks of the Indus. Their temerity was chastised with exemplary rigour. Broken and dispersed by the resistless arms of the Sultan of Ghazni, they were not however annihilated, and the Jat tribe still forms the staple of the Sikh population in the Punjab, as well as the majority of the cultivators and cattle-breeders of Sind.

We now ask ourselves how do the past history and present character of this people harmonise with their presumed affinity to the gypsies? At the first glance, we are staggered to find them on the whole a peaceful, inoffensive race, in the matter of depredations often more sinned against than sinning. But on looking closer we cannot fail to be struck by certain remarkable similarities. The language of the Jats is described as a dialect midway between Punjabi and Sindhi.* Philologists are unanimous in looking upon the north-west corner of India as the native region of the language of the gypsies. The Jats have shown singular tenacity in preserving their vernacular in

* 'The Country of Balochistan,' by A. W. Hughes. 1877.

the midst of strange tongues. The Romany-idiom has everywhere defied proscription and survived adulteration.* The Jats have accepted neither Brahma nor Buddha, and have never adopted any national religion whatever. The church of the gypsies, according to a popular saying in Hungary, 'was built of bacon, and long ago eaten by the dogs'—the keener appetite of the Dragon of Wantley being, we presume, superfluous in the case of an edifice constructed of such tempting materials. Moreover, travellers who have had personal intercourse with Jat tribes have not failed to record their conviction of a close relationship between them and the enigmatical wanderers of Europe; and this without any prepossessions on the subject, and in spite of a marked difference in the general habits of the two peoples. Captain Richard F. Burton wrote in 1849:† 'It seems probable, from the appearance and other peculiarities of the race, that the Jats are connected by consanguinity with that singular race the gypsies.' Mr. Charles Masson‡ informs us that 'to the north and west of Kach Gandāva they are not found as agriculturists, but rather as itinerant professors of humble arts, somewhat like gypsies. Under such conditions, they may be discovered at Kâbul, Kandahâr, and even at Herât. . . . But wherever they go, they preserve their vernacular tongue, the Jetki.' The testimony of the most recent explorer of those regions, Mr. A. W. Hughes, is precisely to the same effect; while Captain Burton adds that 'they are notorious thieves, and are held to be particularly low in the scale of the creation.' Indeed, the name of 'Jat' is, in the eastern parts of Central Asia, 'synonymous with thief or scoundrel.'

It is superfluous to point out how closely these descriptions tally with the notorious idiosyncrasies of the race whose genealogy has been so long involved in obscurity. We forbear to dwell on certain minor resemblances, such as appear in the general character of the songs and poetry of the two peoples, as well as in their natural aptitude for veterinary practice. The extraordinary skill displayed by the gypsies in dealing with the horse (to which we owe the introduction into English of the Romany word 'jockey' §), is paralleled by the instinctive ac-

* It is true that symptoms of decadence and abandonment of the gypsy speech are now at length manifesting themselves in some directions; but the wide truth is as stated in the text.

† Sindh and the Races that inhabit the Valley of the Indus, p. 411, note.

‡ Narrative of a Journey to Kalât, p. 351.

§ The original meaning was 'whip.' The slang dictionary has borrowed largely from the gypsies in every country where they are found.

quaintance of the Jats with the most hidden peculiarities of the camel. It would be interesting and instructive to follow more closely in the track of these analogies, but the means of doing so are not at present available. It is, however, plain enough that the Jats, upon the slightest relaxation of the bonds of regular life, spontaneously recur to the marauding habits of their ancestors—thus exemplifying a tendency which, in Darwinian phrase, we may term ‘social atavism.’ According to our view the gypsies represent the primitive characteristics of the race, developed under exceptionally favourable circumstances, and reverted to upon opportunity by the undoubted descendants of the same stock in India and Afghanistan.

The next question that presents itself in the course of our enquiry is, whether any event registered in the history of the Jats would account for an extensive migration corresponding in date with the probable epoch of the dispersion of the gypsies. The answer here lies on the surface. We have seen that, from linguistic considerations alone, this event has been assigned to a period not far from the year 1000 A.D. In 1025 occurred, as already mentioned, the overwhelming disaster inflicted on the Jats by the retributive arms of the Ghaznevide Sultan. The inference can scarcely be resisted, that the two circumstances were linked together as cause and effect, and that the wanderings of the gypsies in Europe are but the expiring reverberations of the great blow struck many centuries ago at their ancestors in the Punjab.

It is important, however, to bear in mind that this identification, plausible though it be, needs the support of far more cogent proofs than can as yet be adduced in its favour before it can be regarded as anything more than a promising hypothesis. We look to the future labours of comparative philologists for the crucial tests by which its truth or falsehood must ultimately be decided. From other sciences relating to man corroborative facts, but scarcely independent testimony, can be expected. Where settled criteria of truth are wanting, answers to a definite interrogatory must necessarily be faltering, if not contradictory. And anthropological science is still in the empirical stage of its growth. The experiments of craniologists, for instance, although far from being either fruitless in the present or unpromising for the future, have not hitherto afforded any certain mode of identifying or classifying

‘Chap,’ ‘pal,’ ‘rum,’ ‘mull,’ ‘cheese’ (in the slang sense), ‘gibberish,’ and many more expressions belonging to the same social stratum, are genuine Romany.

racés. No rule of measurement has yet been devised subtle enough to enable them to distinguish between an abnormal specimen taken from one extreme section of the human family and an average example chosen from another. Nay, the types themselves are slowly modified from generation to generation, with the mixture of blood and the change of conditions; while any interpretation by which it has been attempted to translate skull-conformation into mental and moral attributes remains little more than arbitrary and unsatisfactory guess-work. The same or even a greater degree of uncertainty attends other physical characteristics. Thus, the Dravidian populations of India are now undistinguishable, except by their language, from Hindus of the highest caste, although the restrictions imposed by Brahmanical law upon internarrriages between the aboriginal races and their Aryan conquerors might there have been expected to retard the levelling of ethnical distinctions. Further, the comparison of the customs and traditions of various nations yields proofs of unity far more abundantly than tests of variety. There remains language. And here at least we may hope for less unsatisfactory answers to our queries. For, although instances are not rare of races having discarded their native speech in favour of a strange tongue offering itself as the vehicle of a higher culture, we believe there is no example of a people having exchanged a civilised language for a barbarous jargon. When we find negro communities speaking English, or African tribes Arabic, we do not therefore conclude such communities and tribes to be of English or Arab descent, but we do confidently attribute the possession of illiterate and degraded tongues, such as Romany and Jataki, to inheritance, not to adoption. Any analogies discoverable between the outcast speech which forms the bond of gypsy freemasonry amidst the Cheviot valleys or on the Russian steppes, and the rude dialects spoken among the spurs of the Hindu Kush, or along the banks of the Five Rivers, may then unhesitatingly be taken as evidence of a common origin. In this case at least ethnology may, without fear of being deceived, invoke the aid of philology, and accept her verdict.

A comparison of languages can be effectual only when it is systematic. Verbal coincidences are often as misleading as plausible etymologies. The many-coloured fabric of speech is the product of a loom, the working of which has not been left to individual caprice. By careful study we can discern symptoms of the operation of an orderly principle in the combination and modification of the radical elements of language. Every tongue has certain grammatical peculiarities, certain phonetic

laws, which secure its identity, and, once clearly understood, facilitate the establishment of its true position in the genealogical tree of comparative philology. So much has been done of late to improve our acquaintance with barbarous and heretofore neglected tongues, that we may anticipate the speedy possibility of achieving a truly scientific collation of the despised Romany with the language of the Jats on one side, and with the dialects of the various nomads of Persia on the other. The last-mentioned tribes would themselves require, and perhaps repay, a prolonged investigation. They may be broadly divided into those of Arab or Tartar descent, called *Hyat*, and those of Indian origin—the kith and kin of our gypsy wanderers. These again are separated into sundry tribes, each frequenting as its exclusive beat some one of the desolate provinces of the wide Iranian kingdom. The principal among them are severally known by the names of Karachi,* or Blacks, Kauli,† and Lûry. These appellations are not used indiscriminately. They are proper to distinct families, all springing indeed from an identical stock, but each very possibly the outcome of a different migration.

Now it is certain that no theory of gradual colonisation can apply to the gypsies of Europe. The fundamental unity of their language—the absolute identity of their history as betrayed by that language—assure us that they issued in a single swarm from the parent hive. This fact has been overlooked by M. Bataillard in his ingenious attempt to trace the lineage of this people to the *Sigynnae*, described by Herodotus (v. 9) as dwelling beyond the Ister. The arguments by which he has endeavoured to support this view in his communications to the 'Revue Critique' are wholly inconclusive, because applicable only to certain details of the problem. In its wider bearings it remains untouched by them, while the essential point of language is all but completely lost sight of. On the other side of the Bosphorus, the question assumes a different aspect, and here M. Bataillard's idea of successive migrations becomes more consonant with the actual state of things, so far as the fragmentary information supplied by travellers enables us to judge of it. There is a marked distinction between the dialects of the Asiatic gypsies and those spoken by their European relatives, and the complete homogeneity of the race between the Lebanon and the Himalayas is at least open to

* From the Turkish *kara*, black, with the collective suffix *chi* (Sanskrit root *chi*, to collect).

† Doubtfully derived from *Kabuli*.

doubt. It seems probable that the various tribes of Asia owe their origin to different epochs of colonisation, some springing from the earliest Jat settlements, some being the result of the dispersive policy pursued by the Khalifs towards this people, and others again representing the remnant of that horde which, in the fifteenth century, inundated Western Europe. To this latter class, we have little doubt, the Karachi of Persia will be found to belong, while the Lûry were separated from the parent stock at a much earlier period. Should our view prove correct, a closer acquaintance with the idiom spoken by this tribe will discover in it the Romany or Jataki tongue in an earlier stage of development; and the scientific study of its inner structure may be expected not alone to throw light upon the vexed question of gypsy origin, but also to contribute towards the solution of the important philological problem as to the genesis of the modern Aryan languages of Northern India.

We now approach a branch of our subject to which we may justly apply the line—

‘Hic labor ille domûs, et inextricabilis error.’

The bare enumeration of the myriad names by which gypsies are known in different countries, and of the various and often fantastic derivations assigned to them, would rival in length, if not in poetic interest, Homer’s immortal catalogue of the Achaian heroes assembled ‘on the ringing plains of windy Troy,’ or Tasso’s bland analysis of the crusading army before Jerusalem. Besides, the result of this tedious proceeding would most probably be, not to inform our minds with clearer conceptions, but to involve them in unprofitable perplexity. Even Theseus, although living in the happy, heroic age of large possibilities and unforeseen rescues, did not plunge recklessly into the baffling convolutions of the Dædalian masterpiece. And no Ariadne-clue is at our disposal, by which to extricate ourselves and our readers from the labyrinthine paths of conflicting etymologies. We shall then content ourselves with tracing as near to their sources as our means will permit one or two of the more cosmopolitan of gypsy aliases, neglecting mere local epithets and casual variations.

The first point that strikes us with surprise is the absence among the gypsies of a single distinguishing title for their race. The names *Roma* and *Sinté*, by which they call themselves in Europe, are almost if not entirely unknown in Asia. The latter word inevitably suggests a reminiscence of their Eastern

fatherland—Sindia,* the land of the seven rivers—but it is difficult, on the supposition of its representing a tradition of an Indian origin, to account for its disappearance near home, and emergence at a more advanced stage of their journey. The word *rom* in all the gypsy dialects of Europe has a threefold meaning, signifying 'man' and 'husband' as well as 'gypsy.' A satisfactory derivation has still to be found for it, that connected with *Rama*, the incarnate Vishnu of the Hindus, being discountenanced by the authority of Professor Ascoli, of Milan. By a curious and unexplained coincidence this identical word *rom* or *rome* occurs with the meaning of 'man' in modern Coptic, and, according to Herodotus (ii. 143), belonged also to the language of the ancient Egyptians. Although this isolated fact can in no way affect the general bearings of the question, it is worth noting as an etymological curiosity. It is not impossible that among the primitive elements of the Aryan mother tongue may have existed a root *ro* or *rom*, expressive of power, the survival of which we can discern in the Greek *ῥώμη*, strength, the Latin *robur*, and perhaps in the illustrious name of Rome itself. Now the Egyptian language exhibits certain analogies both with Aryan and Semitic forms of speech, which have led some eminent comparative philologists to conclude that it branched off from the common trunk at an epoch previous to the separation of Aryan from Semitic races. If this be so, we may be permitted to regard the word *rom* as a specimen, preserved by a rare chance, of the patriarchal tongue spoken by the fathers of mankind while they tended their flocks along the vast plateaus of Central Asia.

In speaking of themselves to strangers (*gadje*, those not of their people), gypsies commonly use some name current, not within their own tents, but in the unfriendly outside world. Thus when they announced themselves in 1417 to the Hanse burghers as *Secané*, they borrowed the appellation by which they were universally known in Eastern Europe, and which is still the most widely diffused of their numerous titles. Amongst the various etymologies which have been put forward for the word *Zigeuner*, two attract our attention by a certain air of reasonableness impressed upon them. Goethe makes Liebetraut inform the learned Olearius that 'Alle Dinge haben 'ein Paar Ursachen'—a view which, if generally admitted,

* From the Sanskrit *sindhu*, river. *Sindia*, by a regular process of phonetic change, became *Hindia* in Persian, *India* in Greek, whence we have it. Max Müller, 'Lectures on the Science of Language,' 1st Series, p. 256.

would very effectually conduce to the peace of the scientific world. In the same way, if we could agree that 'every word 'has several derivations,' much discussion and difficulty would be spared. Such a reconciliation of rival claims being, however, from the nature of the case, impossible, we can lean to the side of one of the etymological candidates for our suffrage only at the cost of disparaging the pretensions of the other, and can be impartial only by being indifferent.

It is evident that we must look eastward for the original meaning of the name by which the gypsies were first known on this side of the Hellespont. The point at issue is, whether they brought it with them to Europe, or whether it was bestowed upon them in Europe. Now *Zengi* in Persian, *Zendsh* in Arabic, signifies a negro or blackamoor (literally a native of Zanzibar), and the Persian plural *Zengiân* is strikingly similar to the Turkish form of the word in question, *Tchinghiané*. Moreover, the meaning thus assigned to it is entirely consonant with the idea of swarthinness expressed by a large class of gypsy titles, being, in fact, only another version of the Russian *Czernicz* and the Persian *Karachi*. There are, however, two difficulties—and, it seems to us, in superable difficulties—in the way of accepting this derivation. First, if the name came from the East, some trace of its existence ought to be found in those countries where its meaning should be still living and obvious. But out of Europe it is, we believe, entirely unknown.* Secondly, even admitting its Asiatic origin, we should expect to find in Greece the earliest European form of the word, and that, consequently, most nearly approaching the Persian original. In Greece the gypsies demonstrably first touched European soil. From Greece, then, the name common to them in so many European tongues must have flowed out over the rest of Europe. Thus on *à priori* grounds alone we conclude that the Turkish form must have come through the Greek, not the Greek through the Turkish. And our conclusion is confirmed by historical evidence proving that the *feudum Acinganorum* was formed in Corfu before the Turks had fully secured their footing in Europe. But the Turkish *Tchinghiané* resembles its supposed Persian prototype far more closely than the Greek *Ἀσιγίκανος*,

* Miklosich, 'Ueber die Mundarten,' &c., vi. p. 57. According to Pott, the Turkish name is partially known in Asia Minor. This, however, is inevitable, owing to the constant intercourse maintained between the gypsies on both shores of the Bosphorus, and has no bearing on the origin of the word.

and this inconsistency appears alone to justify the rejection *in toto* of the etymology.

Dr. Miklosich lends the weight of his opinion to the identification of *Acingani* (Ἀσινγκανοί) with *Athingani* (Ἀθίγγανοι), the name of a sect mentioned by some Byzantine historians between the seventh and eleventh centuries as dwelling in the provinces of Phrygia and Lycaonia. This view has the merit of fulfilling what we must regard as a condition *sine quâ non* for determining the true origin of this word—that, namely, of looking to the Greek for its earliest appearance and primitive meaning. The Athingani derived their name from their avoidance, as unclean and contaminating, of the touch of all persons outside their own community. Soothsayers and magicians, they were popularly set down as descendants of Simon Magus, and with more probability were regarded as perpetuating the traditions of the Manicheans and Melchisedecians. From these obscure sectaries the gypsies of Europe, through some channel of association of which the secret is now perhaps for ever lost, probably inherited their best known name. They may have been called Athingani or Acingani, as they were afterwards called Bohemians, because their latest point of departure was from regions inhabited by those peoples; or they may have been called Athingani, as they were subsequently called Egyptians, in token of reproach and contumely.* It is not pretended that they were connected by descent with the votaries of this strange sect; but it is worth noting that occasional bands of Lûry are reported to have turned westward from Persia, especially during the seventh and eighth centuries, after the overthrow of the Sassanian dynasty, and to have settled precisely in the native districts of the Phrygian necromancers.†

The analogy between the word *Zingaro* or *Zigeuner* and the names of certain Indian tribes is considered by Oriental scholars to be a species of orthographical illusion, since it diminishes notably on an inspection of the same words in the phonetic garment of their native dialects. The habits, however, of a race called *Tchungar*, described by Dr. E. Trumpp‡ as wandering beside one of the five rivers of the Punjab,

* Γύφρος (a contraction of Αἰγύπτιος) is used by modern Greeks as a contemptuous epithet, and was thus applied to the gypsies. Paspatis, 'Etude sur les Tchinghianés,' p. 19.

† Hopf, 'Die Einwanderung,' &c., p. 31.

‡ 'Die heutige Bevölkerung des Punjab.' Mittheilungen der anthropologischen Gesellschaft in Wien, 1872.

exhibit a marked resemblance to those of the gypsies in their most degraded condition; and, as the Tchangar are, to all appearance, an offset from the Jat stock, they may possibly turn out to be distant cousins. From the study of the other vagrant hordes which infest many parts of Hindustan, no great profit, we believe, can accrue to our investigation. They seem to fall into two classes: one constituted by the outcasts of Brahmanical law, who speak a genuine cant or linguistic cypher, a language constructed artificially for purposes of concealment out of the materials of ordinary speech; the other composed of true gypsies indeed, but of gypsies driven by famine from Persia—if possible, less at home in India than in England, persecuted by fortune, irreconcilable with society. Here there is evidently nothing new to be learned.

A few words will suffice to recapitulate the conclusions to which our enquiries have led us, as well as to point out the broken places in the imperfectly constructed road by which we have been obliged to travel in order to arrive at them. One only among the peoples inhabiting India—and that the lowest of the Aryan stock—has been noted in history as a colonising race. To this people, then, by a rational presumption, we look in the first instance for the ancestry of a horde of wanderers known to have emigrated from India. This presumption is strengthened when we find that the internal evidence afforded by the structure of the gypsy language indicates, as the probable period of separation, a date corresponding with striking accuracy to the epoch of the great national overthrow of the Jats. Further, a reliable tradition ascribes to the Lûry of Persia a Jat origin, and the Lûry, if not absolutely identical with the gypsies of Europe, at least bear to them a singularly close family likeness. Finally, we learn from the narratives of travellers that the modern Jats, although in general an agricultural population, tend rapidly towards social disintegration when the cohesive force of settled occupations is removed; and that outlying members of the family continually recur to habits and modes of life not distinguishable from those of the familiar tented vagrants of our English forest-lands and commons. Our reading of gypsy history, then, is simply that they were expelled from Sind by the victories of Mahmoud in 1025-6; that they travelled slowly westward, making long halts in Persia and Armenia; and that they entered Europe, probably driven on by the whirlwind raised by Chingis Khan, in the course of the thirteenth century. There is no record of their ever having crossed the Bosphorus, and many reasons induce us to believe that they approached Greece along the

chain of islands connecting the Peloponnesus with the coast of Asia Minor.

We are fully aware that on many points these opinions require confirmation ; but the means of applying the requisite tests with the needful accuracy will in time doubtless be forthcoming. We cannot indeed immediately expect to gain much further information as to the dialect spoken by the Lûry ; and the date provisionally assigned for the gypsy migration can then only be verified, when the zeal of Oriental students shall have made us better acquainted with the periods and processes of development of the New-Indian languages. A comparison of the Jataki and Romany tongues is, however, already practicable ; but we repeat that it can yield permanent and convincing results only if conducted on strictly scientific principles, and if based on grammatical rather than on verbal analogies. Romany is by no means deficient in characteristic individualities of structure which, like the congenital marks appropriated in story-books to the identification of long-lost relatives, may yet lead to the nearer determination of its fatherland and the final establishment of its pedigree.

Of the character and habits of the gypsies much has been written, and from widely different points of view. Nobody has seen them more closely or described them better than Mr. George Borrow in the curious volume quoted at the head of this article. Some writers have felt for them a mysterious attraction ; others have regarded them with undisguised abhorrence. Both sentiments are equally unreasonable. There can be no doubt that their contact with European peoples has been productive of innumerable evils to European society. Society vainly endeavoured to defend itself by proscription and persecution. In England, in the reign of Elizabeth, it was 'felony without benefit of clergy' to be seen for one month in the fellowship of the 'outlandish people calling themselves Egyptians.' In France, the States of Orleans decreed in 1561 that they should be proceeded against with fire and sword. In Spain they were banished by repeated edicts under the severest penalties. In Italy they were forbidden to remain more than two nights in the same place. In Germany they were shot down like wild beasts. They were persecuted in England as harbourers of Jesuits ; they were denounced in Germany as spies of the Turk ; in Spain they were accused of driving with the Moors a nefarious traffic in Christian children ; in Turkey they are still believed to be devourers of human flesh. Some of these imputations were absolutely false ; some were grossly exag-

gerated. All were readily believed, and vigorously acted upon, but to no purpose. The race,

‘More outcast and despised than Moor or Jew,’

throve and multiplied exceedingly, each generation inheriting from its predecessor a more irreconcilable aversion to settled life, and a deeper hatred of the communities which they infested and which spurned them.

In the last century, however, a change came over the spirit of several European governments in their regard. Maria Theresa in 1768, and Charles III. of Spain in 1783, took measures for educating and training these poor wanderers in habits of Christian morality and continuous industry. The upshot was sufficiently satisfactory to encourage the imitation of their example, and the same experiment is now being tried in Russia with signal success; while the recent emancipation of the Wallachian gypsies has already been attended by the best results. Amongst ourselves their worst enemies in modern times have been railway companies, enclosure acts, and rural police. In the presence of these unrelenting agents of what a French author has called ‘our libetricide civilisation,’ the tents of the Romany people vanish, and the tongue of the Romany people becomes a half-remembered jargon. But these irrepressible strangers die out in one direction only to emerge with renewed vitality in another. Gypsy encampments have lately been seen for the first time during many generations in Ireland, and gypsy bands may now be found roaming through all the vast spaces of the Western States of America from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande. Thus they seem about to regain in the New World the ground which the pressure of increasing population has cut from under their feet in the Old, and will, no doubt, find in the Far West, during many centuries to come, that middle district between barbarism and culture which forms their appropriate element.

But although the palmy days of the ‘Egyptians’ are here for ever fled, and the nomad members of the tribe to be met with in Great Britain may now be counted by hundreds, they are not therefore becoming extinct even amongst us. An incalculable number have departed from the tents and the customs of their own people,* and, living in the exercise of some poor trade or calling, are not to be distinguished from the

* Simson, ‘A History of the Gypsies.’

lower class of artisans, except by their usually imperfect possession of a strange tongue, the secret of which they jealously guard from such as have not the password to their confidence. The absorption into the mass of the population of this foreign ingredient must be productive of considerable and highly complicated effects. We venture to hope that they will not prove altogether mischievous; that when the obvious and immediate evils incidental to the process shall have passed away, some residue of good will be found to remain; some subtle element added to our national character, which shall quicken its sympathies and enlarge its capabilities. We do not take a romantic view of the gypsy fraternity. We do not believe in *Preziosas* or *Fedalmas*, nor do we expect to encounter typical heroes or sublime victims in the midst of a debased society, which, however, in spite of many vices, has preserved some traits of primitive dignity and instinctive nobility. But we conceive that a people which has invented the quick and vivid modulations of the Hungarian national music, and has known how to express by their means

‘The sorrows unredeemed
Of races outcast, scorned, and wandering,’

may be capable, under happier circumstances, of higher efforts, and that a race from which sprang John Bunyan and Antonio Solario—the *Quentin Matsys* of the South—cannot be altogether devoid of religious sensibility and æsthetic feeling.

ART. V.—1. *Primitive Property*. Translated from the French of EMILE DE LAVELEYE by G. R. L. MARRIOTT. With an Introduction by T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE. London: 1878.

2. *Protokollen des Socialisten-Congresses zu Gotha*, 19 23 August, 1876; 27–29 Mai, 1877. Berlin, Hamburg: 1876, 1877.

3. *Social-Demokratie*. Von RICHARD SCHUSTER. 2nd ed. Stuttgart: 1876.

4. *Deutsche Rundschau*, February–March, 1878. *Deutschland und der Socialismus*. Von LUDWIG BAMBERGER.

M DE LAVELEYE has, in his ‘*Primitive Property*,’ used a collection of some of the most interesting historical facts ever placed before the public as a basis for a series of conclusions and suggestions happily as unsound as they are alarming.

Starting from the hypothesis that community in land is the primitive type of property, and to a certain extent proving his theory by a comparison of historical data, he leaps to the assumption that we had better revert to something very like the ancient system, or expect a breaking up of the depths and a reign of anarchy. We shall endeavour to indicate presently the abyss which separates M. de Laveleye's premisses from his inferences; but it is always more pleasant to agree with so conscientious and able an investigator; we shall therefore first point out some of the very important contributions he has made in this volume to the science of comparative sociology.

The first form of property in land is not recognised by M. de Laveleye. It is that by which a tribe of hunters claims in joint ownership and enjoyment the right of chase over a more or less defined domain. M. de Laveleye assumes that 'while man lives by the chase, he never thinks of appropriating the soil.' He forgets that the Red Indian has as keen a sense of property as the Duke of Atholl. The second stage of property is that which M. de Laveleye places first. In the pastoral stage the soil is owned by the tribe, but not by the individual, any more than among a band of hunters. In either case the domain, the *mark*, belongs to the community alone. But as soon as any part of this domain is put under cultivation, the individuals who give their labour claim to enjoy the proceeds. At first, however, they have no more than a temporary right of occupation, the soil itself continuing to be the property of the commune or village. The system of village communities was at one time supposed to be a peculiarity of the Slavonic race. M. de Laveleye shows that traces of the institution are discoverable everywhere, as, indeed, Sir Henry S. Maine had done before him in his essay on 'Village Communities.' A custom which has existed in Peru and China, in Mexico and India, in Scandinavia and among the Arabs, he is fairly entitled to argue is a general phase of social development. But it is in Russia and one other country that the system has survived with the least change. These comparatively perfect instances have enabled M. de Laveleye to piece together the fragments still remaining elsewhere, and demonstrate that they are only instances after all. In Russia, as is well known, the commune or *mir* is proprietor of the peasants' land, and, though every adult male is entitled to an equal share, which he may cultivate for himself, periodical redivisions are made. Only the house and garden form private and hereditary property, though even these may not be

sold to a stranger without the consent of the commune. The commune is, in the eye of the State, the unit of the Russian nation. But the commune is itself based on the family, and the family is a sort of perpetual corporation. It is governed by a chief called the 'ancient.' Though the commune assigns to every adult a share of land, the family holds all its allotments in common. There is usually neither succession nor partition. On the death of the father his authority generally devolves on the eldest son, though the family occasionally elect a chief. It is not, however, M. de Laveleye tells us, blood which gives the title to succeed to the family rights and possessions, but co-operation in the labour which has produced the property in question. Consequently, where a Russian family is afflicted with the presence of an incorrigible idler, the father and the head of the commune combine their powers, and hand over to the conscription or to Siberia the drone who violates the original compact by eating what he has not earned. We have thus in Russia, notwithstanding recent inroads on the system, the village as the natural proprietor of the soil, but using its privileges for the support of the family. In our review of Mr. Wallace's 'Russia,' in No. 298 of this Journal, we combated the absurd supposition that the Russian *mir* is a type of 'representative constitutional government by democracy,' and it is, therefore, unnecessary to revert to that subject.

Curiously enough, the country where M. de Laveleye discovers the system in a form as perfect as in Russia, if not indeed more so, is Java. There it has been fostered by the Dutch, who find it a convenient machinery for collecting the enormous revenue the island contributes to Holland. Both in Java and in Russia the community of property in the soil determines the whole political and social organisation of the population; but Switzerland, where the personal competition for wealth is as active as in England or the United States, possesses in its *allmends* as clear traces of the original community of land as Russia or Java. In Switzerland, says M. de Laveleye, the communes enjoy almost absolute autonomy. These Swiss communes are not merely political and administrative institutions; they are also economical institutions. They defray the cost of the school, the church, the police, and the roads, and, in addition to all this, in many cantons possess a large quantity of land, which they distribute in usufruct among the inhabitants. M. de Laveleye has collected a variety of most interesting particulars on this subject. Traces of the institution are found throughout Switzerland; but it flourishes most

in the cantons of Uri, Schwytz, Glaris, the Appenzells, and the two Unterwaldens. Originally the whole canton formed a single commune. To this day Uri constitutes a single *mark* without any division into communes, and the man of Uri exercises his right of enjoyment of the common property wherever he may happen to reside. The right is a very valuable one. The mountain pastures are extensive enough to allow the keep of two cows on an average for each family; and the worth of the communal forests is such that if sold they would yield each family a capital sum of 1,400 francs. The communal cultivated land of Uri gives each family enough garden ground to raise vegetables and fruit, besides flax or hemp for the household linen. All these privileges, which we shall show hereafter are in practice not so equally distributed as in theory, depend on descent from the supposed original occupants of the *mark*, and have become the monopoly of a certain number of privileged families. Thus the Swiss *allmends* are a kind of link between the Russian and Javan village commune and the ownership of the soil by family communities.

As M. de Laveleye expresses it, when common ownership with periodical partition fell into disuse, the soil did not immediately become the private property of individual owners, but was held as the hereditary and inalienable patrimony of separate families, who lived in common under the same roof or within the same enclosure. These family communities M. de Laveleye finds existing among all the Southern Slavs from the Danube to beyond the Balkans, alike in Slavonia, Croatia, Servian Voivodia, the Military Confines, Servia, Bosnia, Bulgaria, Dalmatia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro. In these lands the family, made up of the group of descendants from a common ancestor occupying the same house, is the social unit, and owns and tills the soil in common. M. de Laveleye draws a vivid and pleasant picture of this type of life from personal observation, and the same mode of peasant life has been well described by Mr. Evans in his rambles through Bosnia. The household elects its *gospodar* or head, who buys and sells, and manages the community, but as a constitutional sovereign with the consent of the rest. It is a free parliamentary government, with the *gospodar* for the executive, and the whole family circle for the legislature. In these model households everyone has just that amount of authority he is entitled to. The *gospodar* himself, unlike officials in less favoured countries than Servia and Bulgaria, when he feels himself growing old, resigns; for a Servian proverb says, 'He

‘who toils should govern.’ The elders are respected and obeyed, but not servilely. Women are not treated, as in Eastern countries, like beasts of burden or slaves; the gospodar’s wife regulates the household, directs the education of the young, and chants the national poems to them in the evening. She is consulted in all marriages, and is respected by all. Within an enclosure surrounded by a hedge, and on a lawn planted with fruit trees, rises the gospodar’s timber-built house, with its hall where the family, averaging from ten to twenty persons, take their meals in common and meet at night, the women to spin and embroider their bright dresses, the men to play the lute and sing, the grandfather to tell the children tales of old Servian heroes. Each family owns a patrimony of over forty acres, and the produce is consumed in common or divided equally among the married couples. But the profits of each man’s individual industry belong to himself. He may even own a cow or a few sheep. These instances of private property, however, mark no degeneracy from the idea of family proprietorship, which governs absolutely the arrangements affecting the soil. ‘Pauperism and even, saving rare exceptions, accidental distress are unknown,’ for the aged and infirm are supported by their kinsfolk. The attachment to the family does not, as elsewhere, engender narrow selfishness. The picture drawn by M. de Laveleye of these happy families is worthy of the Golden Age:—

‘Communities dwelling in the same village are always ready to lend one another assistance. When a pressing work has to be executed, several families join together, and the task is executed with general animation. There is a kind of holiday. In the evening popular songs are sung to the sound of the *guzla*, and there are dances on the sward under the tall oaks. The Southern Slavs delight in singing, and rejoicings are frequent among them; their life being to all appearance a happy one. Their lot is secure, and they have fewer cares than Western nations, who strive in vain to satisfy wants which become every day more numerous and more refined. In their primitive form of society, where there is no inheritance, and no purchase or sale of lands, the desire of growing rich or of changing one’s lot hardly exists. Everyone finds in the family group the means of living as his ancestors have lived, and asks no more. The rules of succession which give rise to so much strife among relations, the greedy desire of the peasant, stinting himself in everything to increase his property, the anxiety of the proletarian, uncertain of to-morrow’s wage, the alarms of the farmer, who fears the raising of his rent, the ambition to rise to a higher position, so frequent in the present age—all these sources of agitation, which elsewhere trouble men’s minds, are here unknown. Existence flows along peaceably and uniformly. Men’s condition and the organisation of society are not changed. There is nothing which

can be called progress. No effort to secure a better or a different position is attempted, for the mere reason that the possibility of changing the traditional order which exists is not conceived of.' (Pp. 186-7.)

M. de Laveleye has brought together various records of the existence of family communities in the Middle Ages throughout Europe. The system was even used in France nearly to the end of the eighteenth century for other industries besides agriculture. M. de Laveleye quotes from Legrand d'Aussy's tour in Auvergne a very quaint and interesting description of several communities of cutlers near Thiers. One in particular, named Guittard, would seem to have borne out M. de Laveleye's impression that family communities are the nursing mothers of all the virtues. Besides managing all the concerns of the family in a manner not surpassed even in Servia or Bulgaria, the Guittards appear to have kept a number of watchdogs for a very original purpose:—

'Passing through one court,' says M. Legrand d'Aussy, 'I saw several large dogs, which at once began to bark. "Do not be afraid," said the master; "they only bark to give me warning. They are not dangerous. We train them not to bite." "Why should they not bite?" I asked. "Surely your safety depends on their doing so." "Oh! a beggar often comes to us in the night time. At the voice of "the dogs we rise to take him in; and we would not have them do "him any harm, or prevent his entering.'" (P. 206.)

But, alas! when family communities had succeeded to village communities, the lapse thence into individual ownership which M. de Laveleye laments was general and rapid. The law that a member of a commune could not dispose of his share without the consent of his associates, did not operate against the church. The church, therefore, obtained by various means a large quantity of land once held in common. But the development of feudalism, and either the violence of individual barons, or the desire to earn a seigneur's protection against other seigneurs, made yet greater inroads. A theory was introduced that the holding of land in common was an exception to the general law, and the subdivision of the large primitive *marks* left what remained too weak to withstand encroachment by the sovereign and the nobles. The contempt which began to be felt for agriculture, from the reason that many farmers introduced by the nobles for the cultivation of their estates were serfs, contributed to weaken the power of free husbandmen to maintain their independence. This and other causes facilitated the process by which chiefs of septs and clans claimed as their property land of which they were only trustees for their people. Even the lawyers threw their weight

into the scale against communal property, by protesting against a form of ownership which was not the form recognised by the Code and the Institutes. But the last blow was dealt, we are told in the volume before us, by the emancipator of society, by the French Revolution, 'which committed the error, every day more apparent, of endeavouring to found democracy by crushing the only institutions which can make it possible. It set up abstract man, the isolated individual, and theoretically recognised in him all his natural rights, but at the same time annihilated everything that could attach him to preceding generations or to his existing fellow-citizens.' The result M. de Laveleye, in a strain of melancholy which could scarcely be surpassed in 'Coningsby' or 'Sybil,' deplores and denounces :—

'The province with its traditional liberties, the commune with its undivided property, and the crafts and corporations which united in a bond of brotherhood workmen of the same trade—these associations, the national extension of the family, had sheltered the individual; though, perhaps, sometimes a fetter, they were always a support; while binding men down they also strengthened them; they were the hive in which individual life was carried on. In times of adversity there was a guarantee of assistance; in ordinary times, a supervision which kept men in the right path; a power of defence when their rights were attacked, and a tradition for new generations. The present was connected with the past by the privileges and advantages derived from the institution. In modern days the individual is lost within the nation, an abstract idea which is only realised for most of us under the form of the receiver who demands the taxes, or the conscription which imposes military service. The commune has lost all local autonomy, and is become a mere wheel in the machinery of local administration, obedient to a central power. Communal property, in almost every case, has been sold or diminished. Man coming into the world with wants to be satisfied, and with hands to labour, can claim no share in the soil for the exercise of his energy. Industrial crafts are no more; the joint-stock companies which have taken their place are a means of associating capital, not men. Religion, a powerful bond of union, has lost most of its fraternal power; and the family, shaken to its foundation, is little more than a system of succession. Man is a social creature, and the institutions have been destroyed or weakened in which his sociability could express itself and form a solid basis for the State.' (P. 63.)

M. de Laveleye can perceive only one remedy for this lamentable condition of things. 'At the risk of being thought 'reactionary,' he derives the evils of the present day from the downfall of communal autonomy and communal property. Politicians, we are told, have striven with considerable success to destroy the former, and economists to banish the latter. M.

de Laveleye would have them see the error of their ways and retrace their steps. Before, however, they start on this retrograde course, they would be wise to observe certain shades in M. de Laveleye's own flattering picture of these two institutions, so far as they have survived to modern times, or have left memorials of themselves. We have to consider both whether it would be possible to revive them, and, if possible, whether it would be worth while. M. de Laveleye himself admits that the Russian communal system is showing signs of decay :—

'In spite of the periodic partition, inequality has been introduced into the *mir*, and many peasants have no land. First, certain inhabitants of superior intelligence or influence, by means of brandy, acquired a larger share. The *mongik* calls them the "consumers of the *mir*." Others were too poor or idle to cultivate a share; they live by wages. In a very instructive work of Prince Vasilitchikof, partial statistics from a province are given, from which it appears that out of 1,193,000 households 75,000 have no land at all, and 7,400 have only preserved the hereditary enclosure.' (P. 17.)

The village community rests on the patriarchal family; but

'since the emancipation the old patriarchal family has tended to fall asunder. The sentiment of individual independence is weakening and destroying it. The young people no longer obey the "ancient." The women quarrel about the task they have to perform. The married son longs to have his own dwelling. The dissolution of the patriarchal family will perhaps bring about that of the village community, because it is in the union of the domestic hearth that the habits of fraternity, the indifference to individual interest, and the communist sentiments which preserve the collective property of the *mir*, are developed. . . . It is the habit of submission to the despotic authority which has given the Russian people the spirit of obedience, self-denial, and gentleness characteristic of them.' (P. 19.)

M. de Laveleye sees that the system is doomed; but he laments over its fate as if the defects he himself indicates in it were of trivial consequence. That the soil is ill cultivated by the Russian peasant is notorious. But he attributes this not to the lethargy such a system encourages, but to the long yoke of serfage. He does not appear to perceive that the long existence of serfage was itself connected with an institution which smothered individual energy and independence, and gave the lord the one neck the emperor desired to develop among his Romans. Permanent and costly improvements are acknowledged to be practically unknown in Russian communal territory; but the Swiss *allmends*, where the commune undertakes expensive irrigation and drainage works, we are informed, show

that the collective resources of a commune might accomplish, if well directed, even more than the marvels effected by private ownership. Europe is invited to go back a thousand years and more in its land tenure on the chance of reaping the advantages observable in a handful of mountain districts where the men live on wages paid by capitalist manufacturers, and inherit in their communal lands pensions paid in free milk and fuel. Under the Russian communal system every obstacle to the increase of population is removed. Even a premium is, as M. de Laveleye admits, offered for the multiplication of offspring, since every additional head gives a right to a new share on repartition. It is a poor consolation to the moralist that, in fact, the population does not permanently increase at a rate to starve the villages. The number of births is nearly twice as large in Russia as in France; but then the mortality in Russia is 1 in 26, while in France it is 1 in 39, and in England 1 in 49. The average of life is from 22 to 27 years, and in Western Europe about 35. Out of a thousand male children only 593 attain the age of five years. Just as the excessive number of births is due to the improvidence which the communal system fosters, so is this massacre of infant life. 'The working hand,' as M. de Laveleye expresses it, 'is rare in Russia and valuable 'in proportion.' So the mothers who do a large part of the field work, though women have no title to the soil, are in many cases incapable of nursing their infants. Seventy-five per cent. of the deaths among children are in July and August, when the mothers, being detained all day in the fields, abandon their babes altogether. The births and the known mortality would even exceed these terrible figures but for the frequent disparity of age in husband and wife. But the effects of this check are yet more pernicious than the evil they obviate. In the patriarchal society of which M. de Laveleye regrets the decadence, the autocratic father, to obtain additional female field labourers, commonly marries his sons at eight or ten years of age to women of five-and-twenty. He then 'neglects his own 'superannuated wife, and abuses the influence which he exercises over the wife of his son, who is too young either to enjoy his rights or to protect them. An incestuous promiscuousness is thus introduced.' M. de Laveleye puts down this horrible state of things to the account of serfage; but he had already explained it very clearly as a natural consequence of the patriarchal prerogatives necessary to the communal system. Obsolete modes of tillage, a drawback which, if not absolutely inherent in the system, is allowed to have 'almost universally 'accompanied it,' a population always tending to exceed its

means of support, incest in the family life, and in the village life 'games and debauches in which drunkenness and gross 'lasciviousness have full career'—these are incidents of the Russian *mir*, of which M. de Laveleye 'would see with regret 'the suppression, since, if improved, it may be the safeguard of 'modern democracy.'

'If improved'—that is the charm of such theorising; the vices which have 'almost universally accompanied a system' are treated as accidents for which might easily be substituted the special properties of a system exactly the opposite. The powers of organisation and the habit of directing the aggregate energies to the improvement of the communal property, which the Glaris commoner derives from the habits he has learned in the private capitalist's factory, M. de Laveleye supposes could, without insuperable difficulty, be engrafted on the Russian peasant's habit of merging his own individuality in the abstract *mir*, and making this the Hercules that is to pull him out of the mud. M. de Laveleye blames the Russian government for assigning at the emancipation the meadows and forests to the lords, whereas the peasants formerly enjoyed the use of them as of the arable land: 'The institution of the *mir* forms 'a perfect traditional system, which ought either to be re-'spected or replaced entirely by independent property. We 'may say of it as of a celebrated order, *Sit ut est, aut non sit.*' We may say likewise of M. de Laveleye's own suggestions for improving the village communal system, *Sit ut est, aut non sit*; if M. de Laveleye will not have it as it is, he must make up his mind to do without it. M. de Laveleye esteems the Russian peasant happier than the enterprising and unsettled American in the midst of his riches and progress. We are not particularly enamoured of the special type of American progress; but humanity, even in the coming era which M. de Laveleye foresees, will have changed indeed before it resigns its individual freedom for such melancholy and stolid obedience as the Russian peasant learns from his communal system to pay to any who claim it. If the example of Russian peasant life be not of a nature to stimulate imitation in Western Europe, it will be scarcely of much use for M. de Laveleye to point to Java. The growth of a population from between five and six millions in 1826 to over seventeen millions in 1872 may have been advantageous to the Netherlands exchequer, which takes a fifth part of the produce, and one's day's work in the week; but it has suggested even to Dutch economists gloomy forebodings as to the future of a system which has the peasants' allowance of land to half, or

in some cases a quarter, of what their fathers tilled. With the population ever multiplying, and a system of periodic partition of land, 'there will still be equality, but'—it is a Dutchman who writes—'it will be equality in misery.'

Unless when preserved artificially, as by the iron despotism of Holland in Java, or by the pride of the Swiss in his hereditary institutions, the communal system, whether of the village or the family type, is fast disappearing. Even in the Swiss *allmends* disintegration is manifesting itself. The commoners derive very unequal benefits from the common property, and in inequality lurks the seed of decay. Again, it is of the essence of communal property that the inhabitants of a fixed locality should enjoy it; but we are told by M. de Laveleye that in Glaris at the present day the commonable *alps* are let by auction for a number of years; and, in complete opposition to ancient principles, strangers may obtain them as well as citizens. The Russian *mir* is gradually relaxing its hold on the nation, and the Arcadian life of Servia, which never had so many good words bestowed on her as in the volume before us, 'is falling to ruin, and disappearing everywhere that it comes in contact with modern ideas.' M. de Laveleye is far too shrewd an observer not to perceive these phenomena, and far too honest to conceal them. All these institutions are, he admits, unable easily to withstand 'the conditions of a society in which men are striving to improve their own lot as well as the political and social organisation under which they live.' 'Once the desire of self-aggrandisement awakened, man can no longer support the yoke of the *zadruga*, light though it be. . . . To live according to his own will, to work for himself alone, to drink from his own cup, is now the end pre-eminently sought by everyone.' With the tendencies of modern humanity the old communal institutions must, M. de Laveleye knows, surely disappear, but 'the economist,' he concludes, 'will not see them disappear without regret.'

While, however, the 'economist' laments the loosening of the bonds of family life in Servia, it can scarcely be the province of the 'economist' to exaggerate the defects of the institutions of his own day and the virtues of those of former ages by contrasting the failures of the present with the successes of the past. This M. de Laveleye, no doubt quite unconsciously, does throughout in 'Primitive Property.' What can, for instance, be more extraordinarily unreasonable and unjust than to contrast an English pauper with a Swiss commoner, and to rest in the self-satisfied conclusion that 'a

‘ comparison between the degraded inmate of an English work-house and the proud, active, independent, and industrious commoner of the Swiss *allmend* is sufficient to illustrate the ‘ profound difference between the two systems ’? It would be far less unfair and misleading to contrast the boys who run begging out of comfortable cottages in Berne with the children of an English village school, who would as soon think of mendicancy as of not pulling off their caps to the squire. But, according to M. de Laveleye’s standard of reasoning, the habit of mendicity, we suppose, should be considered condemnatory of the Swiss communal system. Even to regret, with M. de Laveleye, the ruin impending over the system of village and family communities, considering that it is allowed to be a natural and necessary tendency of modern society, might seem to be scarcely the province of the ‘ economist,’ however appropriate in a moralist and seer like Mr. Ruskin. But M. de Laveleye lets symptoms escape him at times of a hope that political economy will discover ‘ an organisation which ‘ may confer property on all citizens able to labour.’ Such a discovery, he warns us, ‘ in presence of the democratic movement, by which we are impelled, and of the equalising tendencies which agitate the labouring classes,’ is the one means of averting disaster and saving liberty. Besides warnings, however, he has comfort for us. We are, it seems, spite of all appearances to the contrary, and which have been very amply enlarged on by M. de Laveleye himself, actually retrograding to the primeval happiness of which the Church, and feudalism, and the French Revolution have despoiled Europe, though they have not deprived Java.

‘ At present the organisation to which the tendencies and aspirations of European societies are directed, is manifestly that of the American township and the Swiss canton, which is no other than that of Ditmarsch or the valley of Andorre—that is to say, that which free populations spontaneously establish at the commencement of civilisation, and which may thus be called natural. A federation of autonomic and land-owning communes should compose the State; and the federation of states ought eventually to form the organisation of universal human society.’ (P. 241.)

We are charmed at the versatility with which an economist who has just been showing, with admirable learning, that the whole world has passed through the stage of communal property, and that the whole world has repudiated it, or is repudiating it, persuades himself that the most advanced portion of the world is bent on reviving what it long ago rejected. But we look in vain to M. de Laveleye for indica-

tions of the tendencies and aspirations of European societies towards the institutions of Ditmarsch and Andorre. The Speaker of the House of Commons has offered to admit his labourers to a sort of co-operation with their landlord, but they have displayed a very lukewarm interest in the plan. Some friends of the agricultural journeyman have bought two or three hundred acres in Lincolnshire, on which landlord, farmer, and labourer are to be one and the same; but the projectors have shown becoming modesty in not vaunting their achievements before harvest, and a farm in Lincolnshire is, at the best, scarcely a proof of 'the tendencies and aspirations of European societies.' Lastly, there is Mr. Ruskin's Arcadia on some as yet undiscovered and railless English coast. But M. de Laveleye cannot be referring to that, for he knows no more of its location than men who are no economists. Of regeneration death is a condition; and there is this to be said for M. de Laveleye's view of the future, that the communal systems which are, he believes, destined to revival, are, according to his own researches, either dead or fast dying—all but his own peculiar treasure-trove of the Swiss *allmends*. The ashes of the old phoenix are *in situ*; but as yet there is no sign of the new phoenix. We have no wish for the extinction of the relics of the communal phase of ownership. A level uniformity of tenure is not to be desired. The miseries consequent upon changes from one social phase to another are so great and enduring that we would not precipitate the fall even of a system so lethargic as that of the Russian *mir*. But the communal system cannot live beside the system of individual ownership; and it is a mere paradox to suppose that the whole body of private landowners, or, for that matter, of private labourers, will abdicate their independence and form themselves into a federation of autonomic and land-owning communes. The only safe principle of reasoning is to argue from what has been to what is likely to be; when we find society gravitating everywhere towards the substitution of private for common ownership, we are forced to the conclusion that, if any system of property can be called natural, it is that which all mankind, after trying other sorts, end by preferring. M. de Laveleye, on the contrary, holds that 'the system which populations establish 'at the commencement of civilisation may be called natural.' Mr. Cliffe Leslie, who has supplied an interesting introduction to the volume, endeavours to apologise for M. de Laveleye's phraseology which would occasionally suggest that he supposed a respect for natural rights and equality was discoverable in the primitive usages of society relating to property. But we can-

not accept Mr. Cliffe Leslie's benevolent disavowal against the text of M. de Laveleye's own volume. It remains tolerably clear that M. de Laveleye in fact believes that there is something specially natural in a tenure with which society set out, as compared with that towards which it tends. In betaking itself to private ownership, it has been only trying an experiment; but discover some mode of reconciling communal ownership with the more elaborate exigencies of modern economy, and the world, we are left by M. de Laveleye to suppose, will gladly return to the species of ownership which his bold fancy asserts fits best the needs of humanity.

It is to be regretted that M. de Laveleye should waste his powers in aspirations after a return to a system European civilisation has outgrown. But there is not much harm in indulging such sentimental wishes. There is harm in encouraging those who would be less satisfied with an agreeable theory than is M. de Laveleye's philosophic temperament, to regard the existing forms of human property as a violation of natural right. M. de Laveleye honours this country with many animadversions on its land tenure. He denounces the tendency by which 'in England, as at Rome, large property 'has swallowed up small property, in consequence of a continuous evolution unchecked from the beginning to the end 'of the nation's history,' and he alleges that 'the social order 'seems to be threatened just as in the Roman Empire.' We should have rejoiced had it been possible to keep the old order of yeomen, without interfering with the general progress of the country; and we should now be glad did the fashion abate of adding acre to acre for the mere sake, not of fair investment of capital, but of territorial influence and grandeur. But England has become what she is by securing to men freedom to do what they will with their own. The land has been made a garden by the application to it of capital which could not have been so employed had it remained in the hands of petty cultivators, whose only capital would have been the land itself. The kingdom altogether has been the richer for the soil being treated like other kinds of property. With a limited territory, and a population and capital indefinitely larger in proportion than the soil, the soil necessarily grows to be a luxury for which only the rich can compete. But it benefits by being in the hands of those who can expend most on it. M. de Laveleye would hardly dispute this; but he would hold that the people suffer though the land may gain. We deny this altogether. He himself would not desire the spread throughout this island of *la petite propriété*, with the hard and cruel economy it im-

poses on the peasant; and Mr. Mill, in a letter M. de Laveleye publishes, says that system is repudiated by the working classes, and has few partisans besides some economists and philanthropists. What he desires is co-operative agricultural labour. But it is of the very essence of English society, that industry of whatever kind should compete freely in the market. Co-operative agriculture could not hope to be 'protected,' and we are not sanguine that farm labourers working for their own hand would hold their own against capitalist farmers. The agricultural labourer has suffered hitherto by not having the energy to go where his labour would be best remunerated; that lack of energy would not be cured by setting him and a number of his fellows down on a plot of land, without either farmer or landlord, except some form of commune, above or beside them. There is exactly as much reason for stocking shops for co-operative shoemakers or tailors, as for assigning portions of land to bodies of farm labourers; and the result would be as ruinous to the men and unprofitable to the country in the one case as in the other.

M. de Laveleye is treading on dangerous ground when he searches among theories of property for reasons against the present tenure of land in Europe, and particularly England. A very common theory of property, and one which, though not impregnable, is as defensible as any other, is that which makes labour its legitimate source. It is strange to find M. de Laveleye arguing against this, that, 'if labour were the 'only legitimate source of property, it would follow that a 'society in which so many labourers live in poverty and so many 'others in opulence is contrary to all right, and a violation of 'the true foundation of property.' M. de Laveleye would seem to have forgotten that labour, like everything else, can be capitalised, and that the heir of an estate holds it by the title of labour expended by his ancestors, as fairly as the man who has made a fortune in trade and invested it in land. Whatever property a man holds, whether patrimonial or self-acquired, must have been amassed by somebody and at some time or other; and, with the rare exception of property acquired by spoliation or conquest, it must all be the result of labour, thrift, or a judicious and useful employment of capital, accumulated by successive generations.

M. de Laveleye, while he repudiates the labour theory of property, accepts what he terms 'the natural-economical theory,' according to which every human being, as he is entitled to live, is entitled necessarily to such an amount of property as will enable him to support life. He attempts to prove the truth

of this by a *reductio ad absurdum*: 'If a man cannot claim a share in the productive stock to live by his labour on it, he has no right at all. It is no violation of justice to allow him to die of hunger.' He continues: 'Need we say that this solution, which seems to be that of the official school of jurists and economists, is contrary alike to the innate sentiment of justice, to natural right, to the primitive legislation of all nations, and even to the principles of those who adopt it?' (p. 351). M. de Laveleye is here confusing the duties of humanity with the theory of property. So far as the bare question of rights of property goes, a man's right to property is bounded by his earnings or those of others for him. M. de Laveleye indeed admits the principle when he says in the preface to the original edition of his work: 'The lofty maxim of justice, "To everyone according to his work," must be realised, so that property may actually be the result of labour, and that the well-being of each may be proportional to the co-operation which he gives to production.' If property be due to everyone according to his work, the man who does no work might as justly be left to die of hunger as M. de Laveleye thinks he might be according to the theory which holds that property must actually be the result of labour, but that the labour is equally labour whether done by the hands of the possessor of the property or of a former generation. M. de Laveleye fancies Christianity favours ownership in common, which he denominates the primitive theory of property, and not what he calls 'quiritary,' that is, private ownership. 'Christianity,' he says, 'is an equalising religion. The Gospel is the good tidings brought to the poor, and Christ is not the friend of the rich. His doctrine verges on communism, and his immediate disciples and the religious orders who sought to follow his teaching strictly lived in community. If Christianity were taught and understood conformably to the spirit of its Founder, the existing social organisation could not last a day.' This is true in the same sense in which it might be said that if Christianity were taught and understood conformably to the spirit of its Founder, able-bodied paupers would not continue for a day to consent to eat the bread of idleness. It is the present social morality, not the social organisation, which must necessarily give way. Christianity teaches those who have that it is their duty to give to those who have not; it does not teach those who have not that it is their right to have.

The thoughts of students of social science used formerly to be directed to the consideration how best to secure the rights

of property. At present they seem to be employed chiefly in devising ingenious arrangements for taking from the rich and giving to the poor. Whatever M. de Laveleye may think, his suggestions for re-establishing in some form the communal system have a dangerous tendency to weaken the faith in the one honest axiom about property, that people shall be protected by society in the possessions, whether land or goods, which they or their fathers have earned. He appears to entertain a certain contempt for the professors of political economy who adopt the vocation of 'Katheder-Socialisten,' and lay down dogmas on the proper distribution of wealth quite apart from the facts of existing human society. But this volume breathes throughout much of the spirit of the 'Katheder'—that is, the academic and professorial—socialist. Any such manifestations are the more to be deprecated that the peril M. de Laveleye foresees from proletariate envy of the riches other classes enjoy is very real and formidable. How real and imminent Herr Bamberger shows in two interesting articles he has published in the February and March numbers of the 'Deutsche Rundschau.' Herr Bamberger is a member of the German Reichstag, and has attempted at various times to concentrate parliamentary attention on the designs of the Socialist party. In the papers before us he shows what dimensions the movement has already assumed. Englishmen would hardly have comprehended till the events of last May and June his startling declaration that *in no country is the war of classes so openly declared as it is in Germany*. The world has now conclusive evidence of the alarming fact; and even German Liberals recognise the necessity of stringent measures of repression against the Socialists. Till lately the German public was as little awake to the peril before it as the American public was aware of the power of trades unions when the Engine-drivers' Union last year lit a spark which at once enveloped five States of the Union almost literally in flames. Herr Bamberger quotes from an American journal of last year, which wrote: 'A month ago millions of Americans did not know what a trades union was. Now we know.' Herr Bamberger appeals to his countrymen, 'Cannot you learn a lesson from the misfortunes of others?'

Some statistics of the strength of German Socialism will be found in the protocol of the last German Socialist Congress held in May, 1877. The figures have an eloquence of their own. The Constituent Reichstag of 1867 contained two Socialist members; the North-German Reichstag of 1868, five. Then came the Franco-German war, with the sense it

inspired of national danger and national unity. For the moment Socialism, which is anti-national and cosmopolitan, succumbed before German patriotism. The number of Socialist deputies in the first German Reichstag, in 1871, sank back to two. But in the second German Reichstag, which met in 1874, nine Socialist representatives sat; and in the third, which was dissolved last June, having been elected in 1877, there were twelve. They are Auer, Bebel, Blos, Bracke, Demmler, Fritzsche, Hasenclever, Kapell, Liebknecht, Most, Motteler, and Rittinghausen; and each of them, except Demmler and Rittinghausen, who are rich, has been receiving nine shillings a day during the session from the Socialist exchequer. This rise in the number of representatives does not adequately measure the increase in the Socialist force. The nine deputies returned in 1874 were elected by 350,000 votes, but the twelve of 1877 by as many as 485,000. The total number of German electors is 8,943,000. Of these 5,535,000 actually voted for the 397 deputies who make up the Reichstag. While the average number of votes by which a German deputy was returned was 9,000, the twelve Socialist deputies had an average of 9,200 votes each. An eleventh of the votes by which the late German Parliament was returned were given for Socialist candidates. At the Socialist Congress which met at Gotha in May, 1877, it was asserted that out of the 397 electoral districts Socialist candidates offered themselves in 175. Any change in the electoral system would probably be to the advantage of the party. If a form of the Minority Vote were introduced, Herr Bamberger considers they would outnumber any other single section of opinion, while the French *scrutin de liste* would at once double the band of Socialist members. Longer practice in electioneering tactics will, with the present system, probably teach the workmen's electoral committees how to group their votes more compactly, and equalise electors and elected.

Even as it is, the divisions in Germany, and consequently in the German Parliament, often give a casting vote to a group of twelve who always vote together. Germany is so grooved and scored with local prejudices that, out of the whole number of members of the late Reichstag, there were, excluding the Social Democrats, only seven who were elected in constituencies with which they are not directly connected either by birth or residence. Only four of the twelve Socialists sat for their own electoral districts; the rest were chosen without relation to special local claims. The contrast runs through all German political life; the working-men deputies represent the working

class throughout the Empire; the rest of the deputies represent about as many different interests as there are seats. Hence the importance, even in an assembly of 397, of a body of twelve members who always vote as one man. Recent political and dynastic questions have strengthened the tendency of the German Parliament to split up into fractions. Each of these may very possibly be insignificant, if taken separately; but a large number of them would join the Socialists in trying to undermine the principle of national consolidation. Nearly half of the 5,535,000 votes that returned the late Parliament were indeed given to candidates opposed to the principle of German unity. Herr Bamberger reckons that 2,395,000 of the voters were Poles, 'Guelphs'—that is, adherents of the deposed Hanoverian princes—Suabian democrats, Alsace-Lorraine protesters against severance from France, Social Democrats, and Ultramontanes. An additional three or four hundred thousand Socialist votes, an increase not at all impossible at the rate at which the movement is progressing, would give the combination against the development of German unity on its present basis an actual majority. The calculation supposes that the Ultramontanes, who are the nucleus of the opposition in the Reichstag, will maintain their hostility to the Imperial system. We hope this is not so. With the opening of a new Pontificate the envenomed bitterness of the relations between Berlin and the Vatican may be expected to abate. But Prince Bismarck has, for so great an intellect, so extraordinary a faculty for keeping alive old grudges and probing old sores that German patriots must be sanguine if they cherish implicit faith in the change in the spirit of the Reichstag likely to ensue from the substitution at Rome of Pope Leo for Pope Pius. The alliance between Catholicism and Socialism in Germany, in view of the deadly feud between the two in France, may seem a monstrosity. But such confederacies with elements of disorder are no novelties in the history of the Church of Rome. Individuals, like Nobiling, may have Ultramontane proclivities; but Socialism, as a faith, does not affect any sympathy with its temporary ally. German workmen for the most part abhor passionately but impartially all forms of religion, as all alike setting up standards which are not the one sole principle of Socialism; but if the Ultramontanes will assist in pulling down the established order Social Democracy is serenely indifferent to the aspirations they harbour for the constitution of a new order. The great commercial and political centres, such as Berlin, Hamburg, Breslau, Elberfeld, Bremen, and Lubeck,

are the congenial soil of Socialism. But there are also special districts of Germany where the nature of the industry, and dynastic or other local circumstances, promote its growth. Saxony, for instance, returned seven of the twelve Socialist deputies. In Schleswig-Holstein, the peasantry, who hate administration from Berlin; favour it; and, oddly enough, a relic of old-world German feudalism, the tiny principality of Reuss of the elder branch, has been represented by a Socialist. In some discontented quarters of the empire Socialism shows no parliamentary strength. But it is only that those regions happen to be agitated by some other supreme element of active resistance to the German Government. The element of Separatism carries the vote of Alsace-Lorraine, and Ultramontanism has left no room in Bavaria for Socialist deputies. The Bavarian Most has had to find a seat not in his own country, but in Saxony. But both Bavaria and Alsace-Lorraine have sent allies of the Socialist cause; and when the movements which now control them lull, it is feared that the Socialist element may show an independent vitality which now helps to swell the local spirit of opposition to German patriotism.

The attempts, last May, by Hüdél, and, in June, by Nobiling, on the life of the Emperor are likely to prove a heavy blow to Socialism, and to thwart the very confident expectation of German revolutionists that Social Democracy, at the next general election to the Reichstag, will show as great a proportional progression as at that of 1877. Should the effect of those mad crimes have indeed passed off before the elections, and should Social Democracy exhibit only the same increase as at the last elections, of three members, it would have gained an advantage of an importance not at all to be gauged by mere numbers. In the German Parliament, which has a natural dread of obstructives, an 'interpellation' requires for its introduction the concurrence of not fewer than fifteen deputies. As the Social Democrats in the late Reichstag were only twelve, they were unable to bring on a debate at discretion upon the first principles of society and property. With fifteen members the parliamentary agitation would begin, and the world, whether to the advancement of the Socialist cause or not, would learn many startling axioms which now can be debated only within the comparatively exclusive circle of workmen. Perhaps, however, even of more practical importance than the parliamentary strength of the party are its ambition and success in working its way into local administrative bodies. Very many Englishmen who would be panic-struck at the choice of a workman for alderman welcomed with pleasure

the election of Messrs. Burt and Macdonald as in some sort parliamentary representatives of British labour. But in Würtemberg, Saxony, Hesse, and Holstein, Socialists have been elected to communal offices. Herr Bamberger relates, with an apparent sense that the world is coming to an end, that in one Würtemberg town, Esslingen, actually a Socialist was chosen burgomaster, though the country was saved by the Würtemberg government refusing to ratify the election.

The formidable peculiarity of German Socialism, as compared with trade unionism elsewhere, is, that it has already constituted an *imperium in imperio*, a regular and ordered society, with all the apparatus of modern life, including a periodical press. The 'Vorwärts,' which is published at the office of the Leipzig Socialist press, where Hüdel was employed, is the recognised and official organ of German Socialism. It has 12,000 subscribers. But forty-one other Socialist journals are published in Germany, without counting an illustrated journal of *belles lettres*, 'Die neue Welt,' the largely-circulated calendar called 'Poor Conrad,' and fourteen industrial papers more or less of a Socialist character. The pamphlets propounding Socialist views are numberless. Of the forty-one political organs of German Socialism, thirteen appear daily, thirteen three times, three twice, eleven once a week, and the 'Zukunft,' which treats Socialism scientifically, once a month. A large number of these are printed in presses belonging to Socialist bodies. In 1876 the handbook to last year's Congress at Gotha states that the Socialist newspaper press possessed 100,000 subscribers; but in 1877, according to the same authority, the number had risen to 135,000.

Almost more alarming to Herr Bamberger than the direct forces of Socialism is the indirect influence it wields. Its open organs in the press are, he thinks, comparatively weak auxiliaries to the general newspaper press of Germany, which promotes the same cause. The world of German journalism is, Herr Bamberger informs us, infested with Socialists. There is scarcely a Liberal or Conservative organ of weight into which a little adroitness could not succeed in introducing an occasional article of Socialist tendencies. The founder of the official 'Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung' rose, we are told, from the same ranks as the leaders in the present crusade against modern society, and never altogether forgot his old love. Newspapers whose proprietors, subscribers, and contributors are all of the capitalist class have in their editorial offices men who incline to Socialism, and seize or make occasions for advancing its cause. The German magistracy contains numerous partisans of the

new faith, youthful judges who begin by declaring the whole existing order of things bankrupt, and study not how to protect property, but how to defend those they call the weak against those they call the strong. Ministers, Herr Bamberger complains—hinting apparently at the late Prussian Minister of the Interior, Count Eulenberg—thunder in Parliament against the spread of Socialism, when their offices are all the time filled with budding secretaries who have drunk in Socialism with the milk of the high school. From their pens, as they draft a statute, fall naturally the very battle-words of Socialism, such as ‘Ausbeutung’ and ‘Egoismus.’ But at the head and front of the unconscious, but not the less real, plotters against society, are the universities. By them and the ‘Katheders-Socialismus’—which we have seen M. de Laveleye naïvely condemning—of their professors of political economy, the recent impetus has been given to Socialist Democracy. The working classes were seen to be discontented, and the desire arose to construct formulæ which would explain their inarticulate murmurs. The professors discovered that ‘the disparity of means is greater than of old;’ ‘that the masses are worse off than they once were;’ ‘that property has developed a tendency to stick to the hands of the rich and fructify there;’ ‘that capital tyrannises over labour.’ Here were axioms; the next step was to combine them into a regular science. Once a science constructed, the war of classes must be at an end; for had not ‘der Schullehrer die Schlacht von Sadowa gewonnen’? When the science of industry had been constructed, it was supposed the German mind, whether in employer or in employed, must immediately proclaim a truce and accept its dogmas. Unfortunately it is more difficult to propound a law of wages, which capitalist and labourer shall accept, than to construct a science of pure reason. University economists progressed readily with their plans for marshalling workmen in groups to resist the despotism of capital, with their draft budgets, in which the inequality of wealth should be redressed by a counter inequality of taxation, and their denunciations of the wicked habit the capitalist indulges of profiting by the turn of the market. But when science had laid down the law it had no power at its command to enforce it. So the professors had to invoke the State to realise their axioms, just as the Church in the Middle Ages, after dogmatising against the heresy, handed the heretic over to the State to burn him. German professors, and German workmen, and Prince Bismarck, are all at one in their devout faith in the power and duty of the State to undertake the general management of society. Whether it

be a gymnasium, or a railway system, the State is looked to as its natural administrator. The sudden growth of joint-stock companies in Germany of recent years has stimulated the faith in what Germans call 'Collectivwesen.' It was supposed by theorists that if an abstraction, like a joint-stock company, could divide among its shareholders ten or twenty per cent. where they formerly obtained a bare four or five per cent., an infinitely superior abstraction, the State, if it dispossessed the private capitalists, and became the universal employer, could afford to pay bricklayers at the rate of five thalers a day. Herr Bamberger pays this country the doubtful compliment of saying that the fashion of studying English blue books contributed to delude the German professors of social economy into the belief that class feuds could be ended for ever by discovering the true principle on which wages should be earned and paid. English blue books are remarkable repositories of statistics; but they are not commonly supposed, at least in England itself, to encourage a belief that if a social problem gets into a select committee, the practical solution is a matter of course. We know not in what blue book Herr Bamberger has found it propounded as an axiom that trades' unions are an infallible specific against trade conflicts.

German Socialism manifests the same propagandist spirit as the French revolutionists of last century. A special article in the official programme of the Gotha Congress declares that 'the German labour party, while working within the national framework, is conscious of the international character of the labour movement, and determines to fulfil all duties which the same imposes on labourers in order to make the brotherhood of all men a reality.' In all the congresses of the International, at Geneva, the Hague, and Brussels, down to the meeting of the Internationalists at New York in 1877, and the Ghent Congress of September, Germany has given the impulse. The Katheder-Socialisten of the German universities have doubtless contributed to lend the movement fashion and direction; but Herr Bamberger, who is inclined to attach supreme importance to university influences, exaggerates the share the professors have had in developing this alarming growth of modern Germany. Germans, perhaps from the long disorganisation of political and national life, have always been addicted to social and trade confederacies. These have supplied the want created by the disruption of national unity. The same tendency which made men combine for the overriding of the labyrinthine maze of principalities and grand duchies that separated German from German, influenced the German work-

mer to seek a bond of union. The Social Democrats have shown most strength in a region, like Saxony, where *Particularismus* is dominant. The results of the war between Prussia and Austria and the yet greater conflict between Germany and France had an effect as important, though indirect, on the relations of German industry as on the political fortunes of Germany. The aristocratic and bureaucratic constitution of German states left, and indeed continues to leave, to the workman less interest in the national fortunes than in England or France; but he was stirred, nevertheless, by the impulse towards national unity those wars inaugurated and consolidated to cement the league of workmen throughout the empire. The French milliards operated in the same direction by causing such a competition for labour as made the labourer able to fix his own price. Seeing the force the State had wielded in the contest of which the milliards were a material result, and feeling the hand of the State heavy on the whole machinery of education and society, the workman was easily led to look forward to predominance in the State as the ready machinery for accomplishing his aims. The same kind of sentiment which prompts Prince Bismarck to seek to make the State proprietor virtually of German railways inspires the German workman to hope to make the State his instrument for crushing the inequality of classes. The national characteristic of a habit of reducing everything to a formula has rendered the German workman more receptive of a creed and more tenacious of theoretical principles than his brethren elsewhere. The professors found apt pupils in men of the keen and even trained intellect of Liebknecht, or of Most, the bookbinder, whom Herr Bamberger declares to be as learned in Roman history as Mommsen himself. But the professors did not teach the workman to believe he had a right to supremacy; they only showed him how to express his claims dogmatically.

The scientific or quasi-scientific form which Socialist views have assumed in Germany and the German cantons of Switzerland has, however, given Socialism a power it has had nowhere else, not even among the French Communists. German Socialists have constituted themselves a complete nation, with a literature, ambition, and leaders all its own. Though at bottom remaining very German indeed, they have politically so thrown off their German nationality as to be able without difficulty to admit workmen of any other nationality. Any and all can be affiliated to the German fraternity on the one condition that they swear war against capitalists, and pledge themselves to work for the placing of all capital in the hands of

the State. The basis of the Socialist faith seems at first sight simple enough. It is just this, that 'Property is theft.' No compromise with the middle or upper classes in existing society is admitted as lawful. An article of the official programme for the guidance of the deliberations of the Socialist Congress at Gotha laid it down that the emancipation of labour must be effected by the labouring class alone. That is the one and only class which can be allowed to have a title to exist on the earth as a class. This is the retort to the philanthropical persons who have preached in Germany, as in England, Christian Socialism, by which the rich and well-to-do should share their wealth voluntarily with the poor, and embrace principles of Communism from motives of duty and charity. None, according to the gospel of labour as inspired by Karl Marx, and preached by Engels and Liebknecht, have a right to live except by their own personal work. It is not enough that others have laboured for them; the only being that can show a good title to the fee simple of capital is the State. The soil, cattle, machinery, and fuel, with other things of the same nature, are the instruments of labour. They constitute capital, and as capital consists of the instruments of labour, the State is entitled to hold it as trustee for the labourer. The *Congrès Socialiste Universel*, which met at Ghent in September 1877, passed by a majority of sixteen to thirteen votes a resolution which had been moved by several delegates, including Liebknecht, the member of the German Reichstag, whom Herr Bamberger styles the *spiritus rector* of German Socialism. The resolution ran: 'Considering that so long as the land, and the other instruments of production, which are the means of life, are held and appropriated by individuals or sections, the economical subjection of the mass of the people, with all its attendant miseries and starvation, must continue, the Congress declares it is necessary that the State or the commune, representing the whole of the people, should possess the land and the other instruments of labour.'

The Jewish Lassalle, who was born in 1825 at Breslau, first gave a scientific form to German Socialism. His brilliant gifts and great acquirements were recognised by Heine, who made his acquaintance in Paris, and though he ruled German Socialists with a despotism which he did not attempt to dissemble, their admiration of him never wavered. His short and troubled career was closed by a duel which appears to have arisen from a love-affair at Geneva in August 1864; but his disciples regarded him as a martyr to Socialism, and have continued to pay almost divine honours to his memory. Pastor Schuster traces the birth of German Socialism to a letter from

Lassalle of March 2, 1863, on the proposal to convoke a General Labour Congress at Leipzig. Lassalle's successors in the leadership of the movement have, however, far outstripped him in audacity of conception. His scheme, probably suggested by study of the system of State workshops favoured by M. Louis Blanc and his friends, assumed it to be the duty of the State to support labour by subventions. He had not risen to the idea that the State is simply the working class impersonated, and that, in receiving help from the State, the workman is merely taking of his own. Lassalle, too, was still in the trammels of faith in nationalities, and supposed German workmen to be Germans as well as workmen. Gradually the Socialist claims have developed, and their ambition has passed the boundaries of Germany. German Socialists, under the guidance of Herr Marx in his London cottage, regard themselves as locally Germans, but as Germans in no other sense. Living in Germany, they must work with the political instruments its constitution provides, and they try to control the Legislature. But German sympathies or antipathies they have none. For German unity they have as thorough a contempt as any Polish Ultramontane. When society is refashioned after their model, national barriers will be broken down, or retained only for economical convenience. The State, whatever the width of the term, will not dole out, as Lassalle anticipated, subventions to workshops, as a superior to an inferior, but will own, and the communes administer, in the name of the workman, the capital of society for the benefit of the workmen who alone will constitute it. As the world is not likely to be won over in a day to subvert all existing arrangements, Socialism consents to pave the way to a State monopoly of capital in trust for the workman by using its influence to make the State grant subventions for the establishment, as Lassalle had suggested, of co-operative workshops and farms. But these can be only temporary arrangements in anticipation of the day when the labourer shall have reduced all to his own level, and have entered into his inheritance of the world's accumulated capital.

The programme requires an autocracy to bring it to pass, and an autocracy to work it when adopted, and many workmen who suffer with difficulty the mild rule of an employer long resisted even in Germany the claims of Herr Marx. But in 1875 the residue of German workmen who had clung to the freer sectional organisation—a species of working men's congregationalism—contemplated by Lassalle, had to succumb to the 'Communists.' Up to May 1875,

there had been two Socialist parties in Germany, the 'Allgemeine deutsche Arbeiterverein' and the 'Social-demokratische Arbeiterpartei.' The former represented the opinions of Lassalle, and had for its president the Deputy Hasenclever; the latter was guided apparently by Bebel and Liebknecht, but really by Karl Marx. Long at feud, they were fused by the Gotha Congress of May 1875 into the 'Socialistische Arbeiterpartei' of Germany. But it was a fusion in which the doctrines of the elder party disappeared, and those of Karl Marx alone survived. If the vision of the present leaders should ever be realised, all human beings would be bound to earn their own subsistence; none would be entitled to exemption from toil because their ancestors had laboured for them. The phrase, always much to be deprecated, 'an independent gentleman,' as applied to one who has inherited a fortune, and therefore need not work to make one, would cease to have a meaning. So too would the word 'employer' or 'master'; indeed, the German Socialist is somewhat impatient of the continued existence of foreign societies which occupy themselves exclusively with questions of wages. The German Socialist, who loves good cheer and the embellishments of life, would doubtless repudiate the suggestion that levelling down after this fashion would rob the world of its gaiety and magnificence. He would argue that there would be still palaces, though built for the State—that is, for the entertainment of working men, not for nobles or millionnaires—that there would be picture galleries, and libraries, and all the other decorations and ornaments of modern society; but that the painter's and the poet's patron, and sooner or later, we presume, his heir, would be the working man acting in the name of the State. Whatever surplus profits might accrue from labour after the labourer had his due payment, would be stored up, no longer by private persons, but by the communes in the name of the State, for the future enjoyment and employment of the men on the fruit of whose work Socialism seems to assume capitalists at present fatten without contributing anything in the way of energy and intelligence. By spreading the obligation to labour over the whole community, and making the whole community the universal legatee of its members, the enemies of capital imagine the working class generally would not be lulled into indolence, but would have to toil less, and yet have as great a capital as now accumulating from day to day for the employment of their labour. Socialism surveys the long array of triumphs and conquests of modern civilisation won by individual energy, and finds them very good. It believes that

it can extinguish the motive power which has worked all these miracles, and accomplish precisely the same achievements!

The programme of the German Labour Party, which will be found prefixed to the Gotha Protocol for 1877, explains very frankly what the Social Democrats hope to effect finally, and what they are aiming at in the meantime. Characteristically it betrays no jealousy of State interference with the hours of labour, with education, or even the sanitary arrangements of working men's dwellings. It appeals to the State to interfere with the workman's domestic liberty in these matters, desiring no doubt that the government of Prince Bismarck should break in the labourer to proper docility, in anticipation of the coming control of the State by Herr Marx. The following is a translation of the somewhat involved German text of the programme:—

'1. Labour is the source of all wealth and all culture, and as in general productive labour is only possible through society, to society, that is to all its members, belongs the aggregate product of labour, with the universal duty of labour according to equal right, to each according to his reasonable wants.

'In the present society the means of labour are a monopoly of the capitalist class; the hereby conditioned dependence of the labourer class is the cause of misery and slavery in all [their] forms.

'The liberation of labour requires the conversion of the means of labour into common property of society and the regulation by the community of the aggregate labour, with a spending for the common benefit, and an equitable distribution of the product of labour.

'The liberation of labour must be the work of the labourer class, in opposition to which all other classes are only a reactionary mass.

'2. Starting from these principles, the Socialist Labourer Party of Germany strives with all legal means after the free state and the Socialist society, the destruction of the law of wages through the abolition of the system of labour for wages, the abolition of plunder in every shape, the removal of every social and political inequality.

'The Socialist Labourer Party of Germany, though working within the national framework, is conscious of the international character of the labourer movement, and determined to fulfil all duties which the same imposes on the labourers in order to make the brotherhood of all men a reality.

'The Socialist Labourer Party of Germany demands, in order to pave the way for the solution of the social question, the establishment of Socialist producing associations, with state help, under the domestic control of the labouring people. The producing associations are to be called into life for manufactures and agriculture, to such an extent that out of them the Socialist organisation of the aggregate labour may arise.

'The Socialist Labourer Party of Germany demands as the principles of the State:—

'1. Universal equal direct right of election and voting, the giving of the vote being secret and obligatory for all persons belonging to the State, from their twentieth year, for all elections and votings in state or parish. The day of election or voting must be a Sunday or holiday.

'2. Direct legislation by the people. Decision on war and peace by the people.

'3. Universal bearing of arms. Defence by arming of the people instead of the standing army.

'4. Abolition of all exceptional laws, particularly the laws as to the press, as to associations, and as to assemblies. Especially all laws which limit the free expression of opinion, free thinking and investigation.

'5. The decision of lawsuits by the people. The free administration of justice.

'6. Universal and equal education of the people by the State. Universal school attendance. Free instruction in all educational institutions. Religion to be declared a private matter.

'The Socialist Labourer Party demands under the present society :—

'1. The utmost possible extension of political rights and liberties in the direction of the above demands.

'2. A single progressive income-tax for state and parish in the place of all existing taxes, especially the indirect taxes which burden the people.

'3. Unrestricted liberty to combine.

'4. A fixed labour day corresponding to the requirements of society. The prohibition of Sunday labour.

'5. The prohibition of children's labour, and of all labour of women that is injurious to health or morality.

'6. Laws protecting the lives and health of labourers. Sanitary control of labourers' dwellings. The superintendence of mines, factories, workshops, and domestic manufactures by officials elected by the labourers. An effectual law making employers responsible for injuries to their workmen [*Haftpflichtgesetz*].

'7. The regulation of prison labour.

'8. Complete independence of administration of all funds for the relief or maintenance of labourers.'

A superficial objection might be raised by the present middle and upper classes to the transfer, as contemplated by German Socialists, of the present owners' goods to the State, in trust for the community. But the objection would be waved aside as a mere class prejudice. What should, but we do not suppose would, weigh with the working class itself, is the comparative certainty that, without a distinct order of capitalists to direct their labour, and privately interested in amassing as large a fund as possible for the maintenance of labour, the workman would speedily starve for want of employment. German labour even now is not very successful; it is hard to imagine to what a depth it would fall without the

vigilant supervision of the employer. In the course of the debates in 1876 on the German Criminal Supplementary Law, Prince Bismarck denounced the Socialist press. He declared it contributed to cause the stagnation of trade, and to make a German working day less productive than a French or English working day. The Prince referred the members of the Reichstag in proof of this to their own observation of Frenchmen working by the side of Germans in Berlin; and he declared any one could see that a French builder executed in a day more and better work than a German: the result is that German work cannot compete in the world's markets with French. Prince Bismarck traced the decline to Socialist agitation for undefined and unrealisable objects; and he was not sanguine of any cure for the disease except poverty. Poverty is, in fact, the most certain cure for the onslaught labour designs against capital. If the Socialist schemes could ever be supposed likely to attain any measure of success, the workmen would speedily find that capital does something more than feed on their earnings. But we trust Germany will not come to have its workmen taught the folly of their theories at this cost. The danger in the meantime is that the best energies of the workman may be wasted on the concoction of imaginary constitutions, in which Communism would be the ruling principle, just as the military exigencies of the empire at present decimate the powers which might else be applied to achieving a high industrial rank for the nation. It is a heavy drawback to the industrial prosperity of a country when the best energies of one half of its manhood are absorbed in soldiering, and those of the other half in devising new republics, in which work is to have the profits and none of the dangers of capital.

But to attempt to argue German Socialists out of their theories is a hopeless task. Prince Bismarck, in the speech we have already referred to, recommended discussion of Socialist views in the press and in Parliament, but not, he added, in the expectation of converting Socialists. Neither the country nor even members of the Reichstag—excepting Herr Bamberger, who had taken part in the debate—understood, he thought, the nature of Socialism, and the sooner they did the better. But, in any such discussion, Germans who are not Socialists will do wisely to recognise that there should be no thought of ‘reconciling’ views. A continental journal styled the ‘Concordia’ was established in 1871, with the design of elevating trade controversies from the basis of self-interest on to the higher platform of duty

and conscience. All such attempts, however well meant, are dangerous. Socialists mock at the notion of compromise. They may vote in the German Reichstag with the Ultramontanes, just as in Belgium, though the Liberals denounce them, they join in attacking the Ultramontanes. But not one jot or tittle of their own Socialist creed they will ever abate. Prince Bismarck said of the Social Democrats in the Reichstag that, when one of them addressed the assembly, he seemed to be 'speaking from another world.' They are, in fact, thinking and speaking from another world—a world which, if realised, would differ from this of ours in more essential matters than in the mere absence of private capitalists. It would be a world in which individuals would not fashion society, but society would fashion the individual. Personal initiative would be sternly repressed, lest it should be the commencement of a distinction between one man and another, leading on to distinctions between one class and another class. The arms to oppose these conspiracies for turning the earth into a barrack must be sought in the instinct of individuality to be found in all classes, the working class, as well as the *bourgeoisie*. Workmen, from the fault of other classes in dealing with them, and from the passion of conflict, have been ready to abdicate much of their independence. But they do not love, any more than their present superiors, to have their lives laid out and arranged for them. When the employer should have ceased to stand between them and the authority of their own community, they would speedily be ready to rebel against an intolerable despotism. The contest threatened is no longer, as in England, the old claim of the workman to receive a larger share of the combined profits of his work and the capital which sets it in motion. It is not even a fresh campaign in the long war of class against class. It is the war between the determination of the individual to regulate and develop freely and fully his own existence, and the determination of men like Marx, and Liebknecht, and Most, who have constituted themselves his leaders and mouthpieces, that the whole section of mankind within the range of their authority shall frame and mould their lives after a given pattern. The tendency of these men's teaching has been ever more and more towards centralisation. Their object is to weld the working class into a solid, cohesive mass, which they shall be able to hurl with crushing force against modern society.

The minority of Internationalist delegates at the Ghent Congress of 1877 in vain urged the right of workmen to form voluntary groups, each of which should hold and administer its

own proportion of accumulated capital. Its enemies call the system 'Anarchy,' and its friends 'Collectivism.' It may be remembered that the man Hödel, before he joined or pretended to join the Christian Socialists, described himself as an Anarchist. Under the system of Collectivism each group would have a manager elected by the members of the group, living their life and controlled by their voices. A rival Congress to the Ghent Congress, which styled itself the 'Internationalist Working Men's Association,' was held at Verviers in the same month of September, 1877, as the Ghent Congress. Its delegates represented the same views as the minority at Ghent, and they put out a programme of their own. The foundation of it is the same as for their adversaries. It claims the expropriation of the owners of all capital, and the abolition of individual property. The difference between the Verviers programme and the Ghent or German Socialist programme is that the former contemplates the conversion of 'the instruments of labour' into collective property of groups of labourers. Separate states and separate representative governments, it was explained at Verviers, must be abolished, the society which is to take their place being composed of a net of federations of labourers, united together for their special needs and the special purposes they propose to accomplish. This view was put forward at Ghent as well as at Verviers. But at Ghent it was rejected by the majority of delegates, the so-called 'Authoritarians,' who accepted the view adopted two years before by the Gotha Congress of German workmen. Spanish workmen, to judge from the tone of their representatives at the Ghent Congress, remain suspicious of the benefit labour is to derive from the substitution of other chiefs of the State for royal and noble rulers, with the mere difference that they declare themselves representatives of the working class. Chalcain, a Spanish delegate, said, 'He understood that royal and other sinecures would be suppressed, and that faithful mandataries of the workers would be employed to administer the State and the communes; but,' he asked, 'would not these agents themselves, by the authority of their places, have a preponderance fatal to equality?' The same tone of feeling breathes through the addresses of the representative of the French-speaking cantons of Switzerland; but the German-Swiss and the Italian working men are enthusiastic advocates for a State monopoly of power and property. The English delegates at Ghent expressed the same view, but it may well be doubted how far they can be regarded as reflecting the opinion of English working men. We should be surprised to

find one out of a hundred English workmen comprehending, much less desiring, a condition of things in which there would be no private capitalist to pay him his Saturday evening's wages. Englishmen are apparently far from ripe for a polity under which their pay and their work should be measured out to them by a working men's municipality, deriving its sanction from a working men's parliament presided over by a working men's executive. If English workmen cherish such aspirations, they must be very much more reticent than Germans, or Swiss, or Belgians. But it is in the nature of things that, when men have resigned their consciences into other men's keeping, they should find themselves committed to enterprises of which they do not understand the mere *mot d'ordre*.

Even German Socialists, we trust, cannot be generally in sympathy with frenzied atrocities like the crimes of Hödel and Nobiling. But the whole tendency and principle of their organisation is to commit suicide of their individual volition. It remains, we rejoice to be able to think, yet to be proved that the attempts on the life of the Emperor were more than the results of distempered vanity which would have plunged a nation into mourning to become the world's talk. Such crimes, however, are unhappily not unconnected with principles accepted by some hundreds of thousands, or, it may be, millions, of European working men. The one goal the modern chiefs of the Social Democrats place before their followers is the conquest of the State. The control of the State once in the hands of these irresponsible and absolute potentates, all is supposed to be gained. How the powers of the State are to be used to secure the happiness even of workmen, no Liebknecht or Most seems to consider, and no workman seems to care. 'The liberation of labour,' says the Gotha programme, 'must be the work of the labourer class.' In opposition to that class, continues the programme, 'all other classes are only a reactionary mass.' A German workman is taught to scowl at all constituted authorities as simply combined to trample on him, and to keep him out of his inheritance. Weak brains, such as Hödel's, filled with spite at all better off than himself, or Nobiling's, who, sprung from a higher class, affiliated himself to a lower, apparently from stung vanity, catch greedily at so easy a solution of their social problem as a rifle-shot at the Chief of the State appears to offer. They do not see the foundations on which the old man's throne rests; they imagine that it needs but a dozen such outrages to remove out of the path of Social Democracy all its rivals for the sway of the State. The trained leaders of the party must know that, if all the

royal families of Europe were extirpated, the classes which represent capital would not, till they were extirpated also, suffer the power of the State to be monopolised by the working class. But their followers and dupes are fascinated by the apparently simple suggestion that if the stronghold of the State be once captured, the victory is won for labour. In Germany, no less than in Russia itself, the State has been allowed to impersonate the whole life of the nation; and many German workmen doubtless believe, with Hüdel, that the solid work of ages could be subverted by a bullet.

The long series of German statesmen who have laboured to concentrate the entire working of German life in the hands of the bureaucracy is to blame for the state of mind which has prepared the soil for Socialist teaching. Prince Bismarck is to blame most of all. In his eager desire to have the national strength and force ready for a blow at whatever rival may threaten German unity, he, outdoing his predecessors at the head of German politics, has helped to disguise the truth that the State is nothing but machinery to enable the various elements in the national life to accomplish their own proper work without mutual conflict. In Prince Bismarck's ideal polity, the State would administer everything, from a university to a railway. The German workman's inference is, that if his chiefs were in Prince Bismarck's and his Imperial master's places, they would administer everything, with this difference, that all would be administered with a view solely to the working man's benefit. The difficulty which at present meets German statesmen in their plans for checking the development of the Socialist cancer is, that German Liberals have a rooted suspicion that Prince Bismarck desires to make that a pretext for confirming the State autocracy. How to unite the powers of German society against the conspiracies of the working men's ringleaders without simply abdicating into the hands of the bureaucracy all the independent energies of German life, is the difficulty the new German Parliament will have to solve. Whatever the means, some means must be devised for teaching German workmen that no *coup de main* will make them supreme. Germany will not look on philosophically while first one man and then another, with brain heated by Socialist exhortations to storm the citadel of the State, shoots down its princes. Prince Bismarck tells the nation, and is prepared to tell Europe at large, that if it confide the task to him he will secure it against such outrages. He asks nothing better. We believe that measures of general repression, such as he would propose, would only turn the sore inwards, and convert Germany into

a hotbed of Carbonari. In any case, his triumph would be fatal to the budding hope of German Liberalism. But the sole alternative for a final confirmation of the yoke of Berlin bureaucracy is, that German Liberals shall themselves point the way out of the maze in which German social life has let itself be entangled. All parties have coquetted by turns with Socialism for the gratification of their mutual political rancour. It is for German Liberals to set the example of refusing political alliance with representatives of a federation which aims openly at the violent revolutionising of the entire existing social order. But they must do more; they must refuse all sanction to economical theories which throw doubt on a man's right to manage freely his own property so that he do not interfere with his neighbour's right to equal freedom. Germans, who would fiercely resent the slightest interference with their own personal comfort, play complacently with the wildest speculations on the rights of capital in the abstract. Labour and capital must be left to settle their own terms in the open market. That is a matter in which the State can mar, but cannot mend.

German Ultramontanes and German Conservatives are hoping to turn the crimes of Hödel and Nobiling to account at the next elections. Whatever may be the success, which we doubt, of the former party, German Liberals are likely to experience the results of popular reaction. They should only be the more resolute in rejecting help from any side which professes tenets opposed to those of genuine liberality. If Prince Bismarck can produce a scheme which will prevent open and insolent combinations against the rights of property, yet not strike at freedom on the pretext of repressing Socialist conspiracies, the Liberal members of the Reichsrath must beware of repulsing it on account simply of the suspected source from which it flows. No fault can be found with their pledge and its qualification in their electoral manifesto of last June. They declare their intention 'to support firmly in the new Parliament the Imperial Government in defending the principles of social order, and to grant unhesitatingly the requisite full powers to the Administration on all occasions when the simple application of the existing laws would be inadequate to the exigencies of the case.' Whatever proposals, they promise, 'aim at this end, if they do not endanger the permanent guarantees of our laboriously acquired civil liberty, will meet with the support of the National Liberal party.' They proceed to remind the electors that 'the indispensable and lasting rights of the nation must not be lost; a cure for the

‘ Socialist disease must not be expected from legislation alone, but depends on the free and active co-operation of all classes of the people.’ That co-operation, however, neither German Ultramontanes, nor Prince Bismarck, nor German Liberals have hitherto afforded. Never has a wide and deadly conspiracy against human freedom been met with more self-satisfied carelessness than by the whole body of German politicians. German Liberals, above all, may be assured that, unless they bend all their energies to the combining of free and educated intelligence against Socialist corruption, reactionary legislation is now a matter of course. The real battle with German Socialism has to be fought in the arena of German thought. It behoves German Liberals to pluck their enemies’ keenest weapon out of their hands by demonstrating the irreconcilableness of liberty with Socialism and ‘ Militarism ’ alike.

The insidious principle underlies the whole Socialist movement, that, as a Hungarian delegate expressed it at Ghent, what workmen should aim at is ‘ social liberty,’ not ‘ individual liberty.’ Modern civilisation loves both, but social liberty, to be worth the name, must rest on individual liberty. So-called social liberty, which has not this foundation, is another name for the autocracy of a coterie, whether inspired by a Lassalle or a Marx. It is this sort of communal liberty, extolled by M. de Laveleye as existing in Russia, which is a ready instrument for getting rid of inconvenient brethren by handing them over to the conscription. Schemes such as M. de Laveleye favours for the establishment of land-occupying communities of labourers, who should be labourer and farmer in one, and have no landlord but the State or the commune, are to be deprecated especially for this reason, that they relax the sense of self-dependence, and encourage men to look elsewhere than to their own energy for the working out of their own welfare. Continental Liberals understand this truth as yet scarcely better than continental Conservatives. Liberals are as prone to covet the control of the State, as the specific for reforming abuses, as Conservatives for perpetuating them. German Liberals, if they are successfully to combat the claim of Prince Bismarck to be given a dictatorship for the defence of life and property, must teach German public opinion to repress plots against society more effectually than police agents. The motto of Social Democracy is social liberty, not individual liberty; it must be shown that the only safe principle of modern civilisation is ‘ social liberty because individual liberty.’

ART. VI.—*Mélanges et Lettres de Ximenes Doudan.* 4 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1877.

WE hope there are still some readers of the 'Edinburgh Review' who can recall the traditions of Holland House, under its late accomplished master and mistress, and to whom the name of John Allen is not unfamiliar. He was the faithful unambitious bedesman of a great house and a great society, a never-failing referee on all questions of history, a just though severe critic of literary excellence—always ready to take a part in conversation, never to exceed it. The *salon* of the Duc de Broglie in Paris and at Coppet was in many respects the Holland House of France. It was a centre of liberal opinions and cultivated taste. It had the traditions of Madame de Stael, for her daughter presided over it. The tone of conversation was less negative and somewhat more *doctrinaire* than at Holland House; with equal knowledge, with equal wit, with equal attachment to the cause of constitutional freedom, the most polished society of Paris bore away the palm from that of London in *finesse*, variety, and the graces of conversation. If the present generation amongst ourselves has no successors to Hallam, Macaulay, Sydney Smith, Tom Moore, Lord Holland, Lord Melbourne, Lord Lansdowne, and their friends, how much less shall we find in Paris a society like that of which the Duc Victor de Broglie, M. Guizot, Villemain, Cousin, Rossi, Charles de Rémusat, Alexis de Tocqueville were the incomparable members! In these houses, on either side of the Channel, John Allen and Ximenes Doudan, though little known to the outer world, maintained respectively an essential place. They lived for that position, and, though capable of greater things, never aspired to go beyond it. The parallel between these two men is singularly close, though in point of character and opinions there were great differences between them.

To the gift of conversation, in which he modestly excelled, M. Doudan added the art of writing letters, and he carried it to the highest perfection. In mastery of that delicate instrument of criticism, pleasantry, and compliment—the French language—he had no living superior. The *secrétaire perpétuel* of the great Academy was himself content to submit his writings to the more critical eye of Doudan. These letters fortunately remain, and they bring before us once more the living images of the whole family which had become his own, and the whole society which clustered round the well-known hearth. By a

few passing touches the character, the habits, even the personal appearance, of every individual are marked with the utmost power of identity. They are all gone; but we see them all living and talking before us. We know not if these volumes will have the same power over other countries and other times, by which Madame de Sévigné and M. de Saint-Simon bring back to life the society of another age; but the reception the book has met with in France shows that its qualities are of the highest order. Here and there we meet with touches as droll as Molière or as deep as Pascal—yet M. Doudan has no claim to be ranked with those, or any other, illustrious names, because his whole existence was desultory, valetudinarian, incapable of sustained effort.

It may be a question which class of readers is likely to derive the greatest gain from this work. Perhaps the genuine literary epicure, who, like Doudan himself, loves to linger over a phrase, a paragraph, or a page of exquisite and finished prose. On the other hand, the wit will be arrested by epigrams that delight him, and by maxims that enrich him. Then comes the historical reader, who will here see the events of fifty years reflected in a mind of great probity and of no common calibre—thrones and dominions falling, reputations made and ruined, battles lost and won, schemes elaborated, and utopias ill realised. And the thinkers who linger over Doudan's pages will confess that they have seldom seen expressed with greater propriety, or with greater candour, the vicissitudes of opinion, and the difficulties of action, in a century which contrives to present the extremes of thought. In France—the France of Ximenes Doudan—both Catholicism and Positivism have enlarged their borders. We have the fanaticism of affirmation, the fanaticism of negation, that of mediævalism and that of novelty, and everywhere that of proselytism. The Vatican, in particular, may be seen recovering many of the spaces from which her waters had, at the beginning of this century, been forced to retire; while the development of antagonistic thought has now reached a climax of moral and social disorder. Society in France has become impossible—it is broken up into cliques. To one of these cliques, the best and the most educated, Doudan belonged; and with the eyes of a philosopher he watched all the conflicting tides, and all the shifts of wind. He was not fond of novelty for its own sake, but he deprecated mere obscurantism, and the wilful rejection of such light as science and criticism, or experiment, can throw upon truth. Brave and respectful enquiry he held to be in our days the necessary test and trial of a truth or of

a principle; but as the years went on the incessant, restless heavings of society wearied him, and he grew to despair of a nation of which he could not say that it ever

‘thinks it knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes.’

M. Ximenes Doudan was born at Douai in 1800. His family held honourable positions in the magistracy of his district; but his own parents died when he was quite a child, and a youth of poverty and labour seemed to prepare him for the obscure career of a schoolmaster. He went, however, to Paris, became an usher in the College of Louis-le-Grand, and soon the bare, half-furnished room in the shabby street of the Sept Voies, where he lodged, became the rendezvous and resort of many men as diligent and as gifted as himself. He was popular and respected. Of individuality he had a great deal, and of egotism very little. His few relations lived in the north of France, and at a distance; but he continued through life to correspond with them. He had few wants, and never spoke about himself or his affairs; though in later life, when his health became delicate, he certainly became a little hypochondriacal. He never married, and was a marked exception to Balzac's cruel saying, that elderly, childless people acquire either vices or manias. He had neither the one nor the other. He existed in the lives and careers of others; never lost or dropped a friend; was unambitious, silent, gentle, and so critical, that, though easy to please, he was very difficult to satisfy. His tastes were all of the greatest delicacy, and his life was stainless. Like Erasmus, whom it pleased him to be told that he resembled in person, he abhorred a paradox or an exaggeration. His logical, dispassionate reasoning was the very antipodes of *blague*, as his singularly reserved and decent speech was unlike the licence of too much that passes for ‘Gallic’ wit.

Among his first friends were De Sacy, Duchâtel, and St. Marc-Girardin. To the last of these he was united by all the sympathies of taste and hope, and their friendship never knew a break. Both of them in youth were liberals of the school of Benjamin Constant; but both accepted the Restoration and the Charter, with the most pleasurable anticipations for the fortunes of France and of society. In the meantime, believing the era of violence to be passed, they gave themselves up to the peaceable study of literature. St. Marc-Girardin was the first to be drawn into political circles. He entered the office

of the 'Journal des Débats,' and at his recommendation M. Doudan, at that time employed in the College of Louis-le-Grand, became tutor in the family of the Duc de Broglie. The mistress of the house was the daughter of Madame de Stael, the grandchild of that M. Necker whose reforming policy had, in the early part of his administration, so greatly disgusted the old Marshal duc de Broglie. There was a legend current in the family that the Marshal, full of the instincts of the old *régime*, had gone one morning with great reluctance to pay his respects to the man whom the king honoured with his confidence. On going in he met his old friend M. d'Haussonville, grand-louvetier of France, a man who had also but little taste for the reforms that preceded the Revolution. 'Ah!' said the Marshal, 'let us go in together, and you can 'present me.' 'I—— Do you think I know him any more than 'you do?' The friends then agreed to name each other to the minister; and as they left his rooms they certainly would have betted against the chances that M. Necker's granddaughter would be Duchesse de Broglie, and his great-grandchild Comtesse d'Haussonville. Already, however, has this been the case. When M. Doudan entered the household of Duc Victor de Broglie, he found in it its gifted and gracious mistress, and the children Louise and Albert, whose future he was to follow with so much solicitude and care. The duke's was a noble, patriotic, and useful life. When he was made Minister for Foreign Affairs he nominated Doudan as his *chef de cabinet*, and never regretted his choice. He had found a subordinate who was diligent, but not over-zealous; who was no busy-body, and who could bring to the consideration of all the questions of the day an intelligence full of penetration and of good sense. Doudan, in return, found under this roof all the work and all the rest, all the trust, and, in a word, all the happiness that is compatible with the conditions of our human existence.

A shorter biography than this does not exist. M. Doudan lived through the siege of Paris, and but for this fact his life would have been absolutely without a vicissitude. There are no hairbreadth escapes to narrate, and no love griefs; but on the other hand we have a loyal helpful nature, an intense love of letters, duties scrupulously fulfilled, and that inward satisfaction which the sound mind derives from the development of its faculties, in the same way that the sound body enjoys the exercise of its muscles.

M. Doudan once said, after reading some German memoirs, that the imaginations of these people were as foreign to him as

their tongue; and he told the story of the man who, on being reproached for remaining dry-eyed during a sermon that made everybody else in church weep, replied dryly, 'Ah! I don't belong to the parish.' Some books, Doudan goes on to say, 'do however contrive to move all readers, in all parishes.' His own letters deserve that tribute, for from them the element of strangeness is altogether absent. It is true that one reads, in the most exquisite French, of French politics and about many French people and books; but the man himself is so human, so tender, so droll, and so wise, that one instinctively adopts him as a friend. Neither were foreign minds without charms for him. Few writers occupied him more than Dr. Channing, Dr. Chalmers, Sir Walter Scott, and through the salons of the Duc de Broglie there passed foreigners with whom he had much in common. Over this salon the death of the Duchesse, in 1838, threw a sudden gloom. The daughter of Madame de Stael left many mourners; but she had been so perfect as a wife and mother that even intimate friends felt afraid to touch the home-wounds that must be so cruel and so deep. M. Guizot wrote to the *chef de cabinet* to enquire for the health of the widower.

'Paris, Oct. 20, 1838.

'MONSIEUR,—M. de Broglie is well, as far as his health goes. I have delayed a little in writing to you about him because I am aware that he meant to write to you on his own account. He makes an effort to go out regularly for a walk, and, towards twelve, generally goes round the long empty allées of the Champ de Mars. He has in some small measure got back his sleep; but we never regain *life*, and there is no reason to regret that this is the case. When such a soul as Madame de Broglie's goes out, everything around looks very sombre. By degrees, and as the days go on, one sees better, one feels more what is a-missing, and what we must miss for evermore.

'The horror of the first moments after a death is not as hard to bear as is this irremediable conviction, as it settles down on all sides upon us, that everything is over: that no person, and no thing, and no force in the world, can now do anything to alter it.

'Albert has gone back to college. He is under M. Garnier for his philosophical course. I am reading over again M. G.'s book, to see along what lines Albert is to be led this year. The book seems sensible, and the work of a fair mind, but as among the many ideas now in circulation there are even many sensible ones, it does not of necessity say a very great deal for an author if one chances to find a good many such in his book. In these days there is a stock of ready-made extravagances, and of ready-made pieces of good sense, as well as ready-painted fancies, among all of which one can work about at will, without positively drawing on one's own capital; but they say (M. Cousin says) that M. Garnier is an excellent professor and a clever

man ; and Albert already likes his teaching, which is clear, and easy to follow. Albert's mother would have been interested in these studies of his ; she rejoiced when he acquired ideas that she could talk over with him. All the habits of past years get resumed, the forms remain the same, even when everything else is fled. Madame d'Haussonville is growing a little calmer, but the poor young mind can make no exertion ; the least effort to reawaken it causes the most painful impressions. She knows only too well what she has lost. . . .

'Adieu, Monsieur. I should like to tell you what is being thought or done in Paris, but I know it not. I shall be very happy to know that you are soon to be here, and near M. de Broglie.'

In a very different vein, and written before this sorrow fell on the family, is this note to the young Albert de Broglie, then a boy. We transcribe it rather than translate it, as its charm of perfect grace and kindly temper must not be allowed to evaporate.

'Albert de Broglie, tu me fais de la peine de m'écrire si peu que pas. Je n'aime guère à disputer ; n'en parlons plus. Je pars en poste pour aller te faire des reproches. Te voilà bien content d'avoir François (Guizot). Est-il arrivé avec son arsenal, fusil, pistolets, poignards, plomb, poudre, balles ? Avait-il un fourgon derrière lui ?

'Aussitôt la présente reçue, tu voudras bien te rendre sur le perron du château pour m'attendre. Tu battras des mains quand tu apercevras la voiture. Tu accourras l'air joyeux, et empressé, et poussant quelques cris. Que lis-tu ? Lis la vie de Cicéron de Middleton. Cela t'intéressera : et puis, cela t'orientera dans la lecture de Cicéron. Lis Middleton, je te dis, et que les quatre volumes soient sur ta table quand j'arriverai. Ils sont dans la galerie à gauche, en regardant le poêle. Prends garde de tomber en montant le petit escalier. Es-tu en haut ? Adieu, vilain.'

As a specimen of his graver and more critical vein take the following on the death of Cousin :—

'Paris, 9 Février, 1867.

'N'êtes-vous pas triste de la mort de M. Cousin, chère Madame ? Madame de Sévigné dit quelque part de la mort de son jardinier : "*Le "jardin en est tout triste."*" Cette vie si puissante de M. Cousin, en s'éteignant, rend le jardin tout triste. Il avait, sans doute, l'esprit bien mobile, mais il n'a jamais souffert qu'on lui offrit le prix de ses changements d'opinions ou de sentiments. Il avait porté dans l'esprit de la philosophie, dans l'enchaînement des vérités morales, quelque chose du génie de Corneille. Il avait donné comme une âme romaine aux abstractions. Il avait réuni l'émotion à la rigueur des démonstrations. Avant lui, et depuis Platon, la philosophie avait toujours eu l'air d'un glacier dans l'ombre. M. Cousin avait éclairé tous les sommets de la métaphysique de cette lumière que vous avez vue de Divonne, vers l'heure du coucher du soleil, sur toutes les hauteurs des Alpes.

'Vous avez dit une chose profonde, comme vous en dites souvent avec négligence : on pense toujours à quelqu'un à propos de quelque-

chose. Ces liens des idées générales et des sentiments particuliers seraient bien curieux à étudier. Par exemple, quand on remonte jusqu'à son enfance, ou à sa première jeunesse, on trouve que les sentiments moraux sont indissolublement unis à l'image d'une personne ou quelquefois d'un paysage. L'homme est fait avec un artifice singulier.'

M. Doudan is very happy in his word-painting, and what he hits off are not elaborate mental photographs of a locality, but sketches which suggest even more than they say, and which might serve as a background to a group of historical or dramatical personages. Take, as an example of what may be called his landscape style, this souvenir of Italy:—

'La villa Adriani est ravissante. L'été, quand l'*aria cattiva* s'y promène nonchalamment sur des fleurs, que l'on entend les oiseaux qui chantent sur les voûtes défoncées de la grande bibliothèque grecque, que la couleur à demi effacée des plafonds se mêle à la couleur des fleurs, ce doit être une image très vive de la vieille Rome. Nous avons rencontré là pour cicérone une pauvre petite fille de huit à neuf ans qui habite une grande mesure au milieu des jardins avec une mégère qui a l'air de sa grand'mère. La pauvre fille a une charmante figure d'enfant et l'air d'une femme de ménage que prennent vite les enfants des pauvres. Elle nous conduisait à grands pas à travers les ruines, prononçant d'une voix fatiguée et indifférente ces noms de *piscine, naumachie, camp du prétoire*, tout cela comme on fait un ménage ailleurs. Elle a déjà le teint de la fièvre, mais elle marche vite et parle haut, parce qu'il faut bien gagner le demi-paul qu'on lui donne pour ses explications.'

It would be difficult to find even in the works of George Sand a more vivid sketch of a Roman villa in ruins and decay. Why, it will be asked, did a man, master of such a style, gifted with an infallible memory, and placed in an atmosphere so fitted to develop his talents—why did he leave so little behind him? A few essays, such as the one on the authority of Scripture, and an admirable paper on Penal Law, attest the powers of his understanding, as these letters prove his wit and his taste; but he was too fastidious to hazard himself in any long historical or critical work. His mind was a mould into which he poured knowledge of all kinds; but except for the use of a friend or pupil, he rarely drew upon his vast stores. The subtlety of his mind, and the elegant ingenuity of his illustrations, have never been surpassed. 'Son esprit se glisse, pour ainsi dire,' to use one of his own metaphors, 'dans les nœuds les plus serrés d'une question.' Sainte-Beuve and Villemain, both admitted masters of French prose, bowed to his verdicts, and Villemain would often bring his work for correction to this keen and kindly critic, who, though

capable of conceiving almost anything, lacked the patience or the energy to execute a great literary work. He would not pass over the smallest error in taste. 'Ah, here for example 'is a very poor phrase!—do you by chance set great store by 'it?' he asked one day of a friend whose proofs he was revising. 'Why, yes, of course, I set store by it.'—'Ah, 'well, in that case there is fortunately always a way to improve on it, and to make it still more ridiculous,' replied the critic; and the author had to abandon his favourite blunder with feelings which can only be appreciated by those who have had to go through such a harrowing experience.

These letters abound in admirable hints to workers. Take, for example, one addressed to M. Guizot on the subject of his '*Méditations*.' This letter applies in truth more to the matter than the manner of a writer who differs much from the common run of such orthodox thinkers as rely on rash affirmations for silencing their opponents.

'Almost all the apologies for Christianity have been conceived upon more or less narrow lines. Chalmers himself was sensible to the peculiar prejudices of a sect. One feels in your book the full light of the boldest good sense, and of the most exalted metaphysics. I wish to restrict myself to the chapter which you have entitled "Christian Ignorance." I have long been convinced that the man who had no ideas except *clear* ones was assuredly a fool. The most precious notions which the human intelligence contains all lie in the background, and in twilight, and it is round these half-perceived ideas, of which the connexion is not patent to us, that clear ideas revolve, by raising, extending, and developing themselves. But were the background taken from us, there would be nothing left in the world but geometricians and intelligent animals, and even the exact sciences would lose something of the grandeur which they also derive from their secret relations with other and higher truths, those which we suspect and believe for moments that we behold. *The unknown* is the richest part of the patrimony of mankind, and I think with Plato that, whether well understood or ill apprehended, everything here below is an image, a weak image, of a superior order of things. It seems to me that all the effect of the beautiful which we do see is to make us think of a something more beautiful that we have not seen, and that the magic of the great poets lies perhaps less in the pictures that they draw than in the distant echoes which they awaken, and which come to us from a world by us as yet unseen.'

Although these letters are not wanting in playfulness, and the general tone of them is that of graceful *persiflage*, they bear marks of deep thought, and some of them are obviously prepared with great care. This was the writer's method of thinking out a subject. When a problem, or the solution of a problem, arose in his mind, he seized it as it were, and put it on

paper, sure that whatever amount of modification or fitting it might afterwards receive, its original conception is of such special value that no later effort can recapture that first fine free rapture of creation.

'When I by chance have anything difficult to write, I begin by writing it straight on, and without erasures, meaning, of course, to take this only as a first draught. But in going over this next morning, I am astonished at the way which my mind has made since its first attempt. This rough canvas has served to fix the points to be weighed, and prevented my mind from wandering. If one attempts in a long piece of writing to arrive all at once at a definitive elaboration, one does not keep the whole before one's eyes; and while one is putting things into one corner of the trunk the other side bulges up, and the lid will not shut.'

His advice is always to make a beginning, and to attempt that cold plunge into construction from which the boldest of us often recoil, meditating for days before we can take it.

'One ought not to attach too much importance to important things, or they will never be done. To be a good architect, one must not have all the subtle refinements of a Benvenuto Cellini. At that rate one turns out only half-a-dozen dagger handles and life is gone. And what is more, let us give ourselves all the trouble that we like, the faults which we do efface from our works are never those which the public finds out. . . . I am like M. de Lamartine, I have several opinions, and am of two minds on this subject. Until one has succeeded in faithfully rendering the image that one saw in one's own mind, it is hardly worth while to give one's work to the world; but on the other hand, he who waits *till* then will wait for ever and a day. . . . Happily there is a solution for the difficulty. The public, which, as Lemierre says, is a fool, and often drunk, does not look closely into things. When he is in a good humour he takes people up, and that engages him to praise them for the future; for the public does not like the trouble of judging the same person twice.'

Many authors are aware of the tides, of the ebbs and flows of their own minds. A friend of M. Doudan's complained to him of a lengthened period of non-production and of apparently lifeless days. The critic was too wise not to know that between our hours for striking many silent minutes and seconds must elapse, since a clock that did nothing but strike would be but a mad piece of chronometry. His answer is so full of tender insight and experience that we extract it.

'These moments of intellectual dryness are the moments in which our wings are growing in silence. Continued activity degrades far more than do these great silences of the mind, when it lies by to recover strength. Look at the people who are always fussing and always doing. They presently become dry and superficial. One

might say that every morning they sow a little shabby grass, which comes up at once, and which they mow down every evening. On such plains there are neither great oaks nor deep springs. What could the Wandering Jew know of all the things that passed before his eyes? He never could stop anywhere. From the place to which he saw the swallows come in spring, he never could see them take their autumnal flight. The noise of his own wandering steps prevented his hearing the silence of the nights. If he passed through a city where men were mustering to arms, he could not linger to see who would carry the day in it, the oppressor or the oppressed. Thus continual activity cuts the threads of thought. I hope you think this a pretty essay on laziness.'

To the same friend he sends one day a plan of study, which, so far from being the praise of inactivity, is almost too vast to be grasped by one mind, or carried out in one lifetime. To Madame d'Harcourt he says (October, 1850):—

'I will some day go over in detail a first sketch, which I dare say I have already made for you. It would be to take up the chain of all the great poets since the beginning, and to watch them passing from hand to hand the torch of the Ideal. One could make a list (it would not be a very long one) of all the men who by their imagination have in turns tinged the thoughts of other men, and note what is evanescent and what is enduring among the fleeting images of all that which is eternally beautiful, from the days of Job to those of Lord Byron. It would be like a rainbow which spans from the burning plains of the East to the fogs of England. In this walk through the past you would pass through the summer palace of Solomon; you would meet Homer in Troy, Sophocles in Athens; on the Aventine there would be Virgil, on the Arno Dante; and Eden itself would lie around Milton's little house. All the history of the world is in them, as good as in the chronicles of nations, only in words that burn with a more living fire. . . . You would not be obliged to read over what you already knew, only to fill up the gaps in your mind, and to go over recollections that had begun to grow dim in your memory.'

These passages strike us as charming, but we must not loiter in the flowery plains of literature even with a guide as unique as this man, who was the very embodiment of the critical faculty considered as opposed to the creative one. Acutely sensitive to artistic conditions, he subordinated all his faculties to reason and to taste, and he was at the same time a *virtuoso* in the art of friendship. This makes the charm of his easy, confidential, tender, and humorous style, and this will continue to give his readers an interest in his person, independent of the themes he has to treat or of the personages about whom he has something to tell. We shall do well, however, to glance with him at some of the actors on the stage of recent or contemporary history. Sometimes his judgment was

almost prophetic in its insight, sometimes it was warped by his excessive impatience of bombast and loud-swelling words. It was on account of their enthusiastic phrases that he disliked the Italian party of action. The very noise that they made worried him, and, like many bystanders both in France and England, he augured little success and less stability for their mission.

For Lamartine our satirical if kindly critic felt nothing but impatience; for, as he said of him, 'What a noble river he would be, if he were not *an inundation*!' Doudan hated paradoxes and declamation, and not all the beauty of the '*Méditations*' could reconcile him to the bombast of the poet-orator of Mâcon. Of his political creeds and nostrums Doudan says that he had such a store that his mind was at last like an apothecary's shop in disorder—a mixture of all the poisons and antidotes in common use.

But the greatest person of the day was undoubtedly Louis Napoleon, and of his character and talents Doudan seems from the very first to have formed a very unflattering, not to say unfavourable opinion. To this opinion he also held, conceiving it to be borne out by events, from the first *fanfaronnade* with the tame eagle, down to those agitated days of the last elections and of the last *plébiscite*, when the skies were lowering with storms, with the distress of nations, and with all the coming perplexity. Of the distress M. Doudan had his full share, remaining as he did at his post in Paris, and refusing to quit it in the following lines, which are an admirable transcript of his dutiful and simple mind. They are addressed to M. Cécilin Doudan, a relation, with whom he had corresponded for more than forty-three years:—

'Paris, Sept. 8, 1870.

'DEAR FRIEND,—I am more sensible than I can say of the cordiality of the offer you make me, in the event of my quitting Paris during its siege. If my duties did not detain me here, and if my health permitted me to travel ever so little, I would have accepted your amicable and friendly proposition with lively pleasure, just as I receive it with much gratitude. We are here in the most horrible political crisis that the nation has ever known; an invasion following on hideous defeats; a revolution which is not the less dangerous because it was indispensable; and to conclude, the fermentation of all the most perverse instincts which may explode in the very midst of the gravest perils of this war. I hope that you have some security behind your ramparts: my memory draws them most distinctly. The bastions where I clambered as a child, and in spite of the artillerymen I searched for violets, must be to-day bristling with cannon. I hasten to close, for I was busy this morning, and send off this letter to-day lest the morrow should be already too late for the railway.'

After the entrance of the Prussians he writes to Mademoiselle Gavard:—

‘It seems as if a hundred years had passed in these four months. Already, during the revolution of 1848, I had had the same impression. Yet that was but a bouquet of roses in comparison with what we have seen, with what we see, and with what we have yet to see. One often finds in the Bible the words “treasures of wrath,” and visibly these are what have been recently poured upon us, and with no sparing hand. It remains to be seen *why* these Germans, who are not by any means saints, who can give an air of romance to the vices of their domestic life, and an air of scientific system to the cruelty and pillage of their military life—it remains to be seen *why* these Germans are deputed to chasten us.’

Yet even when penning these bitter lines the instinct of a critic is strong in Doudan, and he stops himself to speak to his correspondent of one of Trollope's novels which he has just read: ‘There are three different lines of action in it, which have all very little connexion between each other. This comes of the necessity for making long novels, when one has only a small picture in one's mind—one makes a gallery of them instead of one great painting.’

The lady who has compiled and edited the letters of M. Doudan has no doubt worked for the sake of his memory and of his friends, and she has been rewarded by the great popularity of her book. The perusal of it gives so much pleasure that it seems ungrateful to point out its shortcomings: but Madame du Parquet must allow us to regret the method in which she has arranged these letters, or rather the way in which she has given them to the public without any adequate arrangement at all. When the second volume closes, the year 1872, that of the writer's death, has been reached, and France, under the rule of the Maréchal-président, acknowledges the influence of the d'Harcourts, d'Haussonvilles, and Broglies, of the families among which Doudan's life was spent, and some, if not all, his opinions were fostered. It is, therefore, very annoying to take up the third and fourth volumes, and to perceive that, as their publication has been an afterthought, we are suddenly lifted back to 1832 and to the great visitation of the cholera. This batch of letters of course ultimately also brings us down to the Prussian invasion, the siege of Paris, and M. Doudan's death. We can but hope that in some future edition the faults of arrangement may be remedied; and with the view to a re-issue we would also suggest that there is a want of notes, or of some connecting thread, however slender, to give continuity to the

book, and to make it continue to be intelligible when the generation of M. Doudan's friends shall have passed away.

Take an example of our meaning. The death of the amiable Duchesse de Broglie is dwelt on, and letters in the first volume attest all the love and grief of her survivors. But of the death of the Duc de Broglie nothing is said till the *fourth* volume, though that event, occurring in 1870, deprived him of the man to whom he owed the happiness of a lifetime, and France of a statesman and a patriot. Happily M. de Broglie did not live to witness the worst calamities of his country. Although he had long retired from active life, his influence continued to be felt through his friends.

When the Empire began to feel that the sweets of power are accompanied with great difficulties, the edifice showed that the strain put on it was too great. Then it was that those liberal politicians, who had hitherto kept aloof from it, either saw, or fancied they saw, the favourable moment for offering some support to a Government which had been established by a gross attack on their personal freedom. Even to the Emperor they hoped to give salutary lessons of constitutional reform. The representatives of this wise liberalism met in the Duc de Broglie's house, and their host was allowed to congratulate himself and them on the peaceful revolution which might possibly be effected by their influence. But though inclined to hope for the best, and even to aid in the restoration of those constitutional liberties which they believed to be essential to the existence of good government, the merited distrust which the liberal statesmen of France felt towards the Empire could never be removed. In our opinion the *doctrinaires* carried their theory of resistance to the democratic spirit of the age much too far, and never felt true confidence in the people. They were enlightened and philanthropic aristocrats planted in a country which had annihilated aristocracy. The whole tone of M. Doudan's letters, and of the society in which he lived, is aristocratic, though no doubt they are the expression of noble and liberal principles. But the virtues and patriotism of the French aristocracy in the present century cannot regain what was lost by the frivolity and the abuses of former times, and the efforts recently made to regain their ascendancy by a reactionary policy have only renewed and aggravated their defeat.

ART. VII.—1. *Histoire politique et sociale des Principautés Danubiennes.* Par ELIAS REGNAULT. Paris: 1857.

2. *Rumänien.* Von E. BRAUN. Leipzig: 1877.

IN the present posture of affairs, and with the limited information vouchsafed to us down to the time at which we write, it would be idle to attempt to make any practical remarks on the proceedings of the great Congress of the European Powers now assembled at Berlin. We rejoice that this Congress has met, and met in a spirit favourable to the peace of Europe and to the establishment of friendly personal relations between the leading statesmen of Europe. That in itself is a considerable benefit, and we believe that the results anticipated from the Congress will be mainly due to the private and personal intercourse which has taken place between those illustrious persons. The British Government had given to the world in Lord Salisbury's Circular a sketch and a pledge of its policy on the Eastern Question, which was accepted by this country and applauded by Europe. We only trust that they will firmly adhere to it. For ourselves, we have no reason to dissent from the views expressed in that celebrated document, since they are identical with the principles we have consistently defended in this journal, and with the old traditions of the Whig party in opposing the aggressions of Russia.

But, although we have at present no remarks to make upon the Congress, one subject has been brought under discussion there, on which it may even now be useful to contribute something to the information of our readers. We shall, therefore, devote the following pages to a more particular account of the relations of Russia and Roumania. Roumania has no especial claims on our sympathy. She chose to wage war against the Porte without the slightest provocation, and to cast in her lot with Russia, when she ought rather to have opposed the violation of her own territory and privileges. She has, therefore, incurred the fate of the lesser animals in the fable who went hunting with the king of beasts. Nevertheless, the existence and independence of Roumania are of European interest. They are based upon the faith of treaties to which we are all parties. They affect the security of the navigation of the Danube. And no part of the Treaty of San Stefano excited more indignation in this country than the black ingratitude and perfidy with which Russia violated her engagements to the gallant little ally, who had flown to her assistance in the hour of need, and attempted to rob him of the territory an-

nexed to Moldavia by the Treaty of Paris. It seems probable that this design may be slightly modified, though not averted; but the treatment of Roumania by Russia will leave a moral blot on the character of the Czar and his ministers, far more injurious to his fame than the acquisition of a morsel of territory can be beneficial. On these grounds we think it worth while to devote an article to the subject, which embraces the earlier and the later history of these provinces.

The great race of Slavs is divided into two parts, the northern and the southern. The first forms a compact mass by race and religion, with the sole exception of the Poles; the second is not homogeneous, it consists of the Catholic Tchechs, Croats, Dalmatians, and Southern Slavonians in Carinthia, and of the orthodox Servians, Bulgarians, Bosnians, and Montenegrins. These two branches are geographically separated from each other by three different nationalities—the Germans of Austro-Hungary, the Magyars, and the Roumanians. Leaving aside the Germans and Magyars, we find that Roumania has a particularly important position, as it forms the main wedge between Russia and the kindred Bulgarians, stretching along the lower Danube and its mouths, inhabited by a population belonging to the Orthodox Church, but of an entirely different nationality; of the five millions 4,293,000 are Roumanians, 400,000 Jews, and 200,000 gipsies.

The two Principalities Moldavia and Wallachia, now comprised under the name of Roumania, were overrun, but not annexed, by Turkish conquest. They became vassal States. Bajazid I. concluded a convention called a capitulation in 1391, with the Wallachian Voivod Mircea I., which was revised in 1460, and the Voivod received investiture in Constantinople and paid an annual tribute of 10,000 ducats. Moldavia maintained its independence until the reign of Soliman the Magnificent, when it was compelled to submit to a similar capitulation, preserving its administrative autonomy, with the additional clause, that no Mussulman should be allowed to settle on its soil. Since 1688 these capitulations were systematically violated by the Turks, and in 1711 Peter the Great concluded a treaty with the Prince of Moldavia, by which that country placed itself under Russian protection. Prince Demetrius Kantemir, the boyars, and the people promised 'to swear fidelity to the Czar and to join him in his war against the Turks,' while Peter promised to Prince Kantemir the absolute and hereditary dominion of Moldavia under Russia's protectorate. But after his defeat on the Pruth (July 10 and 11, 1711) he was obliged to evacuate the country and to

abandon it to the vengeance of the Turks. Kantemir fled to Russia, where he died as a pensioner of the Czar, and the boyars, who had confided in their protector, expiated their rashness on the scaffold. The Wallachian Prince Constantin Brankovan had been more prudent; he had, indeed, concluded a similar convention with Peter, but had kept it secret, and hastened to break it after the defeat of the Czar. He considered henceforth Russia as an unsafe ally, and tried to secure the support of Austria—a policy which was not more fortunate, as, in consequence of it, the Sultan caused him to be beheaded in 1714 with his four sons at Constantinople.

In order to prevent the recurrence of these complications the Porte resolved not to admit any more indigenous boyars as hospodars, but to appoint Phanariote Greeks, who, indeed, ruled from 1716 to 1853. On their accession to office they had to pay 500,000 Löwenthalers (about 60,000*l.*), the hospodars, of course, like the pashas of to-day, indemnifying themselves by extorting as great an amount as possible by taxes from the people. Hence the population again turned their eyes to Russia, whose successes under Field-Marshal Münnich had roused the Christian subjects of the Porte. When in 1769 the Russian generals Prince Galitzin and Baron Elrupt entered Jassy and published in the name of the Empress Catherine a manifesto, announcing the deliverance of the country from the Ottoman yoke and introducing Russian administration, they were enthusiastically received; and so was Colonel Karasin in Bucharest. General Stoffelle took possession in the name of the Empress of both Principalities, and a deputation of the nobility and the clergy went to St. Petersburg to do homage to their new sovereign, who received them well, and bade her new subjects to prove worthy of her imperial protection.

The peace of Kuájuk-Kainardji did not, however, ratify this anticipated annexation; the country, ruined by five years' warfare, was again abandoned by its liberators to the extortions of greedy Phanariotes; a remission of taxes for two years was the only stipulation obtained in favour of the Principalities. But the great political difference from the former state was that, by Art. XVI. Ad. 10, the Porte consented that, according to circumstances, the Russian Ministers at Constantinople might speak in their favour, and promised to listen to such representations as coming from a friendly and respected power.

This was the germ of the Russian protectorate, which proved so important for the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, but the reverse of a benefit for the country itself. The war which Catherine undertook with Joseph II. in 1787 brought

new calamities on the Principalities, and the peace of Jassy (1792) simply confirmed the stipulations of 1774. Much more eventful was the next Russian occupation, which lasted from 1806 to 1812. In consequence of the French occupation of Malta and the expedition to Egypt, the Grand-Master of the Maltese Order, the Emperor Paul, had become the ally of the Porte, and prevailed upon her to conclude a new convention respecting the Principalities (1802), by which it was stipulated that the hospodars should remain for seven years in office, if they were not found guilty of an open offence; in the latter case the Porte would inform the Russian Minister of it, the two powers would jointly examine the case, and if the offence was acknowledged by both, the offender would be recalled. Of course none but the friends of Russia could become hospodars, and the Russian Minister at Constantinople still pressed the Porte to admit 'une intervention plus intime, même dans le régime intérieur tant civil qu'ecclésiastique des principautés.' The Porte, however, not only refused to do so, but was ill advised enough to yield to the influence of Napoleon, who wanted to embroil her with Russia,* and, on the advice of Sébastiani, deposed the hospodars Ypsilanti and Morusi, in violation of the convention of 1802, without consulting Russia. The Emperor Alexander immediately ordered General Michelson to enter the Principalities with 50,000 men, and Napoleon rubbed his hands, having to this amount weakened the Russian army he was to encounter at Friedland, and awakened the jealousy of Austria by Russia's advance to the Danube. At Tilsit, however, having become the friend of Alexander, he did not scruple to enter with the Czar into a secret arrangement for the partition of the Ottoman Empire, if the Porte did not accept French mediation; but the Porte accepted it, and in this event the evacuation of the Principalities had been stipulated. General Guilleminot, whom Napoleon had sent to negotiate an armistice, summoned the Russians to retire within thirty-five days. General von Meyendorf began to do so, but was recalled in disgrace, and his successor Marshal Proserowsky re-occupied the country. Fresh negotiations about the partition of Turkey between the two Emperors led to no result; at Erfurt Napoleon abandoned the Principalities to Russia, Alexander preferring a certain gain to high-flying expectations; and, in consequence, he in-

* 'Ordre fut donné au général Sebastiani de ne rien négliger pour allumer une conflagration qui s'étendît des Dardanelles aux bouches du Danube,' says Thiers, 'Consulat et Empire,' xxvi., Nov. 1806.

corporated, by an Imperial ukase, Bessarabia, Moldavia, and Wallachia into the empire.* But Napoleon had been as usual in bad faith; he knew that Austria could never permit the dominion of Russia over the Danube, and, indeed, Count Merveldt, the Austrian Minister at St. Petersburg, declared that, if the Principalities were to be the price of the new understanding, Russia might prepare to annihilate the last Austrian before obtaining the acquiescence of the Court of Vienna. Nor was this an empty menace, for, as Sir Robert Adair truly observes (ii. p. 36), 'Russia must, as a military measure, evacuate Moldavia and Walachia *whenever Austria comes forward*;' and Napoleon declared with cynical frankness to Count Metternich, then Austrian ambassador at Paris, 'Savez-vous pourquoi j'ai reconnu la possession de la Moldavie et de la Valachie par la Russie? C'est pour jeter une pomme de discorde entre vous.'† He even asked Metternich whether Austria would risk a war to prevent Russia's acquisition of these provinces? The ambassador pleaded the exhaustion of his State, but said he was sure to rescue even without war the rich prey which France had so injudiciously left to Russia; and, indeed, so effectually did Austria oppose Russia's plans, that Alexander, preparing for a decisive struggle with Napoleon, was obliged to abandon the Principalities and to be satisfied with the cession of Bessarabia stipulated by the peace of Bucharest, 1812.‡ If Russia thus missed her aim, it was the more to be regretted that Napoleon had not listened to Talleyrand's statesmanlike advice, who recommended to him to give the Principalities to Austria. After the capitulation of Mack at Ulm, Talleyrand sent the Emperor a memorandum, in which he argued that it would be against the interest of France to weaken Austria too much; having lost her Italian possessions, she ought to receive a compensation in the valley of the Danube; the possession of the Principalities would make her a rival of Russia in the East, and force her to look to the French alliance, whilst Turkey, by the small sacrifice of two provinces, which scarcely still belonged to her, would obtain a solid barrier against further Russian encroachments. The execution of this plan was at that time perfectly feasible, and would have changed the

* Adair, 'Mission to the Dardanelles,' vol. ii. p. 45.

† Martens, 'Recueil des Traités conclus par la Russie,' tom. iii. p. 75.

‡ It is to be observed that Lord Stratford, at that time Mr. Stratford Canning, took part in the negotiation of that treaty, which enabled the Czar to withdraw from the South the forces commanded by Admiral Tchitchagow, and thus to convert the discomfiture of Napoleon's 'Grand Army' into absolute ruin.

whole course of the Eastern Question ; but Napoleon's restless ambition rejected the proposal, and the consequence was that at his fall France was absolutely without influence in the East.

Admiral Tchitchagow, who had negotiated the peace of Bucharest, recommended to the first governor of Bessarabia, Stourdza, 'to lay the foundations of a larger edifice, by 'adroitly drawing the attention of the neighbouring populations to this province, which was to be administered liberally 'and paternally, and thus inspiring the Moldavians and Servians 'with the conviction that their national aspirations would find 'satisfaction under the protection of Russia.' It was a difficult task which the Admiral pressed upon his friend, for during the long occupation the Russians had succeeded in making themselves thoroughly detested in the Principalities. The country had been organised *à la Russe*, a president and two vice-presidents being placed at the head of the administration, surrounded by a numerous staff of functionaries, who rivalled with the military commanders in draining the resources of the population to the dregs. 'Je leur laisserai leurs yeux pour 'pleurer,' said brutally General Kutusoff in rebuffing the complaints of the unfortunate inhabitants ; and so scandalous were the proceedings of the Russians, that the Emperor sent Tchitchagow on a special mission in order to reconcile the people ; but, although the Admiral did his work well and reduced the taxes by two-thirds, the Moldavians and Wallachians were thankful enough when they saw the last Russian depart. Tchitchagow's hopes for the foundation of a larger edifice were not fulfilled ; the less so as the Russians only endeavoured to Russianise the newly-acquired province of Bessarabia. During the following years a national sentiment had begun to dawn, fostered by the Roumanians of Transylvania ; and the leaders of these aspirations, Majorescu and Wladmirescu, preferred the feeble Turkish *suzeraineté* to the crushing Russian *régime*. When, therefore, in May 1828, the Russian armies again entered Jassy and Bucharest, they were coldly received, and the exactions and requisitions of the liberating armies did not increase the sympathies for them. The treaty of Adrianople procured some important concessions for the Principalities, which, however, were greatly curtailed by Russia. The hospodars were to be boyars, and to be elected for life by an assembly of notables ; the internal administration was declared independent and the tribute fixed ; but the great drawback was the co-protectorate of Russia ('la Russie ayant 'garanti leur prospérité,' said Art. 5 of the convention of Akerman), which, as the Roumanians full well knew, signified

the dominion of the Russian functionaries, named consuls, but rather proconsuls in the Roman sense. The country remained occupied for five years, during which the famous 'Règlement Organique' was elaborated by a committee, the spirit of which is sufficiently characterised by the preamble of the protocol of the first sitting:—'His Majesty the Emperor, 'having deigned to command that a special committee of Moldavian and Wallachian boyars should join, under the presidency of the Councillor of State Minciaky, in order to 'prepare the organic ameliorations which the present state of 'the two Principalities requires, and that this committee should 'be divided in two sections, the Moldavian and the Wallachian, 'each of which will be presided over by the said Councillor of State, duly instructed respecting these ameliorations, we have 'begun our sittings, and shall submit the result by chapters to 'his Excellency for revisal, and shall proceed in this way till 'the reforms are settled.' This gave a clear foretaste how the 'independent national administration' which was promised by Art. V. of the peace of Adrianople would be realised. Moreover, the 'Règlement Organique' was not a constitution or a public charter; it was, on the contrary, never published, but only given in writing to the hospodars; and the Roumanian language being understood neither in St. Petersburg nor in Constantinople, a French translation was made by the boyar George Asaky, a reproduction of which was published surreptitiously at New York, without which the world would never have known the contents of the 'Règlement.'

The five years of Russian occupation were comparatively happy for the Principalities. General Kisseleff, to whom the administration was entrusted, was a man of integrity and intelligence. He earnestly endeavoured to win the sympathies of the population, and although his instructions obliged him to keep down every symptom of independence, he succeeded in considerably ameliorating the condition of the country. But a decided change for the worse took place when at last the evacuation was effected, in consequence of the convention of St. Petersburg (Jan. 17, 1834), by which the Porte promised to accept simply the 'Règlement Organique.' Russia obtained the right to watch its execution, and to prevent any measure contrary to its spirit. Thus Russia's *placet* was formally established for every measure of the hospodars, and besides it was enacted, contrary even to the 'Règlement,' that the first new hospodar of Wallachia should not be elected by the Notables, but named by the two protecting powers;—1st in Moldavia the Russian influence had been sufficient

to induce the electors to choose the Russian candidate, Michael Stourdza. The consequence was that, as soon as the two hospodars were installed, the Russian consuls—the consul-general at Bucharest and the consuls at Jassy and Galatz—behaved as the real governors of the country, controlling the administration according to their instructions from St. Petersburg and their own good pleasure; deciding, for instance, whether in the elementary schools the Cyrillic or the Latin alphabet was to be introduced. The people soon saw that every petition for reform must be backed by the consuls, and that their influence could be paralysed only by the leading men in St. Petersburg; the Porte, as co-protecting power, was also to be consulted, and therefore the Russian ambassador in Constantinople equally meddled with all affairs concerning the Principalities. It may be imagined what an amount of intrigue and corruption such a *régime* produced; the hospodars were obliged to submit to every humiliation and to become servile tools of Russia. The administration was peopled with Russian creatures, and even this was not sufficient for the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. The ‘*Règlement*’ stipulated that any change was to be accomplished only by the common consent of the hospodar and the Assembly of Notables. The abuses of the administration had become so glaring that even Russia’s candidate for Wallachia, Prince Ghika, tried to amend some paragraphs of the ‘*Règlement*,’ but Russia instantly interfered, requesting that the said stipulation should be completed by the provision ‘that no change could take place without the consent of the suzerain and the protecting power.’ When the Moldavian Assembly opposed this demand, as contrary to the independence promised by the Treaty of Adrianople, the Consul-General, Baron Buckmann, addressed to them an angry note (17th July, 1837), which severely scolded them for opposing the principles ‘qui ont servi de base et de règle et en vertu d’une sanction suprême,’ and said, ‘Une marche aussi irrégulière et aussi contraire au respect dû aux deux hautes cours engage le Prince de prendre immédiatement les mesures les plus convenables pour faire cesser toute discussion ultérieure à cet égard.’ Of course Prince Ghika, as well as the Assembly, were obliged to submit, but after this precedent it may be imagined what would be the autonomy of the future Bulgaria ‘sous la surveillance d’un Commissaire Russe et en présence d’un Commissaire Ottoman,’ as the Treaty of San Stefano had it; the apparent influence of the Porte would, as was the case in the Principalities, only serve as a screen for further encroachments and humiliations.

The hospodars, although appointed for life, never accomplished this term. Prince Ghika endeavoured to do something for the lower and middle classes; he was opposed by the boyars, fearing for their privileges, and backed by the Russian consul, who accused him in St. Petersburg of revolutionary tendencies; he was obliged to give way, and tried by a series of reactionary measures to win back the Conservative sympathies on the Neva; this estranged the national party, and a conspiracy against him in 1840 gave a pretext to Russia for sending General Duhamel to Bucharest, in order to examine the disturbances which had taken place, without even giving notice to the Porte. The delegate despatched by her played the part of a mere automaton, who had simply to acquiesce in the deposition of Ghika, preceded by a mere Russian puppet, George Bibesco.

Bibesco perceived, as Ghika had done, that the subservience to Russia which was required from him would make his position untenable, and began to emancipate himself from the influences which had raised him to the throne. He allowed the press a certain liberty, and favoured national aspirations, in spite of Russian menaces. The opposition against the Russian protectorate became thus the bond which united all patriots. When the revolutionary storms of 1848 swept over Europe, the national boyars of Moldavia, which had been most oppressed by the servile Michael Stourdza, drew up a petition, demanding the strict observance of the 'Règlement,' amelioration of the schools, new elections for the Assembly, and a national guard. Stourdza, according to the instructions received from St. Petersburg, answered by arresting the seventeen 'ringleaders,' who were brought in chains to Russia and exiled to Siberia; their fortunes were confiscated. In Wallachia Prince Bibesco tried to moderate the movement in taking the lead with the metropolitan, but retired to Austria when the infuriated people forced the Russian Consul-General Von Kotzebue to fly to Fokschani. A note of Count Nesselrode (August 1) now informed the Great Powers that Russia would not tolerate anarchy in the provinces placed under her protectorate. A joint occupation of the Porte and Russia took place, and the convention of Balta-Liman (March 1, 1849) crushed every hope of a constitutional government. The hospodars were again to be named by the Sultan according to a mode concerted by the two powers. The assemblies, 'having given occasion to deplorable conflicts and even to acts of open insubordination,' were replaced by *divans ad hoc*; the 'Règlement' was subjected to a revision to be submitted to the Porte and Russia. In order

to prevent the recurrence of insurrectionary movements the two powers engaged to maintain in the Principalities a force of 10,000 men each, and during the occupation a Turkish and a Russian Extraordinary Commissioner were charged to watch the course of affairs, and to offer their common advice to the hospodars. Although this occupation lasted only about two years, the population were now finally undeceived as to what they had to expect from their protectors and liberators.

Before proceeding to the next Russian occupation of the Principalities, which led to the Crimean war, we must throw a glance upon the dominion which Russia exercised over the lower Danube and its navigation. Art. 4 of the peace of Bucharest provided that, from the mouth of the Pruth into the Danube, the left bank of the latter river, down to Kilia, shall form the frontier; the commercial navigation remained free on both sides; Russian men-of-war could only proceed up to the mouth of the Pruth. The small islands of the Danube, from Ismail to Kilia, which previously were uninhabited, should henceforth belong to Russia nearest to the left bank, but neither of the two powers was to exercise rights of sovereignty over them. It was also forbidden to erect any fortifications upon them; they were to remain desert, and it was only allowed to the respective subjects to fish and to fell timber there. The two great islands opposite Ismail and Kilia were to remain desert for an hour's distance from the nearest left bank. These apparently innocent stipulations were modified by Art. 3 of the peace of Adrianople in the following manner:—The Pruth remains the frontier line down to its fall into the Danube; from that point the frontier follows the course of the Danube to the mouth of St. George, so that all the islands formed by the different branches of the river remain in the possession of Russia, whilst the right bank will continue to belong to the Ottoman Porte. It is, however, agreed that the right bank, from the point where the mouth of St. George branches off from the Sulina mouth, shall remain uninhabited, and that on the islands which remain in the possession of Russia it shall not be allowed to erect any settlements nor fortifications, quarantines excepted. Thus all the islands become Russian; the left bank cannot be controlled from the right in any way, as the Turks must keep aloof at a distance of two hours from the shore, whilst Russia alone is permitted to establish quarantines. This was even too much for Lord Aberdeen; in his famous 'acrimonious' despatch of October 31, 1829, he said: 'As regards the stipulations on the 'Danubian islands, it is clear that they must have the conse-

‘quence of placing the navigation and the commerce on the ‘Danube under the exclusive control of Russia.’ Count Nesselrode’s answer replied in the tone of self-conscious superiority (Jan. 30, 1830):—

‘Ad. 14. Respecting the stipulations on the Danubian Islands, the observation will suffice that, according to Art. 4 of the peace of Bucharest, they were to remain uninhabited and neutral. They served, nevertheless, as an abode to the criminals of both countries, whose secret relations with the right bank brought the plague into Russia in 1823. We now simply obtain the right to establish quarantines in these places, we *renounce* the right to erect fortifications and *permit* to the Ottoman flag of war free navigation on all the branches of the Danube. Measures of precaution against one of the most fearful disasters which may befall a country can neither justify protests nor fears.’

In like manner the Crimea was formerly, like these Danubian islands, Turkish; then it became quasi-independent, and after a while Russian. In a country where shortly before Russia had no rights at all, she renounces, magnanimously, the exercise of a right, and permits to Turkey the navigation on a river of which she had at no time both banks, and only from 1812 a small piece of territory on one bank.

The consequences of the Russian dominion over this great artery of Eastern trade became soon apparent. In 1830 the first Austrian steamer began to ply on the Danube, the rocks of Alt Moldava, which had rendered the navigation dangerous, were blasted, and thus the principal impediment to a continuous connexion of Germany with the Black Sea was removed; numerous British ships arrived at the mouth of the Sulina. In 1836 Russia established a quarantine in that place and decreed that the goods were not to be purified there, but to be brought to Odessa. The British merchants complained of this proceeding, and Lord Palmerston submitted the case to the Crown lawyers; it never, however, was known what they thought of it; perhaps they had learned from the Russian answer to Lord Aberdeen’s protest that measures of precaution could never justify protests. As to the quarantine fees, the ‘Economicist’ of December 21, 1853, published a communication of a British captain who had to pay, for his crew of nine persons, 820 piasters; but it was confidently asserted that certificates for avoiding the quarantine were delivered at the Russian Consulates in London and Liverpool for about 100*l*. Austria’s complaints were of no more avail; as long as the mouth of the Danube was Turkish the depth had been sixteen feet; it was reduced to eleven feet after it had become Russian, and even this draught of water was restricted to a narrow channel,

which could only be passed in fine weather and with good pilots. The Russian Government promised indeed to take efficacious measures, and once they really set a steam-dredging boat to work, which however fell out of repair after a few hours' working, and was sent back to Odessa.

At last, when Austria had consented to help to destroy the Emperor Nicholas's bugbear, the Anglo-French alliance, by the treaty of 1840 respecting Egypt and the Straits, Russia showed her gratitude by making serious concessions for the navigation of the Danube. According to the treaty of July 25, the navigation was henceforth to be entirely free (*sans entrave*), no tolls would be levied, the quarantine should be no impediment; Russia promised to cleanse as soon as possible the Sulina Channel, and to build a lighthouse; none but expressly mentioned moderate fees were to be levied. In consequence of these measures the commerce on the Danube rose rapidly. In 1835 it amounted to 31,195 cwts., of the value of 10,000 florins; in 1851, 7,165,267 cwts., of the value of 23,248,000 florins. At the mouth of the Sulina there arrived in 1830, 418 vessels; 1837, 1,300; 1852, 2,629. The imports of Brăila and Galatz amounted in 1847 to 16,258,199 florins; the exports to 25,475,814 florins. The imports from Austria and Germany in Persia, by way of the Danube, rose from 10,140,800 florins in 1843 to 16,623,804 florins in 1847. There was, however, in that treaty an ugly article, to the purport that Austrian vessels, as well as those of any other nation, *having the right to navigate in the Black Sea, and being at peace with Russia*, shall be allowed to enter freely into the navigable mouths of the Danube. It appears, then, that Russia pretended to have the right of allowing the navigation in the Black Sea, which she considered a *mare clausum*, just as formerly Count Romanzoff complained to Lord Leveson Gower (1807) on the destruction of the Danish fleet by the English, 'as the Emperor, his master, was one of the guarantees of the *'tranquillity of the Baltic, which was a mare clausum,'* a pretension against which England entered a formal protest. And Austria, in signing the treaty of 1840, acknowledged this monstrous pretension, in order to secure material advantages for her commerce. She had, however, reckoned without her host. The Governor of Odessa, Count Woronzoff, directed the attention of his government to the fact that, though the three mouths of the Danube were in Russia's power, the two ports of Bessarabia remained insignificant, whilst Galatz and Brăila were at the height of prosperity; Galatz, particularly, was becoming the great emporium for German and Austrian goods,

which thence were sent to the Levant and to Persia. The government took this hint. When the Austrian treaty expired it was not renewed, and the old complaints began anew. In 1853 freights from the Danubian ports to England were 3 florins per quarter dearer than from Odessa. This is the history of the Russian dominion over the mouths of the Danube, which was terminated by the Crimean war and the Peace of Paris.

Before the septennate of Balta-Liman had half expired, the Russians made for the seventh time their appearance in the Principalities, not, they said, to make war against the Sultan, but to take a material pledge that justice should be done to the Orthodox faith. The habitual assurances of Russian disinterestedness and inviolability of existing institutions were given by the manifesto of June 26th, and of course immediately violated. The day after having taken possession of Jassy and Bucharest (July 5), the Commander-in-Chief, Prince Gortchakoff, ordered the hospodars to suspend their relations with the Porte; and a few weeks afterwards they were set aside, and the administration of both provinces was handed over to Baron Andreas Budberg. Prince Gortchakoff summoned the higher functionaries, and delivered to them the following speech:—

‘Gentlemen, the administration of the country will remain in your hands; but from the present day you will be in everything under my commands. I recommend to you principally the Imperial army, for I shall not allow it to lack anything. As the mediator of its wishes, I have appointed M. de Kaltschinski. The country, as you all, is placed under the military government, and I request you to fulfil your duties in a manner that I shall not be obliged to have recourse to severity. No functionary will be allowed to meddle with politics, and everybody who entertains any relations with Turkey will be hanged within twenty-four hours. No exception will be made from the boyar to the lowest labourer. I have learnt that some boyars have applied to you for places, but I give warning to you that a man will be sooner hanged than obtain a place without my consent.’

The greater part of the Wallachian militia was embodied into the rank and file of the Russian army. The Russian paper-money was made a lawful tender. The Russians were coldly received by the population, who learned with scarcely concealed satisfaction the news of their defeats at Olteniza, Kalafat, Giurgevo, and Silistria. When, in 1854, Russia was obliged to evacuate the Principalities ‘for strategical reasons,’ Austria having decided upon occupying them, Baron Budberg invited the boyars to receive from him instructions for the ‘time of his absence;’ but his antechamber remained

nearly empty, the invited having nearly all become 'suddenly ill.' Some days afterwards they received a copy of the following letter of Count Nesselrode to Baron Budberg:—

'Mr. le Baron, His Majesty the Emperor desires that you should inform the Wallachs of the irritation felt by His Majesty at the singular attitude they, particularly the boyars, have taken towards the Russian troops, who have entered the Principalities in order to deliver them from the Ottoman yoke. His Majesty, indeed, cannot conceive that in the actual circumstances those who profess the same religion as the Orthodox Emperor should be subjects of any other but of a Christian Government. If the Wallachs do not understand this, because they are too much under the influence of Europe, addicted to false creeds, the Emperor can, notwithstanding, not renounce the mission which Heaven has confided to him as Chief of the Orthodox Christians, viz., *to take away for ever from the Ottoman dominion those who profess the true Christian religion, i.e., the Greek religion.* This idea has been the programme of the Emperor since the beginning of his glorious reign, and the moment has arrived when His Majesty will execute his project, conceived long ago, *whatever the impotent Governments of Europe addicted to false creeds may say.* We are with God and God is with us, and victory sides with us. His Majesty desires that you, Mr. le Baron, should severely warn the boyars and high functionaries of Wallachia on account of their disloyal conduct towards our troops. The time will come when those recalcitrant Wallachs, who have in the highest degree roused the discontent of His Majesty, will dearly pay their disloyalty. Be very severe, Mr. le Baron, towards these anarchical Wallachs: the more severe you are, the better it will be. Such is the will of His Majesty. Receive the assurance of my highest regards.'

This is a programme of Russian Eastern policy, which every diplomatist, having to do with this thorny question, should carry with him printed in large characters; it was not Russia's fault if it was not realised, but the Western Powers answered her policy of taking pledges by sending their fleets to Constantinople, and Austria by occupying the Principalities.

The Treaty of Paris opened a new era for the Principalities. England, France, and Austria had fully realised that the Russian protectorate, according to which intervention had not been the exception, but the rule, formed the lever for bullying or influencing the Porte. Even Prussia and the minor German States acknowledged, in spite of their Russian leanings, that the establishment of a settled condition in the countries of the lower Danube, and the freedom of its navigation, were required by the political interests of Germany, and formed a condition of the natural development of the national wealth (Resolution of the German Diet of July 24, 1854). The conditions of peace, therefore, which Austria presented in December 1855,

in her name, as well as in that of England and France, contained the following proposition:—‘Abolition of the Russian protectorate and right of intervention (*ingérence*) in the Principalities, which will obtain an independent internal administration under the suzerainty of the Porte; a rectification of the Bessarabian frontier, which will cut off Russia from the Danube.’ The great mistake had been to suppose that the Principalities owed either valuable rights or liberties to the Russian protectorate. Their immunities were perfectly defined in the capitulations; they had been violated by Turkey, and this had led to the intervention of Russia. But if the belligerent powers and Austria perfectly agreed on the necessity of preventing the recurrence of such intervention, they could not agree on the most important points of the future state of those provinces, and in consequence the decision was left to the future. The Porte and Austria were for maintaining the *status quo*, minus the protectorate. France and Sardinia pleaded for the union of the two Principalities under a foreign prince, subject to the suzerainty of the Porte. England was still undecided, and the Emperor Napoleon, anxious above all for having the peace signed, had not the patience to urge this point to a decision.

In the sitting of February 28 the Congress agreed that only the general principles of the political and administrative constitution should be laid down in the treaty, whilst a special commission of the contracting powers should elaborate the details.

In the sitting of March 8 (Protocol XI.) Count Walewski started the question of the union, as best answering the interests of the Principalities, and was supported by Lord Clarendon, who said that the union was the unanimous wish of the population. Count Cavour and Count Orloff were of the same opinion; the plenipotentiaries of Turkey and Austria strongly opposed the project; Ali Pasha observed that the Principalities had always formed two separate States, and that they were essentially different; he denied that the union was the wish of the population, and maintained that it had been got up by a few unruly individuals. Count Buol joined this opinion, and both declared that they could not enter into a discussion upon this question. It was dropped, therefore, and the decision left to the future, as diplomats generally do when they cannot agree. It is, however, interesting to appreciate the motives of the dissenting powers. France was for the union, because the Wallachian emigrants living in Paris had predisposed the Emperor for it; he reminded Lord Clarendon, in a confidential conversation, that the present Congress ought not to fall into

the error of the Congress of Vienna, of consulting only the interests of sovereigns, and neglecting those of subjects; besides, he hoped to use the union in his plans for the 'remaniement de la carte de l'Europe.' Sardinia defended it as representing the cause of suppressed nationalities. It is more difficult to account for the support which Russia gave to the proposal; either it was not meant in earnest, and put forward in order to vex the Porte and Austria, whilst Russia relied upon the impossibility of executing this plan, or it was given *bonâ fide* because it was believed that the union would ultimately be in favour of Russia, an opinion which Count Buol shared. As the future prince, pressed by conflicting factions, would become a mere tool of St. Petersburg, the Eastern Belgium would have the fate of the Crimea; the collective guarantee would be a feeble protection; England and France would not make another war to assert it, and the whole burden of doing so would fall upon Austria; he therefore opposed the union. Lord Clarendon had given a general support to it, but was not at all decided whether it was desirable. The Queen was very much in favour of it. 'Nothing,' she wrote to Lord Palmerston, March 6, 'will oppose a barrier to Russia and her intrigues but the arrangement, which will satisfy the people of the Principalities, viz. hereditary monarchy; the example of Egypt might be followed.' Lord Clarendon did not deny this advantage, but he observed that the union would be opposed to the principle of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and would lead to entire emancipation; the vices of the present system might be palliated, if not eradicated, under the new organisation, which the powers were to establish; any novel scheme might be one of trial. Then there was the difficulty of finding a suitable prince; if there were any one marked out by public opinion, it would be a different thing, but that was not the case. First, it would be hard to find a prince of standing who would submit to the Sultan's suzerainty; if a Catholic or a Protestant, he would have the priests and people against him, and must rely on Russian support; if a Greek, he would sympathise with Russia, and there would be another kingdom of Greece. For these reasons England opposed the union in the later negotiations.

The Treaty of Paris (Arts. 22-27), therefore, besides establishing the liberty of the Danube, which was placed under the control of an international commission, laid down the following stipulations:—The Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia (which therefore were considered as two territories independent of each other) will *continue* to enjoy, under the suzerainty

of the Porte and the guarantee of the contracting powers, the privileges and immunities which they possess, viz. by the capitulations of Bajazet I. and Mahmoud II. No exclusive protection will be exercised by one of the guaranteeing powers. They are to have an independent and national administration, full liberty of worship, legislation, commerce, and navigation. The existing laws and statutes will be revised by a commission of the contracting powers. The Sultan will summon a *divan ad hoc* composed of delegates of the different social classes, who will collect the wishes of the population for the future organisation, and submit them to the said commission; the final understanding with the suzerain power will be sanctioned by a convention concluded by the contracting parties, to be proclaimed by an imperial hatt; the organisation thus established will be placed under the collective guarantee of the contracting powers. There will be an armed national force, destined to maintain internal order and safety of the frontiers. No impediment shall be opposed (*'aucune entrave ne pourra être apportée'*) to the extraordinary defensive measures which, with the consent of the Porte, might be taken against any foreign aggression. If the internal order of the Principalities should be menaced, the Porte will concert with the other contracting powers the measures for maintaining or re-establishing the legal order; no armed intervention can take place without a previous agreement between these powers.

The *divans ad hoc* pronounced themselves nearly unanimously for the union under a foreign prince, and were strongly supported by France. A note of the *'Moniteur'* recalled that the French Government had recommended the union already at the Vienna Conferences of 1855. It hoped that the other powers would accept this solution, which would not only be *'un élément fécond de prospérité pour les populations,'* but would form a pledge of security for the suzerain power, and not contravene its rights. This view was strongly backed by a despatch of Count Cavour (September 4, 1856). He declared that the state of the Principalities made a strong government necessary, which could only be established by the union, that the people unanimously desired it, and that even the *'Règlement Organique'* had acknowledged it as desirable; that the union was further desirable as a bulwark against the ambitious policy of Austria, who, possessing already three millions of Roumanians in Transylvania and the Bukowine, aspired to the annexation of the Principalities—a plan which would be seconded by maintaining two feeble States; whilst Turkey had nothing to fear from the union of a country separated by the

Danube from the heterogeneous populations of Servia and Bulgaria. Russia and Prussia pronounced themselves equally in favour of the union; but the four were unable to conquer the objections of Turkey, Austria, and England at the conferences, which were held in Paris from May 22 to August 19, 1858. Lord Cowley acknowledged that the wishes of the population were for the union, but declared that, after having thoroughly examined the question, and having heard the objections of the suzerain power, his government had been led to the conclusion that the union did not answer the purpose which the Congress had in view.

The treaty of August 19, 1858, therefore, maintained the separation under the name of the 'United Principalities of Moldavia and Walachia.' The public powers were entrusted in each Principality to an indigenous hospodar elected for life, and an assembly. The tribute to be paid to the Porte was fixed for each Principality. Both continued to be represented diplomatically by the Porte. There was, however, to be a Supreme Court common to both, and a central commission, consisting of eight members for each Principality, which had to control the revision of the statutes and laws.

The assemblies once established baffled the imposed separation by a clever move, both electing, in February 1859, the same person, Alexander Couza, as hospodar, and after a long struggle the Porte, under reserve of the future, acknowledged the election, 'pour cette fois seulement,' but gave the investiture by two separate firmans. This condition was evidently of no avail; the unification of the Principalities went on, and in 1866 Couza was set aside by a palace revolution. Prince Charles of Hohenzollern was elected hereditary prince. Notwithstanding the watchfulness of Austrian spies, he succeeded in gaining the Roumanian frontier in disguise, with a Swiss passport, and was proclaimed Prince of Roumania. The Porte had again to submit (July 8), although she refused to recognise the name of Roumania. It is to be observed that Prince Gortchakoff actively seconded this change, although he subsequently denounced it as an infringement of the Treaty of Paris, when in 1870 he set aside the neutralisation of the Black Sea.

The aim of Prince Charles was, as he himself avowed on the declaration of independence (May 22, 1877), to break the ill-defined and weak bond which still attached Roumania to the Porte. An important step in this direction was made by the treaty of commerce with Austria, who, under Count Andrassy's lead, relinquished the traditional policy of upholding

the rights of the Porte, in order to obtain a better market for her industry. Roumania could, moreover, with some reason allege that the Principalities had formerly enjoyed the right of concluding commercial conventions,* and after many protests the Porte was again obliged to submit, the three Northern Powers having declared that the convention had no political character. During the troubles in Bosnia and Bulgaria and the war with Servia, Roumania observed a strict neutrality, and probably wished to maintain it, when the war with Russia drew near. But the appeals which the government, as well as the Porte, addressed to the powers for that purpose received only evasive answers. The rupture becoming imminent, Roumania had to consider her position. If, according to Art. 26 of the Treaty of Paris, the government combined its forces with those of the Porte in order to repel the foreign aggression, as the Porte requested them to do, the country would become the battle-field, and Turkey only offered thirty battalions for this purpose—a force which, united to the Roumanian army, was quite insufficient to stop the Russian invasion. If, on the other hand, Roumania only protested, and let matters go as they might, Russia would dispose at her pleasure of the resources of the country. So there remained only the third course, to make the best possible terms by concluding a convention with Russia. The Cabinet of St. Petersburg had already offered to do so in January by M. de Nelidoff, who was sent for this purpose to Bucharest; but the project he presented contained the ambiguous clause, that Russia would guarantee the integrity of Roumania ‘*pour le temps de la guerre,*’ and the government declined to accept it. But on the eve of the war Russia offered another convention, by which she engaged herself *without reserve to maintain* and to defend the political rights and the *territorial integrity* of the Roumanian State, such as they existed. On this condition the government signed the convention of April 16 for the passage of the Russian troops, in which it was equally agreed that the latter should not touch Bucharest, and would pay for everything.

Roumania was in a difficult position; but it was a doubtful proceeding that the government, after having concluded the convention, answered the request of the Porte to combine with her in the defence by the evasive declaration that a measure of such importance could not be taken without the consent of the Chambers. And scarcely had the government declared, in a

* A Prince of Moldavia had concluded in 1588 a treaty of commerce with Queen Elizabeth.

circular, that the convention in no way touched the actual relations with Turkey,* when independence was proclaimed. At first things went smoothly enough. Prince Charles was treated with the greatest courtesy by the Emperor and the Grand Dukes as their 'cousin,' and this undoubtedly raised his position in the eyes of his subjects, who remembered how formerly the Russian generals had behaved to the hospodars. The declaration of independence was, however, distasteful to Russia, as she was determined that Roumania should owe everything to her, and the overtures for co-operation were declined. It was otherwise after the first defeat of Plevna, when the Grand Duke Nicholas addressed the following remarkable telegram to Prince Charles:—

'Venez à notre secours. Passez le Danube où vous voulez, comme vous voulez, sous quelles conditions que vous voulez, mais venez à notre secours au plus vite. Les Turcs nous abîment, la cause chrétienne est perdue.'

And the chivalrous Hohenzollern came and saved the Russian army; he proved to the Emperor that it was useless to rush upon Osman's earthworks, which could only be taken by a regular siege. Totleben, who had been put aside, as a German unfit to serve the Slav cause,† was sent for and confirmed this opinion, and the Roumanians, who turned out much better soldiers than it was expected, did signal service in the siege. They did so without the Government having asked any equivalent, not even a confirmation of the guarantee for the integrity of the State, although already in June Prince Gortchakoff had touched the question of the retrocession of Bessarabia, and had offered in exchange a piece of Bulgaria stretching down to Varna, an offer which was positively declined. They little thought how they were to be rewarded for their help. On his way to Adrianople, General Ignatieff called at Bucharest, and now positively declared that the honour of the Emperor required the restitution of that part of Moldavia which had been torn from him by the Treaty of Paris; it was a question of

* 'Ces conventions n'ont d'autre caractère politique que celui de nous garantir le *statu quo* pendant la durée de la guerre. Il n'y est question ni d'indépendance ni de résiliation d'aucun de nos liens actuels avec la Turquie. Pas de coopération de notre armée avec l'armée russe; pas d'alliance contre la Turquie.' (Cogalceanu to the Roumanian agent in Vienna, April 29.)

† Totleben, at the beginning of the war, said with a smile, 'The young men will arrange the matter by themselves.' (Die jungen Leute wollen das unter sich abmachen.)

filial piety for him to destroy the badge of Russia's humiliation. Filial piety is undoubtedly an excellent thing, but it has as yet not taken rank among international arguments, and even accepting it as such, it is difficult to understand how it could be put forward, as it was not Nicholas but the present Emperor who ceded that part of Bessarabia in 1856. The Government indignantly protested and asked how such a request was to be reconciled with Russia's guarantee of the integrity of Roumania? Ignatieff replied, that the convention had been concluded in view of the neutrality of Roumania, and that it had ceased to exist since she had become a belligerent party—an argument worthy of Russian diplomacy, which comes to this, that you must respect a neutral, but may plunder a friend. Prince Charles, however, remained firm and positively refused to enter upon any exchange of territory; the menacing hints of the general, that in 1829 the opposing boyars had been transported to Siberia, fell flat. Roumania consequently fared badly at the Treaty of San Stefano. Colonel Arion, whom the government sent as a plenipotentiary to Adrianople, was not received, everything was settled without him. Art. 5 provides that the Porte acknowledges the independence of Roumania, but Russia does not acknowledge it, evidently because, if she did, it would be still more unjustifiable to dispose of Roumanian territory. Art. 5 further simply states that 'Roumania will present claims for indemnification;' neither Russia nor the Porte acknowledge these claims. Roumania is left to herself to make them good, and as she possesses no material pledges nor can make war for enforcing such claims, she is thrown upon the goodwill of Russia. The cession of the Bessarabian part of Moldavia is treated in Art. 19 as something to be merely settled between Russia and the Porte, and so is Art. 8, stipulating that Russia will maintain her military connexion with Bulgaria for two years through Roumania. The convention with the latter of April 16 declared expressly that the passage of the troops was restricted to the duration of the war; it therefore follows that Russia now considers Roumania as an object to be disposed of according to her pleasure, and that she has therefore deliberately withheld the acknowledgment of the independence. Upon the observation of the Roumanian agent in St. Petersburg, that it was with Roumania, not with Turkey, that Russia should concert for the passage of her army through the Principality, Prince Gortchakoff coolly answered, 'We did not choose to have anything more to do with you on account of your conduct; it is important you should know that we insist upon a free passage

‘through your country.’ He declared further, that the Russian decision on the question of Bessarabia was irrevocable, notwithstanding the clamour both at home and abroad. Russia would not bring this question before the Congress, because it would be an offence to the Emperor; that, if she could not succeed in making Roumania give in, she would take Bessarabia by force—an armed resistance would be fatal. It appears that the menace of disarming the Roumanian army, which the agent equally mentioned as coming from Gortchakoff, was first pronounced by a Russian general at Bucharest, upon which Prince Charles addressed a letter to the Czar, stating that it might be possible to crush not to disarm the Roumanian army, as long as he was at their head. The Emperor answered civilly that there had been no question of using force against Roumania, *that indeed he could not renounce the fruits of his victories*, but hoped a way for a satisfactory solution might be found at the Congress.

The spirited resistance of the government, backed unanimously by the Chambers, raised general sympathies first in the public, then in the Cabinets, just as the signal perfidy of Russia excited universal indignation. The Minister-President Bratiano went to Vienna and Berlin in order to win the support of Austria and Germany. He said that this was much more a question of water than of land; the shred of land which was asked was in itself not of much worth, but it was the key to her house which Roumania refused to give up, and which she defended for Austria and Germany equally, for the possession of Bessarabia would make again Russia master of the mouth of the Danube. From the mouth of the Pruth to Tultcha Russia would command the whole river, and would be able to shut it at her pleasure. It was true that, if the Dobrudscha was given to Roumania, she would acquire the dominion of the mouths of Sulina and St. George; but that was of no use, as Russia could stop the navigation before the bifurcation of the river, and would completely get possession of the northern mouth of Kilia, at present the least used, but in future, perhaps, the most important, because the least exposed to be barred by quicksands. Besides, the strategical position of Roumania would become untenable by this cession, for she could only maintain herself in possession of the Dobrudscha as long as Russia allowed it, the latter stretching down to the Danube and having Bulgaria in her power.

It does not appear that Bratiano’s arguments found much favour at Vienna and Berlin. The Austrian governmental papers maintained that Austria-Hungary had no great interest

in maintaining the liberty of the Danube; that, on the contrary, the monarchy had rather lost than gained by the opening of the mouth to large vessels. Formerly, before the Sulina bar was cleared away, Austrian manufacturers supplied Belgrade and Bucharest with goods which these cities now received from England. In 1873 the tonnage frequenting the Sulina was 549,720, of which 178,253 belonged to England; in 1876 the total amount was 748,363, of which England's share was 452,688; not only had England gained an enlarged supply of grain, but Manchester, Sheffield, and Birmingham had been enabled to conquer fresh markets, as was shown by the report of Captain Siborne, the British member of the International Danubian Commission.

Now, whilst fully admitting the paramount importance of the liberty of the Danube for England, this seems to us a very shallow argument, as has been conclusively proved by a memorandum of the Vienna Chamber of Commerce addressed to the Austrian Government. It observes that there has always existed an important traffic between the countries on the Danube and the East; it is not only the Servian and Roumanian markets, but principally those of the Black Sea and of Asia Minor, which are of the greatest importance for Austrian merchants, who were the principal agents of both the import and export trade of the Continent with the East. The future maintenance and developement of this trade would be impossible if the communications with the East did not remain free as they were before the outbreak of the war, and this liberty depends upon that of the Danubian navigation, which secures the unimpaired contact of Austro-Hungary with the emporiums of the trade in the Levant. The preliminaries of San Stefano, however, afforded Russia free scope to seize for herself the exclusive dominion over the territories in question, and to transfer to them those exclusive principles of fiscal and commercial policy which she has hitherto pursued in matters of international traffic, and thus to attack Austria's commercial relations in their most vital point. If Austro-Hungary is to maintain her position as a strong Danubian State, she should not shrink from the greatest sacrifices, if such should be necessary, in order to maintain the liberty of her communications with the East. We think these arguments are irrefutable, and what is true of Austria is equally true for Germany. Can it be possible that the strong united Empire should give the lie to the declaration put forward by the former Diet in 1854, 'that it is a general German interest to secure the liberty of the Danubian commerce'?

The war has given us a clear foretaste of what might become of the liberty of the Danube when Russia again becomes a border State of that river. She stopped the whole trade by sinking vessels loaded with stones; she destroyed the buildings belonging to the International Commission, and summarily turned out its members. When Austria and England complained of these proceedings, Prince Gortchakoff promised that Russia after the war would take care to re-establish the *status quo ante*; but the preliminaries left it to the Porte to re-establish the navigability of the Sulina and to indemnify those who had suffered by the interruption of the navigation. For both purposes the Porte is to hand over 500,000 francs of the money which the Danubian Commission owes to her. This sum is, however, quite insufficient for repairing the losses incurred, whilst Turkey in fact ceases to be a Danubian State, and therefore the stipulation of Art. xii., 'The rights and duties of the International Commission of the Lower Danube shall remain untouched,' is a mere phrase. Indeed, she now withdraws from the Commission, and cannot therefore be subject to the charges of it. Even now the state of things is intolerable. The Russians raise tolls, wherever they are established; they erect fortifications of twelve feet at Tultcha where the river can be easily barred; ships loaded with stones stand ready for sinking at Sulina; the storms have damaged the border works, and nobody mends them.

To sum up, Roumania would be an admirable bulwark against Russian encroachment, particularly if Bessarabia, which formed part of Moldavia till 1812, and, notwithstanding a violent Russification, is still inhabited by a majority of Roumanians, could be restored to her. But if this is out of the question for the Congress, she should be at least maintained in her actual condition. Her Government have not always been candid and wise in the late complications, but they have dearly expiated their faults and redeemed them by patriotic resistance to Russia's haughty demands. If Russia appropriates Bessarabia, Roumania will not only lose her natural seaboard and outlet of commerce, but as a crippled and weak State, harassed by Russian intrigues, she will have no choice but finally to submit to a Russian protectorate; she will be ground between the two millstones of Russia and Russian Bulgaria. Prince Charles would probably not submit to such a condition of vassalage; he would resign, and with his departure a new source of trouble would be opened. The liberty of the Danube, in short, would become what it has been before 1853; the commission of the border states will be largely modified;

till now Servia and Roumania had only a consultative vote, and their commissioners were to be validated by the Porte; now Russia and Bulgaria enter and the Porte goes out. The minor states, being in the hands of Russia can, therefore, out-vote Austria, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg, yet the cession of Bessarabia was expressly made, as Art. xx. of the Treaty of Paris has it, 'pour mieux assurer la liberté de la navigation du Danube.' It is said that Count Andrassy is inclined to propose another repartition of the votes and the neutralisation of the Lower Danube, which presently only exists at Orsova and the quarters of the European commission; but the war has sufficiently shown that this would offer no security, as the river was barred above and beneath the neutralised places. It appears by the last accounts that have reached us that the Congress has resolved to extend the territory conceded to Roumania on the right bank of the Danube as far as Silistria, to cause the demolition of the Danubian fortresses, and to take measures to secure the free navigation of the river. We trust these statements may be true; but they are all summed up in the word *independence* of the Danubian States. The two most important gains of the Crimean war were the neutralisation of the Black Sea and the cessation of the Russian protectorate and dominion in the Danubian countries. Russia has cancelled the neutralisation clause, and is now trying to do as much as regards the second point. When the Emperor maintains that it is a question of honour for him to wipe out what he considers a blot upon his escutcheon, we should answer that the treasures of blood and money which the Western Powers have spent in resisting the encroachments of his father shall not have been spent in vain, and all the Powers should remember that, in consenting to the spoliation of Roumania, they lay the ground for complications which must produce ever-recurring troubles.

To these limited, though momentous, questions of European policy the foregoing remarks are exclusively directed. At the last moment, we learn by the publication of the Treaty of defensive alliance between Great Britain and the Porte and the British occupation of the island of Cyprus, that Lord Beaconsfield's Asiatic policy has taken a far wider range, and has initiated measures of incalculable gravity, without the previous consent or knowledge of Parliament or the country. But we must reserve what we may have to say on this subject for a future number.

ART. VIII.—*The Gold Mines of Midian and the Ruined Midianite Cities; a Fortnight's Tour in North-Western Arabia.* By RICHARD F. BURTON, Membre de l'Institut Egyptien. London: 1878.

IT is not often that a man nurses a purpose in his heart for five-and-twenty years and then fulfils it; but this is what has fallen to Captain Burton's lot. In 1853 the secret of gold in Midian was confided to him by one Haji Wali, a genuine Tartar of the Kipchak tribe of the Khirgiz, who was his chance companion at the caravansery at Cairo, before he embarked on the expedition related in his 'Pilgrimage.' One day, it seems, this fortunate pilgrim, the discoverer of a new El Dorado, strolled into the Captain's room and showed him some auriferous sand which he had snatched up in North-Western Arabia while on his return from Mecca. 'I examined it,' says our author, 'with a Stanley lens, and distinctly saw minute dots of gold; whilst my complete confidence in the honour and honesty of the man forbade the suspicion that he had peppered the stuff by mixing up gold filings with it.' So there was the gold, and there was the man; and the reader may ask why the Captain and the Haji did not instantly proceed to the new 'diggings' in North-Western Arabia and both become millionaires on the spot? But here the reader makes this enquiry like an ignorant man. Before touching a grain of the gold it was necessary to baffle the Be lawin, who go as wild when they hear the word 'dahab' (gold) as any burglar in Houndsditch. These robbers, in the Haji's opinion, could only be put off the scent if he and the Captain were to disguise themselves in rags as pauper pilgrims, travel on foot to the spot, and there wash the gold. On that project the Haji threw cold water at once by remarking that when they had washed a few pounds of gold the Bedawin would be down upon them with their *auri sacra fames*, and cut the washers' throats. 'Why,' he said, 'could they not go as "Effendis," one a merchant and the other a doctor?' On which the Haji drily observed that they might go as 'Effendis,' but only with a regiment of foot at their backs. As Captain Burton declined to have his throat cut as a pauper digger, and as in those days he could not carry a regiment of foot at his back, the whole project fell to the ground, and nothing remained of it but the secret of gold in Midian, deep-seated in the memory of both.

Had the knowledge of these treasures, within easy reach of the long hand of the Khedive, rested with Haji Wali alone, it would

probably have passed away and died with him, like the secrets of many other gold-seekers. The Haji was getting old, and besides he had already, after his discovery in 1849, shown his double-handful of Midianitish sand to an assayer, who extracted gold from it. But, though he went to the highest authorities in Egypt, with a bit of gold half the size of a grain of wheat in his hand, he was met with the philosophic reply that Egypt did not want gold, and that her crops were her gold. When the Haji heard this *dictum* he ceased to think about his discovery; and up to last year no one had reaped anything by it but the poor *shisnaji*, or assayer, who got his death by it, for he rushed off in search of the lucky spot, and died in those diggings, probably, Captain Burton tells us, murdered by the Bedawin. But the resolute nature of the other possessor of the secret was not daunted either by early failures or the lapse of time. In Captain Burton's mind the gold in Midian grew and grew, like the fabulous hoard in Northern story, on which the mighty dragon brooded and slept. As soon, indeed, as he heard Haji Wali's story he called on the then British Consul in Cairo, and requested him to represent the matter to Abbas Pasha; but that official, whom the outspoken Captain does not scruple to brand as an 'obstructive,' contented himself by declaring that 'gold was becoming too common,' a sapient opinion which, though it may be entertained by consuls and other capitalists, is certainly not shared by ordinary men, producing much the same effect on their minds as when they read in the City articles of newspapers that 'money is a drug in the 'market.' With this rebuff the adventurous Burton was as much disgusted as when a Secretary of State refused to appoint him governor on the West Coast of Africa, and to assist him with a West Indian regiment that he might open up some most valuable diggings in that very salubrious portion of the globe. It is very provoking, of course, to enthusiastic explorers like Captain Burton to find consuls and Secretaries of State so tied and bound by official red tape; but it must be remembered that those public servants have a very wholesome fear of 'My 'Lords' of the Treasury before their eyes, which obliges them to sit down and count the cost of such magnificent undertakings, and to refuse them politely or otherwise if they consider that the game is not worth the lights under which it is played.

At last, as in the old times in Egypt there came a king, who made much of Joseph, so in these modern times, but not till a quarter of a century had passed, came a Viceroy or Khedive who had a soul above red tape, and whose financing has on

many occasions been so splendid as to make the hair of My Lords in Downing Street stand on end at his audacity. It is true that Haji Wali was now eighty years of age, and that Captain Burton's hair was grizzled with many wanderings over the face of the earth; but what of that? There in his inmost soul still glowed the secret of gold in Midian, and now in the Saturnian time of Ismail Pasha came the glorious opportunity of fulfilling his long-harboured purpose. To make a long story short, let us say that he came to Cairo, and disclosed his secret and his purpose to the authorities. The Khedive was eager both for fame and gold, and so much taken with Captain Burton's proposals that, on March 25, 1877, his Highness formally requested Captain Burton to lead an exploring party, or rather an expedition, to the place where the metallic sand had been gathered by the Haji. 'Refusal,' says our author, 'was out of the question.' A Government vessel was promised for Thursday the 29th, and was actually ready on Saturday the 31st. The Captain was now backed as powerfully as when the Haji dreamt of invading Midian as 'Effendis' with a regiment of foot, or as when Burton dared to ask a Secretary of State for half a West Indian regiment to work the Ashantee diggings. If this was not high finance, it was at any rate very magnificent both on the part of the Khedive and of the Captain.

But all this time where was Haji Wali, who was indispensable as a guide? When Captain Burton last saw him, he was a Persian subject trading in Cairo. Then he had placed himself under Russian protection, and became a broker at 'Zagazig.' Now do not let any reader dare to say that he knows where Zagazig is. No candidate for a competitive examination would know it, and why should he? In pity for his ignorance, which we must confess we shared with him till Captain Burton enlightened us, we will tell him. Zagazig is the capital of the Sharkiyyeh, one of the largest cotton districts in the Nile valley. It is the ancient Bubastis—is a junction for five lines of railway, with a population of 30,000 souls, and contains thirteen ginning factories. There, having attained the patriarchal age of eighty, Haji Wali was reposing with his three wives and four young children, little thinking of gold or Burton. But the eye of the indefatigable Captain was upon him. Mr. Clarke, the Director of Telegraphs, had ferreted him out, and almost before the old pilgrim knew where he was, Captain Burton swooped down on him from Cairo and carried him off by train to Suez to serve as his guide in the golden land. When they parted in 1854, the Haji was a man of about forty-five, with a large round head, a bull neck, and

sturdy limbs; his features, handsome; his face, beaming with benevolence. Now, at eighty, his figure had become stouter and the face more leonine. 'We embraced with effusion,' says the Captain. Though it was a wrench for the old fellow to leave his wives and babes, all difficulties were smoothed down by the assurance that his expenses were to be paid, and that his family were to be supported during his absence. It was characteristic of the man that he began by charging his donkey's hire for the day, 'a hint his ancient thrifty habits' had not deserted him.'

At Suez Captain Burton met M. Marie, a French civil engineer in the service of the Khedive, and several officers of engineers in the army of his Highness. The Governor of Suez was ordered to pay the adventurers every attention, and on the 31st these officers, together with the Captain and the Haji, attended by one Marius Isnard as cook and Antonin Rosse as scullion, taking with them many creature comforts, embarked on board his Highness's corvette 'Sinnar,' armed with Armstrong guns and carrying a crew of 120 men. Her captain, Ali Bey Shukri, is not only an excellent sailor, but a very good fellow, and, in a word, we may say that the Khedive had done his best to make the expedition as perfect as possible. The reader must bear in mind that the Peninsula of Sinai is bounded on either side by the Gulfs of Suez and Akabah, after which the Red Sea proper begins. Passing down the former gulf through the Straits of Jobal and the *infames scopulos* of the Island of Shadwan, where lie the bones of many a good ship, the 'Sinnar' made for Mowileh on the north-west coast of the Red Sea, and thus completed her run of 220 miles from Suez. The adventurers had reached the golden shores of Midian, and had now only to land and take seizin of its treasures. As the corvette steamed into the dangerous roadstead, the Governor was in agonies of terror, and when her gig was lowered to bring him on board, he thought the corvette had come to take his head at the very least. His joy was so great on hearing that all 'that was demanded of him was camels,' that it brought on an attack of cholera, from which, we are happy to add, he speedily recovered. 'In the name of the Prophet, camels!' was the cry of the adventurers; but camels were not to be had for three days or more, because all the Bedawin were at that season 'fauk'—that is to say, up the country. As the duration of the expedition was limited to a fortnight, this slice off of it of three days was serious, but Captain Burton spent it in requisitioning two 'sambuks,' or native craft, for the expedition northward along the coast. On April 3 M. Marie and Captain

Burton, two engineer officers, and ten soldiers, started in one of these boats for Aynúnah at the mouth of one those 'wadys' or valleys watered by streams which are met with all along the coast issuing from the barren mountains of North-Western Arabia, which recede from the coast fringed by an arid waste of sand, except where these streams fertilise it as they trickle to the sea. On April 4 they landed at Wady Aynúnah and spent four days, awaiting the camels, which were to meet them there under the care of Haji Wali, and inspecting the ruins.

On this, the oldest mining station seen by the expedition in Midian, Captain Burton dwells at some length, as it is typical of all the rest. That these and other remarkable mining ruins have hitherto passed unnoticed by travellers and pilgrims to Mecca, he ascribes to the fact that the Bedawin would rob and murder any straggler from the caravans who might turn aside up these 'wadys' to indulge his archæological tastes. In Aynúnah proper, that is on the site of the old town on the seashore, are found the remains of structures of hewn stone embedded in excellent mortar, and the ground is strewn with fragments of glass, iridescent in tint, like the old Roman. After traversing a distance of from two to five miles of foreshore, an old sea cliff is reached, broken at various places along the coast by *babs* or gates, through which the water of the stream flows. At Aynúnah the gate is about 200 metres wide, and has been evidently dammed or banked up in old times to form an upper lake for washing the golden sand and to supply an aqueduct which brought water to the town on the shore. What had been this upper lake is now overgrown with palms and other vegetation, and at three several places up the wady were found piles of ruins, which Captain Burton identifies as the abodes of the ancient miners, slaves of course, and the soldiers who guarded them. Still further up the valley lay the *afran*, or smelting furnaces, a double row of ovens in the shape of parallelograms of burnt tile, measuring a yard and a half by a yard. All over the place lay slag and scorix, specimens of which were carefully collected for laboratory analysis. While the Egyptian engineer officers made a plan of the place, Captain Burton and M. Marie dug into the *afran*. 'They yielded,' he says, 'no results, but the ground all about was scattered with bricks, in shape resembling the European, and with fire-bricks partially fused and vitrified.' Such is Aynúnah, 'the Fountain of Water,' and when you have seen it and its ruins, you have seen all the rest of the old mining remains in Midian. The first glance at it convinced Captain Burton that it was in vain to expect the wealth of nuggets which the ancient Greeks

described as varying between the size of an olive-stone and a walnut. Midian has been long rifled of her surface gold. She is still wealthy, according to our author, but to win her treasures machinery must take the place of the human arm.

On the 7th of April the caravan of camels and dromedaries straggled in under Shaykh Hasan Ibn Selim, of the Beni-Ukbal tribe. It is well known to readers of Captain Burton's works that no love is lost between him and the camel. To him the 'Ship of the Desert,' the so-called 'generous and patient' animal, is a peevish, ill-conditioned brute, cold and awkward when young, and when old vicious and vindictive. Our author has ridden them long, and never, except in one instance of a baby camel, could rise to any affection for them. But then camels are a necessity in North-Western Arabia, and like many other unsavoury and unpleasant things in life, have to be made the best of, just because they are a necessity. We are not naturalists enough to know the difference in temper between a camel and a dromedary; perhaps they may resemble each other in this respect just as an alligator is like a crocodile, and a solicitor an attorney; but we note that for Captain Burton the largest of the dromedaries, a good stepper, but a rough old beast, was set apart. Mr. Clarke, who also accompanied the expedition and came with the caravan, had got 'a cropper from his beast,' which only barked his head and arm. As for the old Haji, as he dismounted and waddled to the tents, he exclaimed to Captain Burton, 'Thou art resolved to be the death of me,' but he was soon restored to life and good humour by an abundance of bitter beer. In all the caravan required fifty camels, for each of which they paid twelve piastres a day, at the rate of from 18 to 20 piastres to the dollar. Hitherto that portion of the expedition under Captain Burton had been attended by the Huwaytat tribe; but as no Bedawin tribe will act in harmony or even travel together with another, the Beni Ukbal, who had brought the camels, were sent about their business, with backsheesh, a present of tobacco, and a letter of praise to the commandant of Mowileh. The Beni Huwaytat remained with the expedition.

After the discoveries made at Aynúnah there was no need of Haji Wali as a guide. The mineral wealth of Midian was to be found in every 'wady,' and Captain Burton was now his own guide. He first thought of marching with the whole caravan for Mugharat Shuayb, the station near which the old pilgrim found his golden sand; but M. Marie was strong for following up the Aynúnah Wady to the mountains to ascertain whence the quartz worked by the ancient miners was derived.

The Haji, therefore, with Marius, the cook, who, though good at his art, was anything but good in roughing it, and ten soldiers under a lieutenant, were left behind at Aynúnah, while Captain Burton started on April 9 for the mountains. A march of four hours brought them to the foot of the hill Zahd, 6,000 feet high, the gorges of which they explored, camping for the night at the Wady el Morek. On the second day the caravan took form and shape. Between 3 and 4 A.M. the scullion, Antonin, a very useless creature, was called up to make tea and coffee. After an hour or two spent in packing the camels the dromedaries came up, and a start was made for the next station. Breakfast prepared overnight was consumed at 11 o'clock, consisting of a long draught of *Laban*, or soured camel's milk, eked out with the mutton of the Huwaytat, better than the finest venison. During the heat of the day they rested, and in the afternoon collected specimens and explored the country. At sundown they dined and passed the evening and part of the night in chat with the Bedawin. In that pure desert air their slumbers were slight but very refreshing. On April 10 they took a line for the White Mountain on the south-east, skirting the Zahd mountain. In the course of the day they found pure chloride of lead and much quartz, and Mr. Clarke discovered an inscribed stone, which he carried off in triumph, but which yet remains to be deciphered, after puzzling the heads of four of the most learned philologists of Germany. We hope when that feat has been accomplished it may not turn out to be like that famous inscription in the 'Antiquary.' During the afternoon they ascended the White Mountain and erected a stone man on the top. On the descent M. Marie cried out that he had made a discovery in the shape of a vein, which they at once named '*le grand filon*.' It was from a yard and a half to two yards wide, and at a distance resembled porphyry, 'while much of it had a pavonine [i.e. "peacock"] lustre like the argentiferous galena of North America.' The great weight suggested one mass of metal, and part of it had evidently been worked. But, alas, if it had been 'worked' at all, this *grand filon* contained no gold. On the return of the expedition to Cairo it was assayed both by the wet and the dry process. But wet or dry no gold came out of it. It proved to be a highly composite formation of ten metals, the base being titaniferous iron in the proportion of 86.50 per cent.; but, so far from its being argentiferous galena, there was only a trace of silver, one in a thousand parts, in the whole mass. Still, as iron, in these iron times it would be worth something if it could be worked. On his return Captain Burton

to the Khedive an immediate start for the *grand filon*, with guncotton and dynamite and a body of engineers. Then they would blow up the vein in tons, and if they could only coax those brutes of camels to carry it down to the sea, they would bring it in triumph to Cairo and astonish the world by the mass of Midianitish metal. But just then the Turkish war broke out; the Khedive's engineers were wanted elsewhere, and he very wisely thought the *grand filon* might wait for a more prosperous position of affairs.

But on that glorious night of April 10, 1877, who thought of trouble or expense in Captain Burton's camp at the foot of the White Mountain? Had they not found one inscription and the *grand filon*? and when they had ceased to talk over the value of that vein, did they not receive a fillip in the shape of a midnight scare, when their Bedawin thought that the Beni Somethings, their hereditary enemies, were coming down to cut all their throats, and got out their swords and daggers to cut theirs in return? Fortunately the hostile tribe never came, and so they sheathed their swords and daggers, and were able to snatch a little rest after that alarm. On the morning of the 11th they took a last fond look at the *grand filon*—which we really think after it turned out such a cheat should be rechristened *le grand filon*—and turned westward towards the Red Sea. Mounted on his dromedary Captain Burton exulted in the freedom of the desert, in the brilliancy of the sky, and in the purity of the air. The sunrise was of surpassing wildness; the giant hills wore gorgeously-tinted gala robes, and the nostrils of the caravan were filled with the fragrant vegetation of the desert, 'small and dainty as that of Iceland, and filling the liberal air with its lavish odours.' If a man mounted on a Syrian dromedary did not feel himself like Rufus Choate, 'a child of freedom and a child of nature,' in such a scene as that, he would have been quite unworthy to accompany Captain Burton in his explorations. The next day they reached Wady Sharma, another ancient smelting place, after a march of 16 miles. Thence Mr. Clarke and some Bedawin were sent to bring up the Haji Wali and the rest of the caravan from Aynúnah while Captain Burton and M. Marie inspected the ruins of Wady Sharma, which they found to present much the same features as those of Aynúnah. The next day's march brought them to another wady, rejoicing in the name of Tiryam, and very like the others, except that it was now waterless, though there are abundant signs of water floods in the days of old. Soon after they had breakfasted the remainder of the caravan came up from

Aynúuah. Along with the rest Haji Wali rode with all the air and spirit of a middle-aged man. He 'nakh'd' his dromedary; that is, he made it kneel as he dismounted, and, according to Captain Burton, 'he carried his baggy galligaskins with 'a *jarret tendu*.' He was in excellent spirits, for he had heard of their 'good fortune,' and no longer feared to return with 'a black face' to his family. Beer, we believe, is not forbidden in the Koran, but if it is, the prohibition had no terrors for the old Haji; he drank beer at the rate of two bottles a day, and declared that it suited his constitution. Altogether he was so light-hearted that he talked of marrying a fourth wife. After his return to Zagazig we are told he was reticent both as to his beer and to his matrimonial intentions.

After inspecting the ruins at Wady Tiryam the caravan made for El Muwaylah, as Captain Burton calls Mowileh of the map, and found the corvette lying safe at anchor off the fort. They were received with 'all the effusion which their 'success deserved.' The officers of the corvette had done little in the way of collecting specimens; but a fine specimen of free gold in a water-rolled specimen of porphyritic greenstone had been found. According to local tradition it had been long lying about the fort. As it was, it was eagerly seized, and at present adorns the Museum of the Princesses in Cairo, the only specimen of gold which was found in that fortnight's expedition in the land of gold. On their return to the corvette the sailors gave them a 'Fantasia,' the broad humour of which completely threw into the shade the freaks of Neptune and crossing the line as displayed under the discipline of a British man-of-war. The chief actor was a clown from a circus in Alexandria, who had been condemned to serve in the navy for riotous behaviour. It was narrated on board the 'Sinnar' that the captain of the corvette once hanged him up by his heels for an hour without the least prejudice to his health or to his good humour.

Next morning they sailed in the corvette south on the discovery of a mine of turquoises, like those which led to the ruin of the unfortunate Major Macdonald, nicknamed 'the 'King of Sinai,' who, though beggared by the pursuit, actually did discover a perfect stone 'about the size of a hen's egg;' which we may remark, by the way, is nothing to one which may now be seen in the British Museum, and which was looted out of the Summer Palace at Pekin. Arriving at Burj Ziba, the Zibber of the charts, the corvette was moored in a dreadfully foul bay, and there the explorers landed

amongst heaps of Red Sea fish of all hues and shapes, so that Burton expected to behold the lovely maiden of the 'Arabian Nights' calling them to their duty. But, though the fish were beautiful, they could hear nothing about turquoise mines at Zibber, and so on April 15 the 'Sinnar' steamed out of that horrible harbour, and, passing El Muwaylah, anchored for the night in a snug cove on the western side of Senafir Island, which may be found on the map not far from the Straits of Tiran, at the mouth of the Gulf of Akabah, an inlet, as we have already said, which forms the western limit of the Peninsula of Sinai. Next day they steamed through the strait and entered the gulf so terrible to Arab ears. In their imaginations it fills the place of the Maelstrom in Norway and the Pentland Firth in Scotland. They were bound for Makna, at the mouth of the wady of that name, on which an ancient city was built, which Captain Burton identifies as the capital of Midian. There the corvette landed them, and then steamed off to safer quarters on the west of the gulf. At Makna they remained a day or two prospecting in the wady, which was evidently the seat of ancient mining works. Besides fancy specimens intended for the Khedive, the expedition carried away for analysis eight boxes of metaliferous quartz, greenstone, porphyry, basalt, syenite, and chloritic slate; besides fourteen water-bags of granite and other gravels. Add to these twelve baskets of sand for laboratory works, and the fact, attested by Captain Burton, that almost every stone broken contained spots or lines of mineral, and that even the 'hard black and porous basalt on the shore showed silvery streaks, which upon analysis proved 'to be free gold;'—add all these together, and if the reader does not believe, in the face of all this evidence, that Midian is the Land of Ophir, and that in it, if properly explored, the Khedive has the means, not only to relieve himself of his present difficulties, but to retain what must be a handsome balance for himself—why, then, he must be one of the most incredulous of men.

The 18th of April found the corvette steaming out of the Gulf of Akabah, proudly freighted with the spoil of ancient Midian. Sailing under a cloudless sky, or, if there were any clouds, clouds all *couleur de rose*, the adventurers wrote their reports and pounded their specimens, even borrowing the mercury from the captain's artificial horizon to form an amalgam for the golden dust. On Saturday, the 21st of April, they took leave of the 'Sinnar' and her gallant crew, landed at Suez, and sent off a telegram to the Viceroy announcing '*succès*

'complet' and demanding a special train, which was at once graciously granted them. When they reached Zagazig the Haji Wali, despite a drenching shower of rain—a phenomenon less frequent in Egypt than it has been this summer in London—rushed off to his wives and children after taking the shortest of leaves. Having arrived at his home, he was so bullied by his friends for having confided such a secret to the Franks, and so laughed at, for allowing them to monopolise all the profits, that he dashed up to Cairo and caused an 'infinity of trouble.' In strange contradiction to the valuable specimens which were added to the treasures of the Khedive, the old man distributed at Zagazig to his cronies 'as presents of great price, valueless bits of quartz.' Perhaps, too, the Haji felt that he had not filled so prominent a place in the expedition as he had expected. As for Captain Burton himself, having presented his report to the Khedive, he was received and thanked by his Highness, with a promise that a more 'serious' exploration of ancient Midian should be undertaken in the spring of the present year. On that second expedition Captain Burton embarked a month or two ago, just before the publication of the present volume. In its concluding pages he claims not only to have proved the existence of gold in the North Arabian peninsula, but to have discovered vast deposits of iron in manifold shapes, thus confirming the biblical accounts of the gold, silver, brass, iron, tin, and the lead taken by the Israelites from the Midianites, and adding to them zinc, antimony, and wolfram or tungsten. More than this: that sixteen days' tour showed that the ancient Midian, far from being the howling wilderness which it now presents, was of old well watered and wooded, with large cities and tall castles on the seaboard, which now are ruinous heaps. That area, of some three thousand square miles, which some 'thirty-one centuries ago could send into the field 135,000 horsemen, is abandoned to a few hundreds of a mongrel Egypto-Bedawin race, half peasants, half nomads, whose only objects in life are to plunder, maim, and murder one another.' To which last sentence we may say that we should not so much object were it not that, besides cutting their own throats, under which process they seem to thrive like laurels, the Bedawin of North-Western Arabia are equally accomplished in cutting the throats of all pilgrims, strangers, and travellers who may fall into their clutches.

This, no doubt, is a terrible state of things; but still, if throats are to be cut anywhere, we do not see why it should not be in North-Western Arabia. As a distinguished philan-

thropist once said, when he heard that a hundred thousand negroes had been swallowed up by an earthquake in Hayti: 'Well! if men are to be so swallowed up by earthquakes, I would rather that it happened in Hayti than in England.' No civilised man is bound to go to Midian, and if he goes there he carries his head in his hand. Captain Burton is evidently not of this opinion; he is full of his discovery of these sites of ancient civilisation, and he thinks that 'under the progressive and civilising rule of Egypt, which may now be said to have entered into the community of European nations, the Khedive has only to speak the word and Midian will awake from her long and deadly lethargy.' Such is the glorious future which an ardent enthusiast has constructed on the ruins of three or four old mining-establishments on a line of coast about eighteen geographical miles in extent. But it is not so evident that, even supposing gold to exist in the mountain ranges of that barren coast, it can be found in such abundance as to repay the cost of producing it. Iron, the expedition seems really to have discovered; but it cannot have escaped the observation of so old a traveller as Captain Burton that metals and other minerals exist in enormous quantities in many parts of the world, and yet are impossible to be worked on the score of expense. Let him remember the pure native copper on the shores of Lake Superior, the iron of Lapland, and even his own old favourites, the palagonite tuff and the virgin sulphur of Iceland, and he will readily conceive that the titaniferous iron of the *grand filon*, on the White Mountain in Midian, may be very abundant, and yet in such a position as to afford no profit to the worker. As to the proposal that the Khedive should undertake that onerous duty, we should be glad to learn what Mr. Rivers Wilson, his Highness's new Finance Minister, has to say to it. The Khedive has certainly brought Egypt into the 'community of European nations,' but hitherto only by incurring such enormous liabilities as to be unable to pay his way except under foreign tutelage. And now we take leave of a very amusing book, which, if it does not record the discovery of gold in Midian, we sincerely hope will cause a considerable amount of that metal to pass into the pockets of our veteran explorer. We anxiously await the confirmation of Captain Burton's discoveries as the result of the second 'serious' expedition; but in gold mining, above all other pursuits, it is well to remember the proverb 'All is not gold that glitters.'

ART. IX.—*A History of Greece from the Conquest by the Romans to the Close of the War of Independence.* By GEORGE FINLAY. Seven vols. 8vo. Republished by the Clarendon Press. Oxford: 1877.*

IN November 1823, two years after the outbreak of the Greek rebellion and four years before the battle of Navarino, the island of Cephalonia, which was then under British protection, was the gathering-place for a motley company of Philhellenes. There was Lord Byron, just arrived from Italy, helping the insurgents freely both with money and with counsel; there were officers from Germany, doctors from England, and financial agents from Greece eager to negotiate a loan on behalf of the new State. To them entered, after a six weeks' voyage from Venice to Zante, a young Scotchman—Scotch by extraction, though English by the accident of birth—who, in the course of his studies for the bar, had resided for some time at Göttingen, and there, while intending to read Roman Law, had been secretly and almost unconsciously falling in love with Greek liberty. The magnetic influence of Philhellenism was all over Europe in that year, in the class-rooms at Göttingen as well as in Lord Byron's *palazzo*; and this young law-student, though his favourite study seems to have been rather political economy than the classics, had felt it too, and, drawn by its subtle attraction, found himself one of that strangely assorted group in the island of Cephalonia. His name was George Finlay, and he was destined not to win fame or fortune in the Parliament House of Edinburgh, nor yet to distinguish himself by any dashing exploits in the War of Independence, but to make a contribution of lasting value to literature, as the cold, learned, slightly sarcastic historian of the Hellenic nation under foreign domination.

Sir Charles Napier, the future conqueror of Scinde, was then British Resident, in other words virtually governor, in Cephalonia. Individually he was friendly to the cause of Greek liberation; but certain proprieties had to be observed towards an allied and friendly government like that of the Sublime Porte. Moreover, there was over Napier a somewhat despotic Lord High Commissioner, Sir Thomas Maitland, otherwise called King Tom, who was very much disposed to insist that

* The last two volumes of the previous edition, containing the history of the Greek Revolution since 1821, were reviewed in vol. cxvii. (p. 570) of this Journal. We therefore confine our present remarks to the previous volumes.

these proprieties should not be violated, and who was by no means certain not to make his authority felt even by Lord Byron himself. So, as an offering to Nemesis, the German officers and young Finlay were ordered to quit the island in the same boat which had brought the Greek deputies, intent on the negotiation of their loan. A terrific storm arose just as the boat, in the thick November night, was leaving the port of Argostoli, the capital of Cephalonia. Fortunately the boatmen, who were timid sailors, put back to another Cephalonian creek for safety. When day dawned amidst torrents of rain, Finlay saw on the shore the figure of Napier mounted on horseback and muffled in a shaggy Suliote capote. He had passed the night in an agony of apprehension lest the boat sent off by his orders should have gone down in that terrible storm, as she certainly must have done had she held on her course for Zante. 'Now,' he shouted to them through the buffets of the tempest, 'you may bring back your boat to Argostoli, and I shall go to bed.' In a couple of days the wind abated, and Finlay, with his portmanteau, but without a servant, and with a very scanty knowledge of any of the languages spoken in the country, was landed on the shore of Greece.

The thirteen months which he spent in Greece from November 1823 to December 1824 were chiefly important by reason of two friendships which he formed. At Athens he met Frank Abney Hastings, to whom he became warmly attached, whose fortunes he followed in the War of Liberation, and who is almost the only one of the Philhellene leaders of whom he speaks in terms of unqualified praise. At Missolonghi, where he spent two months, he was in almost daily companionship with Lord Byron, who was then drilling his little band of Suliotes, endeavouring to reconcile the discordant factions of Mavrocordatos and Odysseus, and directing the repair of the fortifications of Missolonghi. Finlay quotes with a little inward chuckle the remark made by Mr. Parry in his 'Last Days of Lord Byron,' that the poet 'wasted too much of his time in conversation with Mr. Finlay and such light and frivolous persons.' From Finlay's history of this period it appears that already during the few months of Lord Byron's connexion with the cause of the Greeks he had suffered considerable disenchantment as to the character of the insurgent leaders, though he still admired the brave and independent spirit of the people. One chief urgently invited his lordship to Salamis. Another chief told him he would be of no use anywhere but in the island of Hydra. A third was sure that Greece would be ruined unless he remained at Missolonghi. A fourth, more

ken, was sure that Greece would be saved if Lord Byron would lend him a thousand pounds. The poet himself wrote to a friend: 'Of the Greeks I can't say much good hitherto, and I do not like to speak ill of them, though they do of each other.'

At what time the same feeling of disenchantment crept over Finlay himself it would be difficult to say. He sometimes writes as if he had shared it with Byron at the very outset of his own career; but when we look at the story of his life we feel that this can hardly have been so. Having sickened with fever, he left Greece in December 1824, passed the summer and winter of 1825 in Scotland, and resumed his training for the Scottish bar. An invitation, however, from his friend Hastings to go out with him to Greece in his steamer the '*Kartereia*' ('Perseverance') decided him finally to relinquish the legal profession and to devote his energies to the great work of assisting in the liberation of Greece. Surely he must have been still a Philhellene when he took this resolution, however the chagrins and disappointments of later life may have been read into the history of his youth when he surveyed it after an interval of nearly forty years.

As to Finlay's share in the dangers and glories of Captain Hastings's expedition to Greece he is modestly silent. When it was ended, and when Greece was recognised as an independent state, he resolved to settle in the country.

'I believed,' he says, 'that its many advantages would enable the Greeks to show the world that an unlimited command of uncultivated soil in the Old World is just as much an element of national prosperity as in the New World. I hoped to aid in putting Greece into the road that leads to a rapid increase of production, population, and material improvement. I purchased a landed estate in Attica when the Turks were allowed to sell their property, and when at last (after a long period of hope deferred) order seemed to be established under King Otho, I engaged in farming, and endeavoured to improve my property. I lost my money and my labour, but I learned how the system of tenths has produced a state of society, and habits of cultivation, against which one man can do nothing. I did not feel any disposition to farm tenths, and buy up agricultural produce by advances to the peasantry, which are the only means of carrying on farming operations with profit at any distance from the sea.'

In the year 1850, Finlay's name was brought somewhat prominently before the world, the high-handed proceedings of Lord Palmerston against Greece being partly founded upon a long-standing claim of our historian against the government at Athens. A portion of this land had been enclosed by King

Otho in his garden, and it was impossible to obtain redress for this injustice in the Greek courts of law. At the same time, M. Pacifico, an English subject, 'whose name was curiously in appropriate to the manner of his sole appearance in history,' set up a claim for compensation for injuries done to his property by a mob against which the police had failed to protect him. Eventually, after the appearance of some British ships of war in the Greek waters, the affair was settled by Mr. Finlay's receiving 1,200*l.* compensation and M. Pacifico about 5,300*l.* The whole affair would have sunk into oblivion but for the memorable 'Pacifico debate' on the policy of Lord Palmerston, in which Sir Robert Peel uttered his last words in Parliament.

From 1843 to 1861 Finlay was engaged in publishing the successive volumes of his 'History of the Greeks under Foreign Domination, and of the Greek Revolution.' From 1864 to 1870 he was the correspondent of the 'Times' at Athens, and at various periods, from 1842 onwards, he contributed articles to 'Blackwood's Magazine,' the 'Saturday Review,' and other periodicals. He does not appear to have visited England later than 1854. He died at Athens on the 26th of January, 1876, having just completed his seventy-sixth year.

The whole series of his historical works, which had been revised by him in 1863, and subsequently continued in manuscript to 1864, has now been republished by the delegates of the Clarendon Press, Oxford. The task of editing them has been entrusted to the Rev. H. F. Tozer, author of 'Resarches in the Highlands of Turkey,' and one of the very few men competent to correct even Finlay's statements with reference to the ethnography of the district between the Adriatic and the *Ægean*. The editor's work has been thoroughly well done, and the whole book is one of which English scholarship may be justly proud. We regret that the few illustrations and yet fewer maps which appeared in the original work have been entirely withdrawn from this edition. We would rather have seen the number of the latter greatly augmented. Few authors require from their reader more constant reference to a good map than Finlay; and just now a map illustrating the geographical distribution of Ottomans, Slavonians, Greeks, and Albanians, in the country which it is the fashion to call 'the Balkan Peninsula,' would have been as useful as the celebrated map annexed by General Ignatieff to the Treaty of San Stefano.

Finlay's own estimate of the future success of his works was

far too desponding. We quote a few more sentences from the autobiographical fragment from which we have already made some extracts:—

‘When I had wasted in farming as much money as I possessed, I turned my attention to study, and planned writing a true history of the Greek Revolution in such a way, as to exhibit the condition of the people. I wished to make it useful to those who come after us. It grew gradually into the history of Greece under foreign domination and the history of the Greek Revolution. I have hardly been more successful in my writings than in my farming. I fear I may say

‘“I am one the more

To baffled millions who have gone before.”

I am declining into the vale of years, and there is now nothing left for me but to walk along calmly and quietly. Declining health as well as age have deprived me of energy not less than activity, and I trifle away my hours in my library.’

But already this melancholy verdict upon the fruit of his literary labours has been reversed in his favour by the scholars of Germany as well as of England. Till Finlay wrote, it might fairly be objected to the historical students, at any rate of our own country, that they showed a strange inequality of interest in the fortunes of the Hellenic people at different epochs of their existence. ‘Of all Greek history,’ it might be said, ‘previous to the battle of Chæronæa, you are determined to know, if possible, more than the Greeks themselves. To throw a fresh light on the ethnic affinities of the Dolopes or the Leleges, has been considered occupation enough for a lifetime. Whole treatises have been written on the order of the Dionysiac festivals and the names of the Athenian months. The sixth-form boy at a public school has known more about the Peace of Antalcidas than about the Peace of Westphalia, about the expedition to Syracuse than about the American War of Independence. And yet, like fair-weather friends, you have been content to drop the acquaintance of this marvellous Hellenic nation as soon as their fortunes declined. You knew, indeed, just so much of later Grecian history as enabled you to follow with your fickle applause the conquering fortunes of Rome, but then the knowledge of the average English student came to an end. The inner life, and most of the external vicissitudes also of the Greek race, from Sulla’s sack of Athens to Byron’s landing at Missolonghi, have been a sealed book to most of you.’

From this reproach Finlay’s labours have rescued the scholarship of our country. Like a romantic wooer, he devotes him-

self to Hellas precisely when she becomes portionless. He asks himself, as each succeeding wave of conquest sweeps over Eastern Europe, 'How fared it with the Greeks under these 'new masters?' The effects upon them of the domination of Rome, of Constantinople, of the Crusaders, of the Venetians, of the Turks, are discussed with unwearied patience and industry, with the learning which is attainable by a man who has not the social attractions of a great capital to divert his attention, and with a bias towards the economic and juristic aspects of history, which is no doubt due to his early studies at Edinburgh and at Göttingen.

For more than a thousand years the stream of Finlay's narrative runs parallel to that of Gibbon, and strenuously as he himself would have deprecated any appearance of rivalry with the great historian, it is impossible not to compare them. The two works are not only unlike; they are almost complementary one to another. Gibbon's conception and arrangement of his history are essentially artistic. Finlay seems scarcely to apprehend that a good history is a work of art at all. Each one of Gibbon's chapters, as a rule, is complete in itself, and has an epic unity of subject. Finlay's chapters are often mere lengths cut out of his volume, and might be made twice as long or half as long without affecting the internal arrangement of the book. Gibbon's narrative, whenever he has to do with action, is concise, rapid, and spirited. There is life and colour in every page, and the reader, even when most provoked by the affectation of the style, still follows the author and wants to hear the end of his story. Finlay's historical narrative, we must admit, is too often heavy. He does not make his reader feel with sufficient vividness the personality of the actors, or the features of the landscape through which they are moving. Abstracts of campaigns are with him, as with so many others of his brethren of the craft, too often but an opiate. But on the other hand, in that far more important part of the historian's office, the enquiry into the internal condition of a people, their institutions, their social relations, and their domestic life, he is, we think, decidedly superior to Gibbon. We miss the element of human sympathy in the imperial panorama. Finlay, on the other hand, writes of the inner history of the Greek nations and of the nations by which its fate was moulded, out of the fulness both of knowledge and of interest. His studies in jurisprudence and political economy enable him to tread with firmer step than Gibbon through the obscurities of bygone systems of law and finance, and it is astonishing how even his cold unpicturesque style changes when he begins to describe

the details of daily life, for instance, of the sailors of Hydra or the mountaineers of Suli.

Again, Gibbon's often enigmatic brevity contrasts as sharply as possible with Finlay's anxious elaboration of his meaning. The latter often tells his reader the same thing three times over; but sometimes the former only half tells it to him, and of the two errors we must hold the last to be the greater. Finlay, we believe, always uses the original authorities at first hand. Gibbon obviously avails himself—it is true with wonderful instinct in the choice of his guides—of the labours of the great scholars of last century, of Tillemont, D'Herbelot. De Guignes, Ducange. Gibbon is always polished, Finlay is always thorough. The one wrote a chapter on the legislation of Justinian, which held its place for more than half a century as the best popular introduction to the study of Roman law; the other has thrown in as a mere appendix to his first volume a short treatise on the monetary system of imperial Rome, which is referred to as an authority by the experts in the coin-room of the British Museum. The art of history finds incomparably its best exponent in Gibbon; the science of history is, we venture to think, more worthily treated by Finlay.

The absence of this artistic element is most observable in the first volume, which is, as the editor remarks, rather a 'series of essays on subjects connected with the history of the Eastern Roman Empire at various periods,' than a continuous narrative. From an artistic point of view we think this manner of commencing the history is a mistake. Even at the risk of telling a twice-told tale, it would have been better to begin the story of Greece in her subjection by a few striking pictures of her fall. The last flicker of independence in the Achaian league, the lives of the patriot statesmen, Aratus and Philopœmen, Flamininus at the Isthmian games proclaiming the liberation of Greece amid the silence, the bewilderment, and then the enthusiastic shouts of the assembled multitude, the bold words of Lycortas to the Roman ambassadors, the sack of Corinth, and Mummius haggling over the freight of his cargo of statues—though these are old stories, we might well have heard them once again before tracing the sad and uneventful path along which Greece, led by imperious Rome, walked down into wretchedness.

This, however, is but an objection to the form of the work. There can be no doubt that the substance of the first volume is of the highest value, worthy, as we think, to rank with the social political disquisitions of Guizot and De Tocqueville. The author first shows us the Greek as he was when the Macedo-

nian conquests had made his language and his religion supreme in the East. Demoralised he was certainly by the enormous opportunities for the acquisition of wealth which were thus suddenly opened out before him, by the weakening of the bonds of public opinion, and by the decay of his ancestral faith. But at least it may be said that the Greek was not more demoralised by his two centuries of ascendancy than the Roman at the end of half that period, and that the corruption of Rome pervaded all classes from the highest to the lowest, while that of Greece left the middle and lower classes comparatively unpoluted. Perhaps, as our author contends, the repulsive pictures drawn by the Roman satirists of the 'Græculus Esuriens,' applied rather to the inhabitants of the Hellenised cities of Asia and Egypt than to the dwellers in Hellas proper. The latter were sufferers rather than gainers by the great triumphs of their race, which drew off all the best talent of the nation into the service of the Ptolemies and the Seleucidæ, while the great influx of wealth made it harder both for the smaller states politically, and for the smaller landowners socially, to maintain their old position. Continental Greece, side by side with these vast and sumptuous monarchies, was like a man of moderate fortune whose wife's relations have suddenly become millionnaires. All the old notions of what constitutes comfort and what is luxury quickly become obsolete, and he is lucky if he is not half ruined by the vain endeavours of his children and his servants to rival the magnificence of the kindred house.

Upon this state of things supervened the Roman conquest of Greece, which may be said roughly to have occupied a little more than a hundred years, from Flamininus to Sulla (B.C. 197-86). We think that Finlay scarcely does justice to the equitable and even friendly spirit in which the Romans first approached the land which they looked upon as

‘Mother of arts as once of arms.’

Mommsen, in his slashing way, says: * ‘It is only contemptible ‘disingenuousness or weakly sentimentality which can fail to ‘perceive that the Romans were entirely in earnest in the liberation of Greece; and the reason why the plan so nobly ‘projected resulted in so wretched a failure is to be sought ‘only in the complete moral and political disorganisation of ‘the Hellenic nation.’ But true as we believe this to be of the earlier transactions between the two countries, no one will

deny that, two or three generations later, Rome laid a heavy and a cruel hand on her Hellenic sister. Especially does this stigma rest on Sulla, whose spite against Athens seems to have in it something vulgar and personal, as if the Attic gibe, 'Sulla's face is a mulberry sprinkled with meal,' was the cause of his vengeance, rather than the alliance concluded with Rome's great enemy, Mithridates. The wounds which he and his Pontic antagonist between them inflicted on the unhappy country were deep and permanent. It is perhaps chiefly to this period that we must ascribe the devastations which called forth the well-known remark of Cicero's correspondent, Sulpicius, as to the desolate condition of Ægina, Megara, Corinth, and the Piræus.

When the world was conquered and Rome began to turn her sword against herself, the course of events was still disastrous for Greece, which was for a time, like Belgium, the cockpit of Europe. Pharsalia, Philippi, Actium, every piece in that great trilogy was played upon what was now virtually Hellenic soil or in Hellenic waters, and we need not enquire at whose expense the performance was put upon the stage.

Throughout these dissertations Finlay plays the part of *advocatus diaboli* against the Roman ruler. He shows us the darker side of the character of the patriot Brutus, insisting on his 48 per cent. from the men of the Cyprian Salamis. He brings before us Caius Antonius, for his rapacity in Macedonia banished to Cephallenia, yet there comporting himself as if the whole island were his slave plantation. He charges the Romans with having been the great squanderers of the capital of the ancient world. He points out how the hoards of the Syrian, Egyptian, and Pergamene dynasties vanished in their avaricious grasp, how they destroyed cities, vineyards, and oliveyards in Greece, and contributed, practically, nothing—a temple perhaps here, a hippodrome there, but nothing worthy of the revenues which they drew from the province, nothing which really replaced the ruin that they had caused. He is right probably as to the countries at the eastern end of the Mediterranean; but in Britain, Gaul, and Spain, the Romans present themselves under a totally different aspect, as the great road-makers, the great city builders, the great sowers and planters of the land. Here, at least, instead of squandering capital, they created it, and it may be said that the barbarian monarchies of mediæval Europe lived for centuries on the capital which Rome had bequeathed to them. But the fiscal administration of the Roman Empire deserved all the opprobrium with which Finlay

covers it. The taxgatherer paved the way for the usurer—who, as we have seen, thought 48 per cent. a reasonable rate to charge for his advances—and these two between them even more than the barbarian ruined the Empire. Finlay considers that Greece reached her lowest point of misery and depopulation about the time of Vespasian. That distinguished Philhellene, Hadrian, adorned the cities of Greece with temples, baths, and libraries, and enriched the country with baths and aqueducts. As he also remitted the accumulated arrears of taxation, his reign was the commencement of better times for the country. But, notwithstanding this improvement, our author emphatically traverses, on behalf of his clients, Gibbon's celebrated assertion that if a man were called on to fix the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would without hesitation name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to that of Commodus.

Three events of primary importance for the Eastern populations occurred in the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era. They were, the edict of Caracalla, A.D. 211–217, conferring the full right of citizenship on all free provincials, of whatever nationality, within the Roman Empire; the foundation of Constantinople, A.D. 330; and the protection and adoption of Christianity by the State, A.D. 313–380. The first of these changes probably improved the condition of the Hellenic people; but the true history of the edict, its causes and effects, has yet to be written, and Finlay evidently wavers in his estimate of the results which flowed from it. Constantinople, though it long struggled to preserve its Roman character, was bound to fall more and more under Greek influence as time rolled on, and was undoubtedly the chief fulcrum by which the whole Greek-speaking nationality raised itself from a position of dependence into one of privilege and ascendancy.

Christianity, eagerly embraced by the great mass of the Hellenes, had even a more powerful effect in raising them to the highest place in the Eastern Empire. The holy books of the new faith were written in the Greek tongue; Greek philosophy helped to mould the new theology; the controversies of the fourth century found their best, sometimes their only, expression in Greek terms; most of the great disputants in that age of world-wide polemic, Athanasius and Basil, the two Gregories, Chrysostom and Cyril, were Greeks in language and in feeling. From such an atmosphere, at once Hellenic and ecclesiastical, emerged that institution which has so mighty an influence even on the politics of our own day, the Orthodox

Greek Church. There is a peculiar significance in the names, Orthodox and Catholic, by which the two great churches of the East and of the West have ever loved to designate themselves. Of course each church is in its own esteem both Orthodox and Catholic; but the church which, from its seat in Rome, was to go forth and conquer a wider domain than the Cæsars governed, chose the title which pointed to vast territorial extension, while the church which identified itself so closely with the Hellenic nationality that, but for its almost accidental conquest of the Russian people, it would have been now limited to the shores of the *Ægean*, cherished the name, symbol of many a hot day of victorious word-splitting in many an angry council—Orthodoxy. Against the Arianism of Roman emperors like Constantius and Valens, against the Arianism of Teutonic invaders like Theodoric and Genseric, this spirit of Greek Orthodoxy, with perhaps unconscious patriotism, asserted itself. Unfortunately both for herself and the Empire, the Orthodox Church clung even too closely to the Greek nationality. She saw with too great equanimity the Armenian sundering himself from her communion on one side of the great christological controversy, and the Nestorian of Mesopotamia on the other. In Finlay's words, 'as soon as any question arose, the Greek clergy, from their alliance with the State and their possession of the ecclesiastical revenues of the Church, were sure of being orthodox, and the provincial clergy were in constant danger of being regarded as heterodox merely because they were not Greeks.' There can be no doubt that this narrow, national un-catholic spirit on the part of the Orthodox Church prepared the way for the Mohammedan invader in Egypt and Syria. On the other hand it created a sort of new and enlarged Greek nationality, founded on religion and extending from Trebizond to Dalmatia, and in the decay of the old Roman traditions it gave a new bond of cohesion to what was left of the Eastern Empire.

Side by side with the Orthodox Church subsisted for two hundred years the pale ghosts of her once mighty rivals, the schools of the philosophers. In reading Finlay's account of Athens in the sixth century, we feel that we are indeed looking for the last time on the face, faded, but not utterly changed, of classical antiquity. The Academy, the Lyceum, and the Porch were still open to students. The garden of Epicurus had perhaps ceased to attract its votaries.

'Athens was not then a rude provincial town. It was still a literary capital, frequented by the aristocratic portion of society in the Eastern

Empire, where Hellenic literature was cultivated, and the doctrines of Plato were taught; and it is not improbable that in elegance it rivalled Constantinople, however inferior it may have been in luxury.'

'At Athens the philosophers distinguished themselves by purity of morals; and the Christians would have been ashamed, in their presence, of the exhibition of tumult and simony which disgraced the ecclesiastical elections of Rome, Alexandria, and Constantinople. At the same time the spirit of Christianity had penetrated into heathenism, which had become virtuous and unobtrusive as well as mild and timid. The habits of Athenian society were soft and humane; the wealthy lived in palaces and purchased libraries. Many philosophers, like Proclus, enjoyed ample revenues, and perhaps, like him, received rich legacies. Ladies wore dresses of silk embroidered with gold. Both sexes delighted in boots of thick silk, ornamented with tassels of gold fringe. The luxurious drank wine of Rhodes, Cnidos, or Thasos, as we find attested by the inscribed handles of broken amphoræ still scattered in the fields around the modern city. . . . At last, in the year 529, Justinian confiscated all the funds devoted to philosophic instruction at Athens, closed the schools, and seized the endowments of the academy of Plato, which had maintained an uninterrupted succession of teachers for nearly 900 years.' (Vol. i. pp. 278, 285, 287.)

The Emperor Justinian, who closed the schools of the philosophers at Athens, was also, little as he imagined or intended it, a powerful agent in preparing the triumph of Islam, and so in transferring the whole of the primeval world of civilisation from the Hellenic to the Semitic intellect. His conquest of the Vandal kingdom in Africa destroyed what might have been a powerful barrier against Mohammedan invasion. His wasteful though brilliant reign exhausted the resources of the empire. His religious bigotry sowed disaffection in the plains of Syria and the mountains of Kurdistan, and, strange to say, one of his most statesmanlike projects—that of diverting the silk trade with China from its old course through Persia to a new route by Arabia and the Red Sea—failing in its immediate end, caused a stir and a throb of new life through the long slumbering Saracen race, which probably had some share in kindling the mystic enthusiasm of Mohammed. Six years after the death of Justinian was born, A.D. 571, the camel-driver, the son of Abdallah, whose successors were to rule over all and more than all the kingdoms which had formed the empire of Alexander. A lifetime passes, and we find ourselves spectators of that strange death-grapple between the religions of Jesus, of Zoroaster, and of Mohammed, which signalled the era of Heraclius. That great though unsymmetrical man conducted seven campaigns in the heart of Persia to a successful issue, and so accomplished what

Crassus, Valerian, and Julian had attempted in vain—the humiliation and virtual subjugation of the Partho-Persian monarchy. But he conquered not for himself. The very year of his first campaign was that memorable Hegira of Mohammed from which 190,000,000 of the human race still date as the beginning of their history. In 629 Heraclius visited Jerusalem in great pomp, and restored to its place the holy cross recovered from Persia, where, like the ark of Israel, it had been prisoner for many years in the hands of the idolaters. Only six years after this the Roman Augustus, flying before the ragged troops of Abu Obeidah Ebn Jerahh and Khaled the Sword of God, was quitting Syria in despair, taking the holy cross with him. He had had three years of war with the lately despised Saracens, war in which every battle had been a defeat, and every siege a surrender. His parting words, ‘Vale Syria et ultimum vale,’ ring like that cry, ‘Roll up the map of Europe,’ which the news of Austerlitz forced from the breaking heart of William Pitt.

It is said that a prophecy had been current for some time, towards the end of the sixth century, that a circumcised people would overturn the Roman Empire, that it was understood to refer to the Jews, and had quickened the pious zeal of Heraclius and his predecessor, Phocas, in the extermination or the baptism of the Hebrews. We, looking backward over the past, know that it was not from the race of Isaac, but from that of Ishmael, that ‘the destined destroyer would come.’ We also know—what our ancestors in the middle ages hardly appreciated—how vast an interspace, ethnologically speaking, separated the Turanian sons of Othman, who actually destroyed the Roman Empire, from the Semitic Saracens, who for so long time threatened it. We are apt, however, to foreshorten somewhat too boldly the distance of time which intervened between the first struggles of the Eastern Empire with Islam and the final consummation of those struggles in the fall of Constantinople. Heraclius uttered his ‘Farewell, a long farewell,’ to Syria in the year 637. Before the end of the seventh century, Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, Cyrene, Carthage, had all fallen into the hands of the Saracens. They rapidly lost all traces of Greek or Roman civilisation. But, as everyone knows, it was not till A.D. 1453 that the last Constantine fell before the second Mohammed, and Constantinople became Stamboul. Heraclius, therefore, occupies a position much short of halfway between the birth of Christ and the fall of the Eastern Empire.

In this interval, to which the second, third, and fourth

volumes of Finlay's history are devoted, is to be found some of his most valuable and original work; but we must not allow ourselves more than a glance at the chief results of his investigations. We cannot doubt that Byzantine history has suffered from being treated as part of the history of the Fall of the Roman Empire. From Constantine I. to Alexius V., for a period of nearly 900 years, an unbroken series of emperors reigned at Constantinople. The Fourth Crusade and the enthronement of a Latin emperor by the shores of the Bosphorus broke the spell; but the revived Greek Empire struggled on, it is true in a maimed and sickly condition, for 250 years longer. As human affairs go, on this planet, a state which has lasted 1,150 years must be admitted to have done something in the way of standing; in fact, the English monarchy, dating from Egbert, has not yet shown similar proofs of durability. As Finlay reminds us, the Byzantine Empire, threatened with speedy extinction by the Saracens in the eighth century, did in the event survive by a long interval all its most powerful rivals and contemporaries—the Caliphate of Bagdad, the kingdom of the Bulgarians, the empire of Charles the Great, the Caliphate of Cordova. Its standard coin, the golden *solidus* or *nomisma*, retained its weight and fineness unaltered for 900 years, and circulated far and wide through Europe and Asia, amid many semi-barbarous peoples, who all knew it as the 'Byzant.' By coupling together, as Finlay observes, 'events as far removed from one another in point of time as our own misfortunes in India at the Black Hole of Calcutta and the massacre of Cabul, the impression is conveyed that the Byzantine government was incapable, and the Byzantine army unwarlike and feeble.' But the truth is that during a considerable part of the Middle Ages the Byzantine government was the best and strongest in Europe, that its army was well equipped, well led, and, though certainly deficient in the fiery valour of the Norman and Saracen hosts, yet sufficiently brave to make it an efficient instrument in the hands of a capable general. For a long period the Eastern Empire was Europe's true safeguard against the attacks of Islam, and the baffled siege of Constantinople (A.D. 717–718) marks, in Finlay's opinion, far more truly than the over-vaunted repulse of the Saracens by Charles Martel, the true turn of the tide of Mohammedan invasion.

For the insufficient interest generally taken in Byzantine history we think Gibbon must be held partly accountable. A desire to terminate his great historical epic with a striking situation led him to prolong his work till the Ottoman con-

quest of Constantinople, and consequently to compress the whole interval between Heraclius and Alexius V. into one chapter. As he himself says, 'In a composition of some days, in a perusal of some hours, 600 years have rolled away.' But the result is, that he has furnished us with a mere string of Court anecdotes, leaving unattempted the task of investigating the true causes of the events which he briefly records. In the period thus cursorily treated of by Gibbon, Finlay discovers three main epochs. In the first (A.D. 716-867) the stalwart forms of the great iconoclast emperors stalk across the scene. They reinvigorate the armies, they replenish the exchequer, they control the Church. Leo III. is the hero of this period whom Finlay and his German competitor, Schlosser, have rediscovered for posterity.

At the commencement of the second period (A.D. 867-1057) Basil, the tall and handsome Slavonian groom, chamberlain, colleague, and assassin of the drunken debauchee, Michael III., founds a dynasty which endures for nearly two centuries, from the days of our Alfred to the days of Edward the Confessor. This period witnesses the final and fatal breach between the Pope of Rome and the Patriarch of Constantinople, between the Catholic and the Orthodox Churches. The uphill toil of their predecessors enables the monarchs of the Basilian line to walk along a level plateau of power, not without glory. Their disinterested hero is Basil II., the slayer of the Bulgarians (Bulgaroktonos). 'Basil's indomitable courage, terrific cruelty, indifference to art and literature, and religious superstition all combine to render him a true type of this empire and age.' The frontispiece to the *first* edition of Finlay's second volume is copied from a psalter of the tenth century, and represents this Basil Bulgaroktonos receiving a blessing from Heaven and homage from men. He stands erect, clad in the coat of mail under which, as historians tell us, he wore ever the sackcloth garment of a monk. Christ looks down upon him from above, one angel touches his crown, another the top of his spear, beneath his feet crawl eight men, the representatives of as many subdued nationalities, with various degrees of abjectness depicted on their countenances, and with skinny hands outstretched for mercy. On each side of the emperor runs the legend, written perpendicularly, *Βασίλειος, ἐν Χριστῷ πιστός, βασιλεὺς Ῥωμαίων ὁ νέος*, 'Basil the Younger, the believer in Christ, King of the Romans.'

The third period reaches from 1057 to 1204, and is occupied with the long decline of the empire under the feeble and foolish

rule of the Comneni. In the two somewhat flaccid sentences with which Gibbon prefaces the history of their dynasty he says that 'they upheld for a while the fate of the sinking empire.' But Finlay argues, and seems to prove, that but for the disastrous changes which the Comneni, following, it is true, the example of some of the later monarchs of the Basilian dynasty, introduced into the administration of the State, the empire need not have sunk. These changes caused the Armenian bulwarks of the empire to be overthrown, and laid the then flourishing regions of Asia Minor open to the invasion of the Seljouk Turks. Against the Seljouks, Alexius Comnenus, thirty years after our own battle of Hastings, implored the assistance of the Pope and of Latin Christianity. They came, that motley host of crusaders, full of virtues and of vices, of ignorant prejudices and of noble enthusiasms, which were all alien to the spirit of Byzantine statecraft, and all fatal to it alike by the good and the evil that was in them. True, they beat back the Seljouk Turks; true, they established a Kingdom of Jerusalem, which was a barrier of a certain kind against the assaults of Mohammedanism; but the real barrier of Europe against Asia, the Eastern Empire, the Crusaders destroyed, and, if we may say so, could not help destroying.

It is somewhat disheartening to compare the effect produced by a novelist and by a painstaking historian like Finlay, when they are engaged on the same material. Our author's portrait of Alexius Comnenus is carefully drawn, and is no doubt correct in every feature; but, unfortunately, the wily old Byzantine monarch does not *live* in these pages. Now turn to 'Count Robert of Paris,' confessedly one of the poorest of Sir Walter Scott's novels, written when the fatal cloud of paralysis was hovering over that wonderful brain, a novel full of inaccuracies, inconsistencies, must we even say puerilities? And yet the picture of Anna Comnena, the daughter of Alexius, reading her story of the siege of Laodicea in the bower of the Muses to her courtly old father, her pompous mother, her bored but handsome husband, the crafty Greek *secutor*, and the simple-hearted Varangian guardsman, is one which fixes itself for ever in the memory; while Finlay's Alexius fades like an ill-developed photograph.

After about a century of strained diplomatic relations between the emperors of the East and the successive hordes of Latin crusaders, came, A.D. 1204, the catastrophe and the scandal of the Fourth Crusade. Then did astonished Europe see the hosts which had been raised for the delivery of Jeru-

sale from the hands of the infidels, assaulting, pillaging, burning the capital of Eastern Christendom, and thereupon quietly sitting down to divide the Roman Empire, 'clarum et venerabile nomen,' three-eighths to the money-lenders of Venice, three-eighths to the rabble of Frank marquises and barons who led the crusading army, and one miserable quarter to the Latin Emperor of 'Romania'—to the count who, coming from the fogs and marshes of Flanders, donned the purple buskins of the Cæsars and planted his unstable throne by the banks of the swift-flowing Bosphorus.

We must confess that whenever we read the strange story of the Fourth Crusade our sympathies, revolting from the control of our judgment, will persist in attaching themselves to the side of the invaders. They seem more like schoolboys robbing an orchard than like grave statesmen and fierce warriors overturning an empire. The schoolmaster, Pope Innocent III., growls and threatens when he hears of their attacking Dalmatian Zara instead of taking his message to the Holy Land. But what matters it? They are out of the schoolmaster's reach, and very short of pocket-money, and so they repeat the offence, with infinite aggravations, in the siege and sack of Constantinople. And their impudence is crowned with success. The Pope withdraws the excommunication which he had hurled against the besiegers of Zara when he finds them masters of Constantinople; and the troop of 20,000 men wins imperishable renown by the capture of one of the strongest cities of the world, with a population of 500,000.

Yet, though the brisk audacity of the crusaders, the heroism of blind old Dandolo—one of the grandest figures of the Middle Ages—the piety of the Flemish emperor Baldwin, and the martial virtues of the Marquis of Montferrat, contrasted with the effete, emasculated character of the Byzantine monarchs and people, win our sympathies almost in spite of ourselves, we ought not to shut our eyes to the fact that the Latin conquest of Constantinople was a great blunder as well as a great crime. It was a link in the long chain of causation which brought the Ottoman across the Bosphorus to be as great a perplexity to us in his weakness as he was a terror to our ancestors in his strength. In all probability, if Dandolo's ships had been sunk to the bottom of the Golden Horn, if Baldwin of Flanders and Boniface of Montferrat had perished before the gate of Blachernæ, we should not at this moment be tormented with the perplexities of the Eastern Question.

Whatever be the results of the Congress at Berlin, it can hardly lead to such fantastic folly as was wrought by the

pious adventurers of Western Europe when they sat down in the inheritance of the Cæsars. There was a King of Thessalonica in the north and a Prince of Achaia in the south, a Duke of the Archipelago, a Count of Cephalonia, and a Duke of Athens, all doing homage to the Latin Emperor of Romania; and scattered about all over the coasts of the Ægean and Ionian Seas, like pepper from a pepper-caster, were the towns, islands, and harbours which made up the 'one quarter and one half of a quarter of the Roman Empire' allotted to the Republic of Venice. At a little later period the Genoese and the Catalans appeared upon the scene to claim their share of the plunder. In short, what the New World was to Cortez and Pizarro in the sixteenth century the old Hellenic world was to the crusading buccaneers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The story of these feudal principalities of the Latins, and of the equally short-lived petty sovereignties or despotats of the Greeks which existed side by side with them in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, is told with sufficient minuteness in the fourth volume of Finlay's history. It is not likely that the record of states so essentially fragile and unenduring will ever possess much interest except for the collectors of historical *bric-à-brac*. They may yet, however, furnish the novelist or the painter with a motive, in some combination of mediæval colour and costume which has not yet been worn threadbare; and it is possible that to the influence unconsciously exerted on his mind by these chevaleresque lords of the shrines of classical antiquity we are indebted for the Dukes of Athens and Princes of Tyre who figure so strangely in the pages of Shakespeare.

But their work, as we have said, was essentially selfish and unenduring. Into the stately old-world empire, into the impassible and changeless East, they brought, it is true, even as English engineers and French canal-makers are now bringing, the spirit of change, of audacity, and of adventure; but there the parallel ceases. The Frank now brings with him into the countries of the Levant at least a theoretical respect for law: he would admit, at least in theory, that government exists for the good of the governed. The crusading adventurer had no such principles as these among the postulates of his political philosophy. Loyal he might be to a person, but law he despised. Generous and humane to the weak he might be, though not always conspicuous for these virtues; but he was firmly convinced that between the knight and the mechanic there yawned a chasm which neither expediency nor duty could ever bridge across. Thus even the Byzantine Empire,

effete, over-taxed, misgoverned as it was, had in it a certain element of respect for the rights of the people, a degree of willingness to recognise all classes as equal in the eye of the law, which was utterly wanting in the feudal governments set up by the Villehardouins and the De la Roches, the Acciaiuoli and the Crispi, in the old Dorian and Ionian cities of Hellas.

Add to feudal pride the bitterness of Christian hate, and you will have reason enough why the crusading kingdoms should not endure. Was it possible for the Catholic baron to treat his Orthodox serf with anything else but insolence and scorn when that serf omitted the 'filioque' from the Creed of Nicæa? Was it possible for the Greek peasant not to chafe under the yoke of his Latin master when that master received unleavened bread at the altar from the hands of a priest with shaven chin? After the capture of Thessalonica, when the Archbishop Eustathius (the great Homeric commentator) was engaged with his clergy in celebrating divine service with that nasal intonation which other portions and later ages of the Christian Church have also supposed to be symptomatic of holiness, the Norman soldiers from Sicily mimicked the sacred office with a chorus which sounded like the whinings of a pack of beaten dogs. Nineteen years later, the pious soldiers of the Fourth Crusade violated the nuns in the convents of Constantinople, and shrieked with delight when one of the prostitutes who followed the army seated herself upon the patriarch's throne in the church of St. Sophia, and then danced her immodest dances and sang her filthy songs before the high altar of that stately temple. When such was the religious estrangement between the rulers and the ruled, it was not likely that the principalities founded by the Crusaders in Greece would endure. In fact they only ground somewhat smaller the crushed and melancholy fragments of the Greek nation, and prepared the way for the long-delayed advent of the Mohammedan conqueror.

The story of the last siege of Constantinople by Mohammed II., which terminated in its capture on May 29, 1453, is told with some animation by Finlay, but will hardly supersede Gibbon's spirited narrative of the same event. The main outlines, with which every historical student is familiar, are the same in both. The young Sultan at Adrianople working night and day at his plans for the siege, the last Palæologus with equal courage preparing himself to die in defence of the stately ruin which still called itself the Roman Empire, the skill and valour of the Genoese Marshal, Giustiniani (whose military reputation Finlay defends against the calumnies of the Greek historians), the transport of the Ottoman ships overland from the Bosphorus

to the Golden Horn, the assault at early dawn, at noon Mohammed riding through the streets of the conquered city, humming a distich from Firdousi on the instability of human greatness, the corpse of Constantine discovered under heaps of slain close to the gate of St. Romanos, the Mohammedan preacher standing in the pulpit under the dome of St. Sophia, and announcing that thenceforward that glorious Christian temple was set apart as a mosque for the worship of all true believers in Allah and the Prophet—these are some of the chief scenes in the central tragedy of the fifteenth century. They might have been repeated in our own.

The fifth volume of Finlay's history, 'Greece under Othoman and Venetian Domination,' is the shortest, and for a student of modern politics perhaps the most valuable, in the whole series. Having got the two great factors in the problem, the Greek and the Turk, face to face with one another, he sets to work to examine the political and social institutions which made each what he was, and which caused the former to remain for three centuries and a half the hopeless bondsman of the latter. In his sketch of Ottoman institutions, Finlay shows himself the anxiously fair, the almost favourable critic of the race against which he fought in his Philhellenic youth. The reader can partly share his feelings. Wearied with the endless tale of pompous Byzantine inefficiency, he turns with interest to the story of that young and vigorous dynasty, sons of Ertoghrul, 'the right-hearted man,' who, from being leaders of a petty horde of nomads, raised themselves to a position of overmastering strength in the three continents of the Old World. And truly, in personal fitness for rule, no succession of monarchs except our own Plantagenets have been found to compare with the first ten sovereigns of the house of Othman. Fratricide and sensuality might stain the character of many of them, but, with the single exception of Bajazet II., from Othman to Soleyman 'there was not one feeble person among their tribes.' No doubt also Finlay is right in asserting that in these earlier and better days of the Ottoman Empire their fiscal administration was less oppressive than that of their Byzantine predecessors, and that their religious tolerance, if mingled with something of contempt, was better than the frantic and despicable bigotry of the Comneni and Palaeologi. But, in our opinion, he has not called sufficient attention to the fact, obvious but all-important, that their family system rested on two bases, polygamy and slavery, the former of which was new to Europe, and the latter, though long prevailing there, had virtually be-

come obsolete. It was because the Turkish polity reposed ultimately on these two institutions that it could not be harmonised with the increasing civilisation of Western Europe, and was itself, notwithstanding its brilliant successes, doomed to ultimate extinction. When the clouds raised by present controversies shall have rolled away, and when Lepanto, Navarino, Plevna, shall have become wellnigh forgotten names, it will be seen, that the wars which they signalised were all parts of one great struggle, which no statesmanship could have averted, which perhaps no statesmanship could have greatly modified, between those domestic institutions which are the ultimate cell-structure of Aryan civilisation and those which the Turanian has inherited from his fathers or has learned from his Semitic teachers.

The period from 1453 to 1821 is undoubtedly the saddest and the most dispiriting in the whole history of Greek servitude. But when we look at it in reference to this contest between two opposing forms of social polity, we shall understand how this might be without any persistent intention of cruelty on the part of the Turkish master towards his subjects. Eastern travellers have long been telling us that the Ottoman had finer moral qualities than the races over whom he has been lording it for the last four centuries. Granted, with reservations which it is not necessary now to set forth. Granted also that this moral superiority did not proceed entirely, as it certainly did in part, from the fact that the Ottoman was lord and so could show himself lordly. But for one race to lead others, for one race to mould others into a permanently enduring dominion, it must be superior not only in character but in institutions. Herein lies the great difference between the Ottoman and his Roman forerunner, of whom in many respects he so continually reminds us. Strong, warlike, disciplined, loyal, despisers of trade, rapacious but free-handed, unjust but not untruthful, were both the people of Quirinus and the people of Othman. But while the former bore on their banners the name and cherished in their inmost hearts the thought of 'Senatus populusque Romanus,' the latter conceived of the state as of a magnified imperial household, and that household the gorgeous temple of luxurious sensuality, the vast unhomelike home, the Seraglio.

A small conquering race, moreover, that persists in prolonging from generation to generation those outward and visible signs of superiority which make the keen delight of its early days of conquest, is almost sure, sooner or later, to fall a victim to the long arrears of hate in the bosoms of its vassals. So

it has been with the Turk and his Rayah. The Turk has been by no means uniformly cruel; but he has been always proud, and it seems as if subject races had a longer memory for humiliation than even for bloodshed. The Rayah was forbidden to ride on horseback, to wear spurs, to carry arms. He was ordered to wear a particular costume by which his servile condition might be at once recognised. One writer * says that it was not an uncommon thing for a Rayah who had worn slippers of a forbidden colour, and so usurped the privileges of a true believer, to be put to death, and for his dead body to be trampled upon for three days in the public street. At first the Greek acquiesced almost with contentment in the rule of the Ottoman, who interfered less with his business and his religion than the Latin baron had done. But gradually, during the three centuries which we are now looking back upon, there grew up in his breast a feeling towards his oppressor like that which the *roturier* of France entertained towards the noblesse of the sword and of the robe, like that which in the days of Protestant ascendancy the Irish Catholic entertained towards the Orangeman; and, just as in those two cases, it was after some of the worst features of misgovernment had been removed, after some disposition had been shown to make the yoke a little less grievous, that the fury of the oppressed reached its greatest height.

It was a galling thing, doubtless, for the Greek and for his brother Rayahs under the Turkish dominion to have to pay the *haratch* or poll-tax from which his Moslem fellow-subject was exempt, but this was a cheap equivalent for the burden of military service. The amount of the tax was not exorbitant, varying as it did from five shillings to fifteen shillings a head; but it was annoying for the Rayah, marked out as he was by his special costume, to be constantly stopped in the street by an insolent tax-gatherer, and ordered to produce his ticket which showed that he was *haratch*-free for the year. It was vexatious for the Rayah to have to pay five per cent. duty on the export and import of all his merchandise, while the true believer was charged only two and a half per cent. But even the larger sum was light in comparison with the duties charged in most European States; and the officers of the revenue generally contrived to influence business in the direction of the five per cent. Rayah rather than of the two and a half per cent. Mussulman. There was, therefore, little that was burdensome, though much that was invidious, even here.

* Thornton, 'State of Turkey,' vol. i. p. 173.

But by far the bitterest drop in the cup of servitude for the Greek Rayah must have been the tribute of children. As every fourth year came round to the villagers on the coasts of Greece, a ship with the Sultan's flag flying at the mast-head would be seen in the offing, and when she anchored a boat would put off bearing a Turkish officer. On landing he would order all the little fellows between the age of six and ten to be mustered before him by the *protogeros*, or head man of the village, in presence of the priest. Of these he would take one-fifth, choosing, of course, the strongest, the healthiest, the brightest. The little Theodorus, or Gregorios, carried off in the Sultan's ship to Constantinople, after some months of miserable yearning for his home, his parents, his sisters, would in great measure forget his country and his father's house. He would unlearn his name for the Ali or Achmet by which his captors called him, and change his childish prayers to the Panaghia for the repetition of sentences from the Koran, and for a perpetual 'Lo Ellah il Allah! Mohammed resul Ellah.' The strong and sturdy lout was made a gardener or a sentinel in the precincts of the Seraglio; the handsome lad, whose features still recalled some likeness to the Apollo of his dim progenitors, served as a page in the palace of his Mongolian lord. The quick-witted boy was trained under able teachers to take a place in the great bureaucracy of the Sublime Porte; while the larger number of tribute children passed, as a matter of course, when they reached the age of adolescence, into the ranks of the Turkish infantry or cavalry, the far-famed janissaries and sipahis. Many of these involuntary apostates rose high in the service of their Sultan; and thus it may often have happened that when the little captive next visited his half-forgotten home it was as a stern, black-bearded Mussulman pasha riding at the head of his janissaries, or rowed in his galley by a hundred miserable Christian slaves, and bearing the warrant of the *hunkiar*, the imperial manslayer, for the ruin of his kindred and the devastation of his country.

We scarcely understand Finlay's frame of mind towards this terrible scheme of infant conscription, by which the Christian populations under the rule of the Porte were made to contribute the living machinery for keeping themselves in perpetual subjection. He remarks, indeed, that 'in no case did injustice so directly confer strength and dominion, and in none did it ever more evidently produce decline and ruin.'* But he appears to be so fascinated by the cleverness which se-

cured to the Sultan a body of soldiers devoted to his orders and absolutely independent of the ties of country and kindred, that he forgets his censure, and seems to have no words left but of praise and admiration. Yet it is quite clear that the tribute of Rayah children was by no means simply a piece of statecraft, however ingenious. It was partly devised in order to minister to the vices of sultans and grand viziers, vices condemned quite as sternly by the Koran as by the Pentateuch. And, considered as a piece of statesmanship, an institution which systematically presented the ruler in so odious an aspect to the ruled was surely bad from the beginning. How would the Norman ever have led the Saxon, or moulded him into one mighty commonwealth with himself, if he had persisted, century after century, in making the agony of the bereaved English parent the corner-stone of his polity?

The tribute of Christian children ceased to be exacted about 1676. The reasons for its cessation were various. The janissaries, now a proud and powerful body, began to insist upon the right of transmitting their privileges to their own children. The Ottoman cultivators of the soil had so far increased in numbers, that they could supply recruits to the army on a scale which would have been impossible while they were still a thinly scattered and alien horde. Above all, the tribute itself, and the depopulation caused by the flight of parents with their children in order to escape its exactions, had so drained the country that the feudal Ottoman landowner could no longer get Rayahs sufficient to till his estates. The tribute had been exacted without mercy, and was now discontinued without remorse. Our author, who is almost ready to praise the statesmanship of the exactors of this dreadful tribute, has no words of scorn too strong for the unhappy sufferers from it. 'Had the Greeks resisted the payment with any degree of national vigour, they might have saved their national honour from a stain which will remain as indelible as the glories of ancient Greece are enduring. . . . Extermination ought to have been preferable to the dishonour of breeding recruits to extend the sway of Mohammedanism . . .' and much more in the same strain.

An advocate of the Hellenic race might reply that they were not the only people who submitted to this cruel brand of degradation as to an inevitable evil. It was exacted from all the Christian subjects of the Ottomans, and consequently the hardier races of Northern Turkey, the Slav, the Rouman, even, we suppose, the proud and fiery Magyar during his time of submission to the Porte, had to bear their own share of

this humiliation. We think Finlay's own pages supply the answer to the question, why the Greeks did not sooner venture on armed resistance to the terrible Ottoman. All round the political horizon there was not one speck of blue sky visible for the unhappy Hellenes. Latin Christianity, which should have had pity at least, if she could not spare assistance for her hapless sister church, was as hard and bitter as ever. She could not forget the miserable controversies about the 'filioque' and the unleavened bread and the primacy of Peter. But, it may be said, a truly noble people would not have counted the cost, would not have been disheartened by the utter absence of allies. The men of Marathon, the men of Mortgarten, Hofer in the Tyrol, and Palafox at Saragossa, knew that they were utterly outnumbered; they had not an ally in the wide world to look to, and yet they fought for freedom. It is true, but perhaps on a survey of the history of the world we should come to the conclusion that these apparently hopeless battles for freedom have generally been fought by nations in the primary state of society, before civilisation and commerce have extended their range of vision, and shown them what was the relative magnitude of their own resources and the resources of the enemy. The Greek of the sixteenth century was, we fully admit, in all moral attributes, greatly the inferior of the simple-hearted Spartan who fell at Thermopylæ in obedience to the laws of his country; but intellectually his knowledge of the world beyond Parnassus and Malea was far wider and more accurate. Perhaps that knowledge enervated and depressed him; but it was his, and he could not dispossess himself of it.

There is certainly one notable instance of a nation in an advanced stage of civilisation, educated, wealthy, and highly organised, commencing a struggle for liberty against a hopelessly superior foe. We refer to the revolt of the Jews against Rome. But there religion was involved, and even down to the last day of the siege of Jerusalem many Israelites reckoned confidently on supernatural assistance. Now, in the Greek servitude, strangely enough, the influence of religion was for centuries on the side of the oppressor, alien though he was in race and in creed. Here again, the deep antagonism between Catholic and Orthodox reveals itself as the key to the strange cipher of the politics of the East. Much as we all know that the two Churches hate one another, we should scarcely have expected to find that so late as 1798 Anthemius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, printed a book at Constantinople in which he 'congratulated the Greeks on having escaped the artifices of the

' devil who had enticed the Catholics, the Lutherans, the Calvinists, and other sects into the path of perdition, and told them that the particular favour of Heaven had raised up the Ottoman Empire to protect the Greeks against heresy, to be a barrier against the political power of the Western nations, and to be the champion of the Orthodox Church.' Of all the strange uses which statesmanship has discovered for the trenchant blade of the house of Othman, this one of protecting the doctrine of the Single Procession and the practice of celebrating mass with leavened bread from the attacks of rival churches, is one of the most curious.

The coalition between the Greek Church and the Ottoman State was, however, a very real fact, and, though thoroughly discreditable to both parties, it has proved till the present time a very successful piece of statecraft. The last Palæologi, in their desperate attempts to obtain aid from Western Europe against the Turk, had sold themselves body and soul to the Papal court. The aid obtained was of the most shadowy description, the alienation produced among their subjects was but too obvious. As soon as the sack of Constantinople was over, one of the first acts of the Mussulman conqueror was to replace an Orthodox patriarch on the episcopal throne. While nominally conceding the right of election of this dignitary to an assembly of Greek bishops, the Sultan has practically retained as much voice in his appointment as our own Sovereign has in filling up a vacant English bishopric; and as he has always possessed the undisputed power of condemning every Greek ecclesiastic, however high his rank or however low, to exile or death, the Orthodox Church has practically been in far more complete subjection to the Padischah than the Anglican to the Defender of the Faith. Simony has been almost the rule in a church thus strangely governed. The patriarchs have paid enormous sums to the Sultan for their nomination to office, and have recouped themselves by selling the subordinate bishoprics to the highest bidder. The bishop again sells the cure of parishes to the subordinate priests, who reimburse themselves by fleecing their flocks, as we had recently occasion to show from Mr. Evans' ' Rambles in Bosnia.'

The picture drawn in these pages of the condition of the Greeks during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is indeed a most deplorable one. The *haratch* and the tribute of children paid to their Ottoman masters, the extortion practised upon them by their spiritual superiors, were not the sole causes of their impoverishment. All over the waters of the Levant hovered the black sail of the pirate. He was of

any nationality and of every religion. Moor, Venetian, Catalan, Algerian, Dalmatian, all plied the accursed trade and stole not only gold, and garments, and jewels, but bodies of men. The re-establishment of the slave market at Constantinople and Alexandria had given a motive and an extension to piracy such as it had not had since the days of Pompey. And the monster devoured slaves as well as sold them. In the whole long catalogue of human suffering there are perhaps no blacker pages than those which record the miseries of the galley-slave, toiling under the blazing sun of the Mediterranean, in hunger, and thirst, and wretchedness, with the crack of the master's whip for ever in his ears.

To the devastations of these sea-rovers, most of them Italians or Spaniards, Finlay attributes the peculiarly desolate aspect of many of the shores of the Archipelago at the present day. The ravaged soil was left uncultivated, the ruined wine-vats and olive-presses were not restored, the dwindling wealth of the inhabitants was converted into a few portable commodities, so that when the Maltese or Florentine corsair hove in sight the inhabitants might as speedily as possible betake themselves with their possessions to the mountains. Greece had strangely reverted to that Homeric state of society described by Thucydides, in which 'all the dwellers by the shore, rich as well as poor, betook themselves to piracy, and fell upon the unwall'd towns and villages, from the robbery of which they derived the greater part of their livelihood.' Thus did the occupation of a pirate bring with it no shame, 'as is shown by the constantly recurring question of characters in the early poems, "Are you a pirate?"' But the freebooting habits, which were comparatively harmless to the rude and early civilisation of Hellas, fell with crushing weight on the impoverished and effete society of Greece in the seventeenth century.

Venice had borne a conspicuous part in the ruin and humiliation of the Greek name. Let it therefore be recorded to her credit that the first dawn of a brighter day for the long oppressed people came from the Rialto. The Republic, which ceased after the League of Cambray to play a great part in Italian affairs, continued for two hundred years to be the protagonist of Europe in the struggle with the Ottoman. She had to withdraw, it is true, from Cyprus and from Crete, but a century elapsed between these two losses; and the desperate conflict for the latter island, prolonged over a quarter of a century, which has made '*una guerra di Candia*' proverbial in Venice as a synonym for a life-and-death struggle, can have

been only less exhausting to the winner than to the loser. In 1685, sixteen years after the capitulation of Candia, the winged lion of St. Mark's, to the astonishment of the world, descended upon Greece, and, after a five years' struggle, succeeded in wresting the Peloponnesus from the Turks. It is a curious tale, and one which seems to blend the classical, the mediæval, and the modern, as our Laureate has blended them in his immortal 'medley.' The hero of the expedition is Morosini, surnamed 'the Peloponnesian,' the last of the great doges of Venice, and the only citizen whose portrait, while he yet lived, was hung in the *Sala del Maggior Consiglio*. He successfully besieges Corinth, Sparta, and Athens, but fails to occupy Eubœa. Among his most trustworthy troops are 2,400 red-coated Hanoverians, farmed out to the Republic by the Elector Ernest of Brunswick, husband of that Princess Sophia who was declared next in succession in the Protestant line to the imperial crown and dignity of England. Her son Max William, brother of our George I., a lad of nineteen, full of fun and frolic, gives his vote in the council of war for attacking the Turks without loss of time, overrules a hesitating general, and may claim a good share of credit for the victory which ensued. But the calamity which darkens the whole history of this little war is the wreck which it wrought in the Parthenon at Athens. So lately as the year 1677 our countryman, George Wheeler, saw this, 'the most beautiful piece of antiquity remaining in the world,' still nearly perfect, with all its columns but one erect, and 'the frieze round about the temple charged with historical figures of admirable beauty and worth.' Ten years after this, during the siege of Athens, a Venetian bomb fell in the Parthenon, where the Turks had deposited all their most valuable effects with a considerable quantity of powder and other inflammable materials. A terrific explosion took place; the centre columns of the peristyle, the walls of the *cella*, and the immense architraves and cornices they supported were scattered around the remains of the temple. Much of the unrivalled sculpture was defaced, and a part utterly destroyed. The materials heaped up in the building also took fire, and the flames mounting high over the Acropolis announced the calamity to the besiegers, and scathed many of the statues which still remained in their original positions.

But the Venetian conquest, though so disastrous to Hellenic art, produced favourable results on the condition of the Hellenic people. During the thirty years that a Proveditor of the republic ruled the Morea, trade increased, a considerable

revenue was raised without flagrant oppression, municipal institutions were planted again in Hellenic soil, and the Latin clergy who accompanied the Venetians, sharing in that softened tone of religious controversy which was characteristic of the eighteenth century, lived in harmony with their Orthodox rivals, and exerted themselves with some success in the cause of popular education. In short, 'the first productive seeds of social improvement were sown in the minds of the Greeks by their Venetian masters during the short period of their domination in the Morea. The hope as well as the desire of bettering their condition became then a national feeling, which gained strength with each succeeding generation, until it ripened into a desire for national independence.'

In 1715 the beneficent rule of the Venetians in the Peloponnesus was terminated by a great expedition under the rule of Ali Kumurgi Pacha. This man, son of a charcoal-burner, then page in the Seraglio, then chamberlain, finally rose to the dignity of grand vizier, and delighted to sign himself 'First Minister and Generalissimo of the most powerful Emperor of the universe, and the most high among the monarchs of the earth.' Though a civilian, he acquitted himself creditably at the head of the Ottoman army, and in one campaign recovered the Morea, which it had taken Venice six years to conquer. Lord Byron's 'Siege of Corinth' has given the name and deeds of Kumurgi a permanent abiding-place in English literature.

One more attempt, not to liberate Greece but to change her lords, must be noticed before we close this rapid summary of the history of her servitude. In 1770 five men-of-war, bearing the Russian flag, anchored under the shadow of Mount Taygetus, and landed 500 men, who, announcing themselves as the deliverers of Greece from the Turkish yoke, at once proceeded to administer to the Greek peasants an oath that they would live faithful subjects of the Czarina of all the Russias. The leaders of this expedition were men of a very different stamp from the noble son of Venice, Morosini. Eight years previously, Alexis Orloff had been the main actor in the revolution which seated Katherine II. on the Russian throne. The sequel of that revolution, a well-known story, shall be told for us in the few and sinewy words of Carlyle:—

'On Saturday, Alexis Orloff and four other miscreants, one of them a prince, one a play-actor, came over and murdered poor Peter, husband of Katherine, in a treacherous and even bungling and disgusting and altogether hideous manner. "A glass of Burgundy" (poisoned Burgundy), "your Highness?" said they at dinner with his poor highness.

On the back of which, the Burgundy having failed and been found out, came grappling and hauling, trampling, shrieking, and at last strangulation. Surely the Devil will reward such a five of his elect ?' (Carlyle's *Friedrich II.* vol. vi. p. 279.)

This Alexis Orloff, with his brother Feodor, were now leaders of an expedition for the liberation of Greece, on the throne of which liberated country some said that Gregory Orloff, chief of the brotherhood and prime favourite of the Czarina, was to take his seat. One of the subordinate leaders of the expedition was a young ship-master named Psaros, who once wore a livery in Orloff's servants' hall. Paramours of empresses, their bravo brothers and the lacqueys from their kitchens do not make up a promising company to play the new drama of William Tell on Grecian soil. And in fact the story of this enterprise of theirs is on its own account scarcely worth the trouble of reading or remembering. The Orloffs' operations in the Morca were marked by military incapacity, by cruelty towards the Turks, and fickleness towards the Greeks, whom they easily abandoned to their deeply offended masters. The war between Russia and Turkey, in which this Peloponnesian invasion was an interlude, was terminated by the celebrated treaty of Kainardji, in which no stipulation of any value was contained on behalf of the insurgent Greeks. Katherine's restless mind was drifting off in other directions, intent on the partition of Poland, and all the by-play of intrigue which was needed to accomplish it. Her correspondent, Voltaire, who saw clearly how the Czarina's thoughts were changing, and who knew well the truth of the proverb, '*Odisse quem læseris,*' began in his letters to decry the Greeks as much as he had previously extolled them, declared that Sophocles, Homer, and Demosthenes no longer gave him any pleasure, and that he should detest even the Greek religion itself if her imperial Majesty did not happen to be the head of that church. When a free-thinking leveller does flatter a crowned head, no Stuart bishop could be more courtly.

In taking leave of Finlay's history, we earnestly recommend it to our readers, who are desirous to get down to the roots of things and study this Eastern Question for themselves, in its origin and its essence. They will find here, what we have not had space even to glance at, the history of those Slavonian and Wallachian kingdoms, whose relation to Byzantium was almost as difficult a matter to settle at the time of our Plantagenets as it is in the days of Queen Victoria. The ethnology of Greece proper, and the question how far the modern Greeks

may be considered the true representatives of the ancient Hellenes, are also discussed with great fulness. Possibly, too, our readers may learn a useful lesson from Finlay's own character. Europe has now before it the difficult task of reconstructing out of the crushed fragments of nationalities, pulverised by centuries of Turkish misgovernment, a new and enduring state-system for the lands between the Danube and the *Ægean*. In addressing ourselves to this most difficult task, let us avoid, if possible, errors similar to the exaggerated Philhellenism of Finlay's earlier years, or to the cynical miso-Hellenism of his later life. Let us not expect from nations brutalised by long servitude the manly instincts and the capacities for self-government which come as it were in the blood to the scions of a race which has been free for countless generations. Let us resolve not to be disheartened by apparent failure or disgusted by apparent ingratitude. It is, after all, but a very small part of the great curve of the world's history that we shall see in our day; but the true statesman, amid all the provocations of the politics of the hour, strives to find out and follow the path of progress which leads to the fulfilment, by freedom, of the destinies of nations.

- ART. X.—1. *The Second Volume of the Life of the Prince Consort.* By THEODORE MARTIN. 8vo. London: 1876.
2. *The Crown and the Constitution.* First Article in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 290, April 1878.

THE relations between the Crown and the Constitution have recently been discussed in a contemporary journal of the highest authority as an expositor of Tory doctrine, and the subject is one of such gravity that we must tax the patience of our readers for a short time, while we examine the remarkable manifesto to which we refer. No human ingenuity could have contrived such a system as that which we call the British Constitution. It has a theory, but the practice is the reverse of the theory. It would be perfectly accurate to describe the Crown as the most powerful member of the State; the Lords, though at a long interval, as the next in power, and the House of Commons as the least; but nothing could be further from the fact than such a description. The King can do no wrong; he is the fountain of honour; he can create hereditary legislators; he can call into existence and dismiss parliaments; he can frustrate the legislation of both

Houses by withholding his assent; he can make war or peace at pleasure. But practically he can do none of these things except ministerially, and at the instance of advisers virtually nominated by the House of Commons. Whatever might have been the practice in the earlier ages of the monarchy, when the lines of the Constitution were ill defined and irregularly observed, it is certain that the powers attributed to the sovereign have been exercised in modern times in the capacity of a trustee, and that their exercise is as strictly regulated by law and custom as the fiduciary duties of ordinary men are prescribed by the rules and practice of the courts of equity.

It is precisely this peculiar relation between the Crown and the Constitution which the Quarterly Reviewer fails to see, and this failure has led him into misstatements and misapprehensions of English constitutional history such as, we venture to say, have not been seen in print since the times of the Stuarts. The writer undertakes to instruct us first by the light of 'reason,' in 'the nature of constitutional government in general, and then of history and our own experience, what is the 'character of the English Constitution in particular.' He tells us Aristotle's opinions on these subjects, and quotes from Thucydides the hasty sentence passed by the people of Athens on the revolted city of Mitylene to warn us of the dangers of democracy. We learn from Macchiavelli also that tyrants disguise their 'dark and selfish aims' under various pretences, and we are informed, on the authority of the writer himself, that the power of the President of the United States cannot be touched except by impeachment—a fact which, like many others in this remarkable paper, is new to us.* These rambling, unconnected remarks are the sum of the information we receive on the somewhat extensive theme of constitutional government in general. But what concerns us most is 'the 'character of the English Constitution in particular,' and upon this point our oracle is not more explicit. He enumerates the five checks upon the Crown, which certainly 'all Englishmen 'are supposed to know.' The sole right of Parliament to grant supplies, the power of Parliament to make laws, the securities for the liberties of the subject, are elementary axioms to be found in the first page of Hallam's 'Constitutional History of England.' These five checks, which derived their

* The power of the President is directly under the control of Congress, and especially of the Senate, which frequently exercises that control. Impeachment applies only to such misconduct as justifies removal from office.

origin from the great Charter, were in full force at the accession of Henry VII., and the development of the Constitution from its first principles would have been an interesting if not a novel inquiry. But no such summary is attempted. It is difficult indeed to trace through this obscure and random treatise what the author is driving at; but, so far as his argument is intelligible, he appears to contend for two principles—first, the right of the Crown to direct and control foreign policy, and, secondly, to take the initiative in legislation. We shall endeavour to follow him on these two points. ‘Our empire,’ we are told, ‘rests upon opinion, and the Crown is the centre, to which all sound opinion, independently of party, should gravitate.’ It is easy to escape from an examination of this doctrine, for we defy human intelligence to define its meaning. No empire can rest on a foundation so vague and shifting as opinion, and the stability of every empire depends on the degree in which the action of opinion is restrained by law, by custom, by tradition and faith. If by ‘the empire’ is meant the administrative government, which does rest upon opinion, modern experience has amply proved the insecurity of its tenure; and it is upon this fact that the reviewer must be taken to rest his plea for strengthening the power of the Crown. The following passage may be quoted as an illustration of the confusion of ideas which pervades this essay, and of the mode in which the writer confutes his own theory:—

‘Modern historians are apt to dwell solely on the benefits we have derived from the resistance of our ancestors to the encroachments of the Crown, but it is also salutary to reflect how the discord between the Crown and the people brought trouble and dishonour on the nation. Force, wielded by feeble hands, strove in vain against the irresistible rush of opinion; opinion, breaking beyond all bounds, found itself promptly overmastered by armed force; this again was swept away by a tide of opinion running in favour of legitimacy, on which despotism was once more borne triumphantly along, till the sudden ebb of the royal force in 1688 manifested to the world how vast a revolution had been effected in the relative position of the Commons and the Crown. During this period the country, under one monarch, had become obsequious to Spain, two others of its kings were the pensioners of France; one of them had agreed, in consideration of a price, to make a public profession of the Roman Catholic religion, while, as a crowning disgrace, the Dutch fleet rode up the Thames, and insulted us on the Medway.’ (Pp. 286–7.)

If this article had appeared in a publication of questionable orthodoxy, we should have inferred from the passage above quoted and from many other passages, that it was a

clumsy attempt to satirise monarchy. The professed object of the writer is to revive the power of the Crown both in its executive and legislative capacity; and in support of government by prerogative we are reminded of three monarchs who governed the country in this wise. Of these three monarchs the first lost his head, the third lost his crown, and the second brought upon the country a shame and humiliation which it had never before experienced. After the lapse of a century another monarch attempted to rule England after the like fashion. George III. strove to fulfil his mission with an energy and persistency of purpose worthy of a better cause. He severed himself from the Whigs, who had kept his family upon the throne, but preferred the Constitution to the Crown. He got rid of minister after minister, until at length he found a minister to his mind in Lord North, who was content to become the agent of the sovereign in furthering his policy. The result of that policy was the loss of the American colonies, a debt of one hundred millions, and the appearance in the Channel for the first, and we hope the last, time of foreign fleets. The Quarterly Reviewer rises almost to eloquence in his glowing eulogy on this policy. He quotes as his text a passage from a letter of his favourite authority, Baron Stockmar, to the Prince Consort.

‘In all my observation of the English State machine,’ writes that gentleman, ‘I have never been able to discover that balance of the elements of their Constitution of which Englishmen boast so much. Previous to the Reform Bill, the theory of this balance was perhaps much more defective than it has been since; but the system worked better in practice than it does now. *It admitted of a vigorous government.*’

‘Under such conditions’—such is the commentary of the reviewer—‘there was manifestly scope for vigorous government; and vigorous government we had. Our commerce and enterprise laid the foundations of our Empire in all parts of the globe. If we lost America we gained Canada and India. We occupied the all-important military positions of Gibraltar and Malta. We put down rebellion in Ireland, and upheld freedom in Spain. And we endured without flinching a war of twenty years, in which we had more than once to stand alone against the associated power of Europe, and worse still to confront at home the tyrannous anarchy with which we were contending abroad.’

We hardly know how to deal with these amazing statements. The ‘Quarterly Review’ is read by the educated classes; but every tyro in English history should know that Canada had been conquered before the accession of George III., under the direction of a minister whose proud boast it was that he held himself accountable to the people who had called him to power,

and that he would never be responsible for measures which he could not control. The foundation of our Indian empire was laid by a joint-stock company, and its richest provinces were conquered by a clerk from a counting-house at Madras, in the reign of George II. Gibraltar was taken by Sir George Rooke in the reign of Queen Anne. Malta was an early prize of the French revolutionary war.

If the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of Spain can be called upholding the freedom of that country, it was not owing to the 'vigorous government' of the Crown, since George III. had practically ceased to reign before the commencement of the Peninsular war. Neither is that monarch responsible for the atrocious conduct of the Orangemen in 1798, which the Reviewer calls putting down rebellion in Ireland. The revolutionary war was in its origin forced upon this country by the insolent aggressions of the French republic. In its earlier stages we had a specimen of the way in which war is conducted by the head of the State. Pitt, who did not inherit the warlike genius so conspicuous in Chatham, suffered the King to nominate the Duke of York to the command of an expeditionary force. The result was a speedy termination of the enterprise in ridicule and disaster. A more important command was given to the same prince five years afterwards with the same result; but, happily for the safety of the empire and the credit of her arms, a sailor of fortune was found to cover the incapacity of the court generals with oblivion by achievements unparalleled even in the British navy. Notwithstanding these facts, the writer in the 'Quarterly' undertakes to 'demonstrate from experience that the only way in which 'the nation can hope to steer safely between the Scylla of 'Absolutism and the Charybdis of Anarchy, is by leaving the 'Executive—we will go further, and add the Sovereign herself—just liberty in the conduct of foreign affairs.' (P. 303.) Again:—

'The monarch is at once the head and the arm of the Constitution, in whose judgment rests the decision of peace or war, and on whose will depend the movements of the military and naval forces of the country. Moreover, the sovereign, and not his ministers, is the visible representative of the national majesty in the eyes of all foreign Powers. . . . Hence the English sovereign has a double interest in the conduct of foreign affairs; first, the security of his country, and next, the maintenance of his personal honour. Therefore, though, on the principle of self-government, the opinion of the Queen may not in the decision of home affairs be of more value than that of her poorest subject who possesses a vote, yet in foreign questions it is obvious that her interest is beyond all comparison greater than that of any single

Englishman, and may even be compared to that of the nation itself. Hence it follows that, not only by virtue of her prerogative, but by the nature of things, she must be allowed a large personal share in the control of our foreign policy.' (Pp. 297, 298.)

We quote these remarkable passages to make clear what might otherwise seem incredible, that in claiming for the Crown a decisive voice in determining vital questions of foreign policy, the writer means, not the responsible advisers of the Crown, but the sovereign personally. 'A House of Commons,' we are told, 'elected on the principle of numerical representation is utterly unqualified for the functions which its flatterers would thrust upon it.' That is to say, it is unfitted for the control of the foreign policy of the country; and inasmuch as the executive administration are virtually nominated by, and responsible to, this incompetent body, it follows that the ministers of the Crown must act independently of Parliament, and in the narrowest sense of the term, ministerially, so far at least as matters of foreign policy are concerned. But assuming for a moment that a dozen English gentlemen could be induced to form a cabinet on such terms—what then? A negotiation is going on with some foreign Power. The House desires information on the subject. They vote an address to the Crown for papers. Are the papers to be refused? They would either be given, or withheld on the ground that their publication would be injurious to the public service, and this excuse is to be accepted on the faith of the minister, who, according to the 'Quarterly' theory, may have had little or no discretion in the matter. But let us suppose that Parliament is content to leave ordinary transactions of foreign affairs in the hands of the Crown; what is to happen if the Queen determines to exercise her prerogative by a declaration of war? War cannot be carried on without supplies; supply will not be granted without a full explanation of the objects and purposes for which it is required; and thus the whole question comes round again to the arbitrement of that assembly which, according to the new doctrine, is only fit to discuss domestic matters of the parochial kind. Many of the greatest debates that illustrate the history of Parliament have concerned questions of peace and war, of treaties and other high matters of foreign policy. Ministers have been censured, and parties have been deprived of power upon such questions. But if the sovereign is to be 'allowed a large personal share in the control of our foreign policy,' such debates must cease. The monstrous spectacle of the House of Commons canvassing directly the policy of the Crown would

be intolerable. Parliament cannot censure the sovereign. The Queen can do no wrong.

It would be a feeble and inadequate description of the 'Quarterly' dogma to call it unconstitutional. It is absolutely incompatible with the existence of the Constitution. If it were to be known that the policy of the country was in any sensible degree dictated by the Crown, we do not hesitate to say that the days of the monarchy would be numbered. The decent maxim of the Constitution, which places the Crown beyond the range of party conflict and the buffeting of public opinion, is essential to its safety; and we cannot too solemnly protest against the wild temerity which would expose this sacred institution to insult and peril.

We should not have thought it necessary to take serious notice of the 'Quarterly' doctrines, had they not received some colour from still higher authority. Two cabinet ministers, Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Derby, have recently spoken with contempt of public opinion on questions of foreign policy; and the Prince Consort, with 'considerable humour,' as we are told, derided the capacity of the people to form a rational opinion on such matters. And when it is considered that these views have been practically exemplified by the latest act of the executive government, the employment, namely, of forces in British pay without the consent of Parliament, it is high time for those who are unwilling that the Constitution of this realm should be altered, to be outspoken on the subject.

Putting aside for the moment the inevitable fact, that whether right or wrong, logical or otherwise, public opinion through its constituted organs must ultimately determine questions in which public interests of magnitude are concerned, let us consider what this public opinion is. The gentlemen of the new school speak of public opinion as if it were some vague accidental product, generated from a fortuitous concourse of atoms. In former days—those happy days when, to quote the reviewer once more, 'affairs were directed by a ministry supported by the whole power of the Crown, and answerable only to a House of Commons elected from the close boroughs—it was possible for men like Grenville and Castlereagh to hold 'a firm and consistent course.' No doubt the people sunk in ignorance were easily kept in subjection. The middle classes were not represented in Parliament; there were neither materials for forming public opinion, nor facilities for its expression. Then, indeed, the Crown and its ministers, with the aid of a few great lords, could have their own way. But we have fallen on evil times. The population is vastly increased. Education

has made proportional progress, and there is hardly a mechanic who is not better taught than a tradesman was fifty years ago. The country has been opened up, and interchange of ideas has been thus facilitated. By the incessant action of the press, the platform, and the telegraph, information of every kind is supplied; and every side of every question is exhibited with a force and perspicacity heretofore unknown. The difference between the quality of the opinion thus created and finished for public use, and the opinion of princes and statesmen, is not very great; it is hardly sufficient to justify the withdrawal of any particular question of public policy from the influence of public opinion, in order to refer it exclusively to the Crown.

These conditions of modern times, which appear to us unfavourable to the recovery by the Crown of its ancient power, are not, we are bound to say, of much importance in the estimation of the Quarterly Reviewer. His contempt for the 'policy of the masses' is impartially extended to 'their more educated representatives, who claim to give an intelligent reflection of public opinion.' Nor has he much more respect for the House of Commons itself. He commends, indeed, 'its readiness to grant supplies,' but he proceeds to show, in more sentences than we care to quote, that the House of Commons is unfit to exercise control over the action of the Executive. We had thought, however, it was conceded that Parliament might apply its parochial mind to domestic legislation, as involving only subjects upon which 'almost everybody is capable of forming an opinion.' But we had not read far enough. The writer is not content with claiming for the Crown a control over foreign policy, but insists on conferring upon it a similar discretion in its legislative capacity. The House of Commons, it seems, is incompetent to discharge the duties which 'its ambition has undertaken;' and the incompetency is dated from the time when 'it abandoned its old functions of control to take the *initiative in legislation*.' The various sections of the Opposition are of course denounced for criticising the measures of the Government; but we were not prepared to hear that any fault could be found with the docile majority which follows the Conservative minister. Nevertheless, they come in for their share of censure. 'The irresponsible supporters of the ministry,' we are told, 'conscious of the strength which their leaders derive from their serried phalanx, seek to share in the enjoyment of power by bringing the Executive more and more under their influence.' The necessary inference is that party government should be abolished. The reviewer is prepared for the result. 'Let us

'suppose,' he says, 'that parties disappeared, and Parliament, once more deliberately confining itself to its own office of control, left all initiative in the hands of the Executive.' What then? Honour or place would still be open to all who distinguished themselves in *council*. Ministers would be selected more at the discretion of the sovereign, and, though still responsible to the people, would cease to be its creatures; and if the monarch should be so ill-advised as to encroach upon his subject's liberties by *force*, there would be found means of resistance. Public opinion, indeed, must be respected in an age when public opinion is in the ascendant; but in the opportunities of collecting, centralising, and directing opinion, it is plain that no influence can compare with that of the monarch. Finally, we are informed that the policy of Conservatism—that is, the policy which should guide the Crown—is plain. 'It is to localise whatever of our interests is domestic, and to centralise whatever is imperial.' This is precisely the policy of the Irish Home Rulers. We cannot encumber our pages with lengthened extracts in support of the strange doctrines which we have summarised nearly in the words of the reviewer; neither shall we tempt the patience of our readers by a formal refutation of his postulate that the Crown had ever possessed the initiative in legislation. Such a restriction was, indeed, imposed on the Irish Parliament by the famous law of Poyning in 1495; but even the Irish Parliament was emancipated before its final dissolution. No such pretension has ever been set up by a sovereign of the realm since our English Parliament has existed. The Crown, indeed, is a member of the legislative body, but its place is strictly assigned. It can neither originate nor alter a bill submitted by the Houses of Parliament; its function is limited to a simple assent or veto. If the House of Commons were to renounce its independent right of originating measures of legislation, this position would be practically reversed: the Crown would become the motive power, and Parliament would be reduced to the necessity of adopting or rejecting its decrees. We have quoted several passages from the 'Quarterly Review.' It may be more to the purpose to quote the measured language of Hallam on the relations between the Crown and the people.

'It has always been reckoned among the most difficult problems in the practical science of government to combine an hereditary monarchy with security of freedom, so that neither the ambition of kings shall undermine the people's rights, nor the jealousy of the people overturn the throne. England had already experience of both these mischiefs; and there seemed no prospect before her, but either their alternate

recurrence, or a final submission to absolute power, unless by one great effort she could put the monarchy for ever beneath the law, and reduce it to an integrant portion instead of the primary source and principle of the Constitution. She must reverse the favoured maxim, "A Deo rex, a rege lex," and make the Crown itself appear the creature of the law. But our ancient monarchy, strong in a possession of seven centuries, and in those high and paramount prerogatives which the consenting testimony of lawyers and the submission of parliaments had recognised, a monarchy from which the House of Commons and every existing peer, though not perhaps the aristocratic order itself, derived its participation in the legislature, could not be bent to the republican theories which have been not very successfully attempted in some modern codes of constitution. It could not be held, without breaking up all the foundations of our polity, that the monarchy emanated from the Parliament, or, in any historical sense, from the people. But by the Revolution, and by the Act of Settlement, the rights of the actual monarch, of the reigning family, were made to emanate from the Parliament and the people. In technical language, in the grave and respectful theory of our Constitution, the Crown is still the fountain from which law and justice spring forth. Its prerogatives are in the main the same as under the Tudors and the Stuarts; but the right of the House of Brunswick to exercise them can only be deduced from the Convention of 1688.' (*Constitutional History*, vol. iii. p. 90.)

It would be easy to prove by accumulated citations from the Statute Book the immense importance of maintaining intact the independent rights of Parliament in matters of legislation. The Petition of Right, the Habeas Corpus, and the Place Bill were all passed against the strenuous opposition of the Court; and many minor measures of great practical utility are due to the knowledge and public spirit of legislators unconnected with the Government. For the first century after the Revolution there is no trace of any pretence on the part of the Crown to initiate bills in Parliament. So little concert indeed was there even in the Executive Government itself that we frequently find one Minister opposing the measure of another; and it was only by the arbitrary dismissal of whole batches of officers, civil and military, that the discipline of the public service was occasionally asserted. In process of time the course of legislation has undergone a change, although the principle remains unaltered. The rapid increase of parliamentary business has imposed upon the Government the necessity of united action, and has gradually transferred to their hands the initiative of almost every important measure submitted to Parliament. But this innovation, so far from being regarded by the independent members of the House as an encroachment on their rights, is considered a convenient mode of facilitating the progress of measures in which they are interested. In the

good old days of packed Parliaments, the House of Commons was the passive instrument of the Crown; but under a free and extended suffrage the minister, in carrying bills through the House, is not so much the organ of the Executive as of the House itself; and the minister in shaping his measures must consult the bent and temper of the majority for the time being. This, in the opinion of the 'Quarterly Review,' may be a deplorable state of things; but it is the state of things, and we do not think it will be changed for the purpose of giving the Crown the right to determine what shall be the law of the land.

Parliament is well able to protect itself against any encroachment on its province. We cannot rely with the like security on the safeguards which exist against the pretensions set up for the Crown with regard to the foreign policy of the empire. The 'Quarterly' writer is never weary of reiterating his doctrine on this subject. 'There is only one quarter in which the knowledge (of foreign policy) exists, in which the unity and continuity of England's policy is kept ever clearly in view apart from the illusions of party warfare. That quarter is the Crown represented by the ministry. There is only one member of the nation on whom the foreign relations of the country in respect of its honour and majesty bear with an immediate and personal effect. That member is the Queen.' (Pp. 326-7.) It is unquestionably within the prerogative of the Crown to negotiate and conclude treaties with foreign powers, to declare war, and to make peace. The power of making war is, indeed, effectually controlled by the necessity of applying to Parliament for supplies; but the power of the Crown to contract engagements which may commit the honour of the country and affect its vital interests is subject to no such immediate restraint.

'The sovereign,' we are reminded, 'and not his ministers, is the visible representative of the national majesty in the eyes of all foreign powers.' Quite so; and therefore the only security which the country possesses against the rash exercise of an arbitrary discretion is the personal responsibility of the minister. But responsibility implies power, and if a public man could be found so deficient in sense and public spirit as to become the mere mouthpiece of the sovereign he would soon learn that the position of a minister of the Crown in Parliament bears no analogy to that of an advocate in a court of law. There is nothing which Parliament insists upon more strictly than the absolute responsibility of the Executive Government. The House of Commons expressly declares this

responsibility on the first day of every session. Her Majesty's gracious Speech from the Throne is immediately claimed as the speech of the minister, and is thereupon canvassed with a freedom which would be indecent and disrespectful if the document really was what it purports to be, the manifesto of the Crown itself. Every act of State formally communicated to the House in a message from the Crown is treated in like manner. Finally, a vote of censure upon the ministry is invariably followed by their retirement from office. The control of Parliament being thus complete, what need, it may be asked, of further precaution? We ask, on the other hand, why it is sought to disturb the constitutional relations which now exist between Parliament and the Crown? The pretensions set up on behalf of the sovereign to direct the foreign policy of the country are wholly incompatible with those relations. There is no probability that the attempt will be made with the impolitic frankness of the 'Quarterly Review.' A more cautious and insidious course must be adopted. No minister will be appointed on the condition, either express or implied, that he is to be the agent of the sovereign in carrying a policy through Parliament. Some man of character and station, of supple loyalty and yielding temper, will be chosen as a fit instrument for the purpose. A minister of this cast might be imperceptibly guided, or he might find himself, like Lord North, committed to measures which his private judgment failed to approve. We may take it for granted that the sovereign would be actuated by a sincere desire to maintain the honour and the interests of his country. But unless he was stubborn and self-willed like George III., he would be under the influence of some secret adviser—a consort, or perhaps a mistress, a foreigner, a friend, a tutor, or even a body physician.

The revelations contained in the remarkable book, the second volume of which stands at the head of this article, prove that these are no wild speculations. We wish to speak of the late Prince Consort with the respect and admiration due to his eminent virtues and talents; but it is impossible to disguise the fact that his Royal Highness took a more active part in public affairs than was convenient or becoming in one so highly placed. A frank communication between the sovereign and the minister is conducive to the transaction of the business of the State; but when this correspondence extends to the details of administration, and even includes admonitions as to the terms in which the minister is to deliver himself in Parliament, it becomes somewhat embarrassing. When the sove-

reign insists on advising the minister, instead of the minister advising the sovereign, it is difficult to maintain those constitutional relations between Parliament and the Executive, which are essential to the harmony of the realm; but when it happens that the sovereign, in pressing a policy upon the minister, is prompted by somebody in the background, the position of affairs becomes almost perilous. We do not censure Baron Stockmar, who acted no doubt with the best intentions. He was a clever man, but like all foreigners he was incapable of understanding the English Constitution; and had he been wise, he would have counselled the young prince, a foreigner like himself, to be cautious and reserved in attempting to influence the troubled course of politics in a country governed by free institutions, and in which no recognised political position was assigned to him. The idle stories which were at one time circulated to the Prince's prejudice showed the strong dislike with which the public viewed any interference on the part of the Queen's husband with public affairs. In the House of Commons this feeling was more intensely manifested. On one occasion when a vote was proposed in the Committee of Supply for the purchase of the site of the Exhibition building at South Kensington, the prevalent belief that this vote had been suggested by the Prince gave rise to a scene of excitement and irritation which has rarely been witnessed. Mr. Gladstone, in the absence of Lord Palmerston, in vain endeavoured to allay the storm, and Mr. Disraeli, when it was understood that he rose to support the vote, could with difficulty obtain a hearing. The House of Commons reflects the national abhorrence of secret advisers and irresponsible councils.

It will be said of those who condemn the doctrine of the 'Quarterly Review' that they want to reduce the Crown to a cipher. This is a convenient mode of deterring criticism upon a delicate subject. The pretence, however, is as shallow as it is impudent. The sovereign has, at least, as much right as the meanest of his subjects to express an opinion on public affairs; and he has means at his command of giving effect to that opinion, which the most powerful of his subjects does not possess. He cannot, indeed, impose a policy either upon his minister or his Parliament; but he can dismiss his minister, and he can appeal to the country against the judgment of Parliament. George III. was strictly within his rights when he dismissed the Coalition, and dissolved the Parliament which supported the Coalition. William IV. was equally within his rights when he dismissed Lord Melbourne, and appealed to the country. In these several cases a great question of policy was

raised and determined by competent authority. In the one case, the action of the king was confirmed by the nation; in the other, it was reversed. Everything was done constitutionally and in order.

Such are the great powers which the Crown can employ when a question of supreme importance justifies their use. But the modern sticklers for prerogative are not content that their sovereign should abide within the limits of constitutional monarchy. They claim for their king a position of that kind which no man of spirit or honour would condescend to occupy. They desire that he should have the direction and control of transactions, for which *other people are to be responsible*. The master's orders are to be obeyed, but the servant is to bear the consequences of obeying them. The control of foreign policy is at present exercised by Parliament; it cannot be exercised by the Crown and Parliament conjointly; unless, therefore, Parliament is prepared to relinquish this function, and to be content with such information on foreign affairs as the Crown may think fit to communicate, the members of the Executive Government must remain accountable for every step which is taken in relation to foreign powers. George III. once attempted to exact from his ministers a promise that they would not take a certain course with reference to the Catholic question, and the reply was an immediate tender of their resignation. We do not anticipate that any sovereign of this country will make conditions with his ministry on the subject of foreign policy or any other question, and we are sure that no body of English gentlemen would accept office on such conditions; but we are not so sure that a weak and hesitating ministry might not yield to a consistent purpose and a persistent will. We do not wish to see the Constitution shaken to its foundations by a collision between the Crown and the people; but this would be, sooner or later, the certain result of shifting responsibility from the Executive Government to the Crown.

We have already dwelt at greater length on the article in our contemporary than its argument deserves, but regarding it as the manifesto of the Tory party, now for the first time since 1830 in the full possession of power, and connecting it with the recent policy of the Government, a few more words of criticism on this significant paper will not be out of place.

The main obstacle to the ascendancy of the Crown is the independence of Parliament; until this obstacle is removed, there can be no scope for the free action of prerogative. Accordingly, Parliament must be educated in the new school;

and in the process of education, the rod is not to be spared. The House of Commons is to learn that in its legislative capacity, it should be directed and set in motion by the Crown; that in its particular function of providing for the exigencies of the State, it must be content, where foreign policy is concerned, with such information as the Government may think fit to afford, or to dispense with information altogether. If millions are demanded on a vote of credit, the House must be satisfied with any frivolous or unreal explanation which the minister may vouchsafe to offer; to hesitate about giving the money is factious; to raise a question as to the policy for which it is required, is unpatriotic. In this very article, the Whigs are distinctly charged with refusing to grant supplies to their sovereign, because they presumed, on a recent occasion, to discuss the policy of the measure. The charge is as untrue as it is absurd. The Whigs, as it happened, took no part in the division, by which many members of the Opposition deemed it their duty to record their disapproval of the vote.

The plan which we have described, has the merit of simplicity. George III. was driven to the necessity of adopting a more circuitous process for attaining the same end. The Whig statesmen of that day could not be bent to his purpose; and he could not immediately break with the party which had limited his prerogative, while it had confirmed the stability of his throne. The King, who gloried in the name of Briton, therefore hit upon a device worthy of kingcraft. A scheme, which Burke describes as a double cabinet, was contrived. The ministers holding the great offices of state were discredited, and virtually superseded by a cabal consisting chiefly of subordinate ministers called 'King's friends,' whose business it was privately to convey his Majesty's pleasure to members of Parliament and others, who, for various reasons, desired to be on good terms with the Crown. The plan had a negative success in disabling the ostensible ministry and thwarting their measures, but was less efficient in obtaining for the sovereign a positive and direct increase of political power. The cabal, however, answered its purpose in driving from the council chamber every man of independent spirit, until it was finally broken up, when Lord North consented to take office on the King's terms.

The plan of a double cabinet, or cabal, would not work with a reformed Parliament. When the House of Commons for the most part belonged to a few proprietors, and when the sovereign kept the patronage of the Crown in his own hands, it was possible for him to exercise a great personal control over public affairs. In these days, it is not very likely that

an attempt will be made to revive personal government through the medium of any artificial contrivance such as the double cabinet of George III. There is but one way in which prerogative can be exalted in modern times, and that is by lowering the authority and undermining the independence of Parliament. All that Parliament loses, the Crown must gain. The representatives of the people can no longer be influenced by the coarse expedients of bribery and corruption; and the lines of party division are so strongly drawn, that no man can change sides without subjecting his motives to a severe scrutiny, and losing the weight and influence which he may possess. But while the personal honour of its members never stood so high, the reputation of the House of Commons as a body is not so secure. The Quarterly Reviewer, for whose purpose it is necessary to disparage the House of Commons, scoffs at its incapacity to dispose of the enormous mass of business with which it is charged. 'At one time,' he says, 'transformed into a debating society, at another into a vestry, it becomes every year more incapable of accomplishing the task which its ambition has undertaken.' There is truth in these remarks, notwithstanding their exaggeration, and the sinister design which prompts them. The redundancy of debate with which every bill is overlaid, the prolixity with which every detail of legislation is canvassed, the garrulity with which every question is overwhelmed, all tend to lower the great assembly in public estimation, and to impair its efficiency. And recently the unchecked efforts of a few members, who, for a special object, have abused their privilege, to retard public business, have contributed in no slight degree to lessen the dignity and weaken the authority of Parliament. The House has partially the remedy in its own power; but the Government of the day are chiefly responsible for the conduct of business, and the maintenance of the discipline which is necessary to prevent the House of Commons from degenerating into an unwieldy and tumultuous congress. The 'Quarterly' writer and the friends of prerogative may regard this state of things with complacency; and it is no doubt calculated to advance their views. The people of this country love freedom, but they also love orderly government; and if they can no longer look for it from a distracted and unruly legislature, they will turn towards the executive power. Relieved from the pressure of a restrictive policy, and soothed by the beneficent legislation of fifty years, the present race of Englishmen have grown to be heedless of liberties which are no longer in danger, and to leave the administration of affairs in the hands of the Government without

much heed to public affairs in which they have no apparent interest. A favourable opportunity seems to be thus offered of restoring the preponderance of the Crown which existed before the era of parliamentary reform; and though the project is not likely to be successful, it would be unwise to treat it with contempt.

We have pointed out the existing tendency of the House of Commons to sink in public confidence and respect. On the one side we see a Tory Government supported by a homogeneous majority; on the other we have a heterogeneous and disorganised minority. There are two extreme parties in the State, each aiming to bring about an essential change in the Constitution. The one seeks a republic as the logical result of liberal principles; the other desires to exalt prerogative on the ruins of parliamentary government. The great bulk of the nation oscillates between these two opinions, without touching either. Of late years, this floating mass has leaned towards the side of progress; sometimes it is swayed by events and circumstances over which political parties have no control; sometimes it seems to be actuated by mere wilfulness and caprice; but generally its inclination is determined by one or the other of the two great parties—Liberal and Conservative. This great force of public opinion, acting directly through its representatives in Parliament, has for the last five-and-forty years governed the country; and it therefore becomes statesmen and leaders of party who would give a particular direction to public affairs to study its temper, and watch its varying moods. The Liberal party, secure in the long enjoyment of power, have, of late years, neglected this duty. Relying on their principles, and animated by an honest zeal, they carried reform too far; and the reaction which invariably follows when public opinion is outstripped, set in with a strong tide. The present Parliament owes its origin to selfish alarm and resentment at the threatened invasion of vested interests in the triumphant march of reform under the energetic guidance of Mr. Gladstone. It would be idle to deny that the reaction against Liberal principles is extensive and may be lasting. That the Tories believe their position to be better assured than it has been since the time of Lord Liverpool, is evident from the policy they have pursued, and the ulterior designs to which their more eager partisans seek to commit them. The united counsels of the Liberal party can avert these dangers. But how are the different sections of the Liberal party to be reconciled? By common sense, we hope, and a perception of the common danger. It is no longer a question of a particular policy. The Liberal party must be rallied upon the principle which is common to the whole con-

nexion—the independence of Parliament. When this is successfully asserted, it will be time to adjust minor differences, which are only differences of degree. We do not presume to censure the advanced section of the Opposition for insisting upon a vigorous policy; we would only remind them that the rate of progress must be measured by public opinion; and we submit that no doctrine can be more favourable to the permanence of Tory government than an uncompromising adherence to dogmas which a few earnest and high-minded men may think just and right. On recent occasions when the Tories have been provisionally in office, our Radical allies have thought they could extort from the weakness of their opponents more than they could obtain from their own party; and experience perhaps justified this anticipation. But the conditions are essentially changed. The Tories are not merely in office, they are in power; and with an assured and compact majority they have no longer the same inducement to make concessions. The experience of the past four years has taught us that Tory government is in spirit, and, so far as times admit, in action, the same that it was fifty years ago. The progress of real reform is stopped. Parliament is amused with petty measures, few even of these being passed. Warlike agitation is encouraged, and attention is thus diverted from domestic affairs. A lavish expenditure, which always secures popularity of the lowest description, has replaced an unpopular economy. We submit that the first object of the Liberal party under such circumstances should be, a riddance of Tory government. It will be time enough to settle vexed questions, when this essential preliminary has been passed. For the purposes of party warfare, the Conservatives are far superior to their opponents. They are perfectly organised; they have no differences of opinion; or if such differences exist, they are not suffered to interfere with the common action. The Liberals, on the contrary, are a body of freethinkers, who can with difficulty be induced occasionally to subscribe to a common opinion, or to act under a common head. There are numerous sects, each insisting on its own particular tenet, and keeping aloof unless that tenet is recognised and adopted as the creed of the party. Even upon critical questions of policy which involve no question of principle, it has been difficult, of late years, to obtain a united vote. But when a minority of a minority persists in going to a division on which the bulk of the party cannot join, the result is that, in addition to a signal parliamentary defeat, a false impression is given of the strength of the Government and the weakness of the Opposition.

Government by party is essential to our parliamentary system; but parties cannot exist, unless party conflict is carried on upon equal conditions. The new policy of government by the Crown cannot co-exist with government by party; and it is obvious that everything which impairs the force and coherence of the Liberal party must be altogether in favour of the prerogative policy.

It would be a grave error to treat this article in the 'Quarterly Review' as the rhodomontade of a crazy fanatic. Having regard to the connexion of that journal with the party in power, the article on the Crown and the Constitution has a special significance. It coincides with a remarkable act of State. It is, in truth, a declaration accompanied by an overt act. The assertion by the ministers, in both Houses, of the right of the Crown to call out military forces not sanctioned by Parliament, and to charge the payment of those forces upon the revenue of the United Kingdom; the studious contempt of the House of Commons in delaying the announcement of this proceeding until the day after Parliament had adjourned for the recess; the unwarrantable extent to which ministers have trespassed on the forbearance of Parliament in demanding explanations—are all consistent with the high prerogative doctrines in which the new generation is to be educated. Nay, we suddenly learn that engagements have been entered into by the Ministers of the Crown, entirely without the knowledge of Parliament, which affect in the most material manner the whole foreign policy of the country, and pledge us to a large and unauthorised expenditure of our resources, now and hereafter. It is impossible to afford a more signal example of that secret, arbitrary, and unparliamentary power for which the Tories of the present day contend.

But something more is necessary to establish this new faith. The party of the Revolution which limited the rights of the Crown must be discredited. Accordingly, we are assured that the Whigs were extinguished by the Reform Act, or the Revolution, as it is called, of 1832. Since that period, Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne, and Lord John Russell have been successively at the head of the administration composed almost exclusively of Whigs. Sir Robert Peel governed the country for five years upon a policy which was vehemently denounced by the present Prime Minister and the Tories, and as warmly supported by the Whigs. The most distinguished followers of Sir Robert Peel subsequently became prominent members of the Liberal party. Lord Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Gladstone were not indeed edu-

cated in a Whig school, but they were surrounded by Whig colleagues, and adopted Whig principles. Among the foremost ministers since 1832, without reference to lists of cabinets, such names as the following occur to our recollection :—Lords Lansdowne, Duncannon, Holland, Howick, Minto, Morpeth, Granville, Sir John Hobhouse, Sir George Grey, Sir Charles Wood, Sir George Lewis. All these, we apprehend, were Whigs; and the survivors were members of the administration which quitted office in 1874. The Liberal party, we are glad to say, now rests on a wider basis than the historic designation would accurately describe; but so long as the Constitution exists the principles of its founders must remain in the ascendant. The Whigs, it seems, according to the ‘Quarterly Review,’ have had little or nothing to do with—nay, they were either opposed or unfriendly to—the reforms of the last fifty years. We learn that they supported the Test Act until it was repealed by the Tories in the time of George IV.; that they are the authors of the Navigation Laws of Cromwell; that they hated the Reform Act; and that the credit of the new system of education is due, not to the Liberals, but to the clergy of the Established Church. We refer to these remarkable statements, not for the purpose of refuting them, but to lay before our readers a curious specimen of what we freely admit to be the exceptional amount of candour and intelligence which a writer in a publication of high character can bring to a question of grave importance. The argument for ‘loyally upholding the constitutional prerogative ‘of the Crown against the invasion of democracy’ is one which may be stated with precision and temperance. We think, indeed, that such an argument, however well sustained, would admit of a sufficient answer. But we can truly say that our task would have been less irksome had it been our fortune to encounter an argument founded upon a fair statement of facts and directed by a reasoning faculty.

We have on two previous occasions reviewed in this Journal the first and the third volumes of Mr. Theodore Martin’s ‘Life ‘of the Prince Consort;’ the first deriving its chief interest from the details of the Prince’s early life and courtship; the third, from its historical connexion with the Crimean War and the foreign politics of that period. The second volume of this important work has not been noticed, as yet, in these pages, because it contains matter which we reserved for a fuller discussion of the great constitutional question of the prerogatives of the Crown. It is, we think, unfortunate that this question should have been raised at all, especially in the fortieth year of the

reign of Queen Victoria. But since these extraordinary pretensions have been put forward, and made the subject of a formal declaration of principles by the leading organ of the Tory party, we cannot hesitate to accept the challenge, and to vindicate, as forcibly as we can, the true doctrines of the Whig party and of our Parliamentary Constitution.

We do not propose again to enter into the interesting details of public and domestic life which these volumes contain. They have been eagerly read by thousands, and are calculated, we need hardly say, to increase and confirm the respectful affection which the Queen has won during her long reign. Her illustrious consort had not the like opportunity of becoming known to the country of his adoption, and his life was cut short before the misconceptions in which ignorance and prejudice had involved his name could be wholly dissipated. The moral character of the Prince was never indeed impeached, but an opinion prevailed among many who knew and respected his blameless life that his Royal Highness took a more active part in public affairs than his peculiar position seemed to warrant. At the age of twenty-six, when he was an Englishman of five years' standing, his Royal Highness prepared for the instruction of Dean Wilberforce, in view, we suppose, of his approaching advance to the episcopacy, an elaborate theme, defining the duties and proper functions of the bishops as members of the House of Lords. It is true that the courtly churchman (who was a man of infinite humour) appears to have solicited this information; but the serious earnestness with which the request was met, raises a presumption that among the many admirable qualities of the young Prince a sense of the ridiculous was not included. Though much addicted to general principles, his Royal Highness was chiefly engaged with the affairs of State. On the Eastern question alone his biographer informs us that the difficult task had been imposed upon him of making selections from fifty folio volumes, which the Prince compiled in four years.

It is impossible not to admire the energy and ability so displayed; but it is permissible to consider whether they were well directed. The Prince had not been resident many years in this country, and his position precluded him from cultivating a practical acquaintance with the people. He had studied English history and the Constitution under the direction of a foreigner named Stockmar, who had for many years been attached to the household and person of the Prince's uncle, the King of the Belgians, in the capacity of private physician; and we shall presently see what sort of tuition he received.

Baron Stockmar had been consulted by King Leopold on the momentous question of his royal niece's marriage, and it was to the Baron's suggestion that Prince Albert was, in the first instance at least, indebted for the high honour and happiness which he attained. Stockmar was an able and honest man, personally worthy of the friendship with which he was honoured by his illustrious patrons. But it is in his capacity of political preceptor to the royal pair that we take much interest in the worthy doctor or his opinions. Regard being had to his influence at Court, the Baron necessarily occupies a very conspicuous place in these memoirs, and his opinions on public affairs are quoted at great length. The Baron, after the fashion of his compatriots, is philosophical and dogmatic. It would be easy to gather from the dicta scattered through these volumes the character and tendency of the political lessons in which Baron Stockmar instructed his royal pupils; but we are saved the trouble of collating detached passages by an elaborate paper, in which the Baron stated at length the doctrines of his political creed. We regret that the space at our disposal will not admit a complete transcript of this important paper, every passage of which is full of meaning. We must be content, however, with a few quotations, sufficient to convey the sense and spirit of what Mr. Martin describes as 'a vigorous political essay.' The circumstance which seems to have suggested this valuable disquisition was a remark attributed to Lord Palmerston that the Court was pursuing 'a dynastic policy,' an imputation which the Baron repels with indignant scorn 'as the offspring of wounded self-esteem.' Lord Palmerston was one of her Majesty's Ministers, and though not at that time (1854) Minister for Foreign Affairs, his authority on such matters was higher than that of any of his colleagues. He was, of course, mistaken in his view of the Court policy, as Baron Stockmar says so; and Baron Stockmar tells us that he 'could judge whether the accusation was well founded or not better than any man in England.' But whether the views of the Court were dynastic or not, Baron Stockmar claims for the Queen and for the husband of the Queen the right to control not only the foreign policy, but the whole policy of the Government. At the commencement of the paper from which we are about to make extracts the Prince is informed that he 'could not marry the Queen of England without meaning, and without being bound, to become a political soldier.' This was in reference to the attacks which had been made upon his Royal Highness by certain portions of the press as well as by public rumours. The Baron then proceeds to de-

fine the position of the Crown in regard to the Constitution. The passages in italics are so emphasised in the original:—

‘Constitutional monarchy has, since 1830, been constantly in danger of becoming a pure Ministerial Government. . . . The old Tories, who before the Reform Bill were in power for fifty years, had a direct interest in upholding the prerogatives of the Crown, and they did uphold them manfully. . . . As a race, these Tories have died out, and the race which in the present day bear their name are simply degenerate bastards. Our Whigs, again, are nothing but partly conscious, partly unconscious Republicans, who stand in the same relation to the Throne as the wolf does to the lamb. And these Whigs must have a natural inclination to push to extremity the constitutional fiction—which, although undoubtedly of old standing, is fraught with danger—that it is unconstitutional to introduce and make use of the name and person of the irresponsible sovereign in the public debates on matters bearing on the Constitution.

‘Now, in our time, since Reform, the extinction of the genuine Tories, and the growth of those politicians of the Aberdeen school, who treat the existing Constitution merely as a bridge to a Republic, it is of extreme importance that this fiction should be *countenanced only provisionally, and that no opportunity should be let slip of vindicating the legitimate position of the Crown.*’

The Baron then proceeds to argue that the king has a right to be the permanent president of his ministerial council, because the nominal premier, however able and honest he may be, is only the chief of a party, and must prefer the interests of his party to the good of the State. The Baron has hardly words to express his contempt of ‘the political sciolist’ who makes light of this objection; and he shows how easily the sovereign can become the real, instead of the nominal, head of the Executive Government. We do not know whether this gentleman’s political studies extended as far as Bolingbroke; but his theory is stated by the eloquent and accomplished Jacobite with a conciseness and eloquence which, truth to say, the worthy doctor did not command.

‘To espouse no party, but to govern like the common father of his people, is so essential to the character of a patriot king, that he who does otherwise forfeits the title. It is the peculiar privilege and glory of this character that princes who maintain it, and they alone, are so far from the necessity that they are not exposed to the temptation of governing by a party, which must always end in the government of a faction; the faction of the prince, if he has ability; the faction of his ministers, if he has not; and either one way or other, in the oppression of the people. For faction is to party what the superlative is to the positive. Party is a political evil, and faction is the worst of all parties.’ (*The Idea of a Patriot King*, p. 82.)

But again we must allow Baron Stockmar to speak for himself.

‘The twaddle about ministers being responsible to the nation for every fault of head or heart will not keep matters straight. Where the question is how to keep the State in health our object should be, not to cure a complaint by severe remedies after it has broken out, but to protect it against disease. Ministerial responsibility in these days for such ministers as are incapable, and at any rate for such as are unscrupulous, is a mere bugbear. The responsible minister may do the most stupid and mischievous things. If they are not found out, he may even continue to be popular; if they do come to light, it only costs him his place. He resigns or is removed—that is all—the whole punishment, the whole restitution made for the mischief done to the common weal.

‘But who could have averted, whose duty was it to avert, the danger either wholly or in part? Assuredly he, and he alone, who, being free from party passion, has listened to the voice of an independent judgment; to exercise this judgment is, both in a moral and constitutional point of view, a matter of right, nay, a positive duty.

‘The sovereign may even take a part in the initiation and the maturing of the Government measures; for it would be unreasonable to expect that a king, himself as able, as accomplished, as patriotic as the best of his ministers, should be prevented from making use of these qualities at the deliberations of his council. In practice, of course, the use so made will be as various as the gifts and personal character of the occupants of the throne are various; and these are decided not merely by the different degrees of capability, but also by their varieties of temperament and disposition. Although this right has, since the time of William III., been frequently perverted and exercised in the most pernicious way: since 1830, on the other hand, it has scarcely been exercised at all.’ (*Life of the Prince Consort*, vol. ii. pp. 548, 549.)

Among the contrivances for redressing the balance of forces in the State, Baron Stockmar frequently refers to a ‘phenomenon’ which ‘Englishmen call the self-adjusting principle of the Constitution.’ We never heard any Englishman mention such a thing, and, for our part, we confess we know nothing about it. The Baron attributes to our countrymen a knowledge of the recondite machinery of the Constitution, which we fear they do not possess, and we must therefore credit him with a discovery which his modesty would decline. We wish that our learned instructor had vouchsafed us some explanation of this invaluable ‘phenomenon which is what the *vis medicatrix naturæ* is in disease;’* but as he fails to throw any light upon it, we must remain in our darkness.

* The Baron is very metaphorical, and all his metaphors are drawn from his profession.

There is a good deal more ; but our readers have probably had enough of this dissertation, curious and instructive as it is. The paper is not quite so ill written as the article in the 'Quarterly Review,' though the one is merely an amplification of the other. The only difference between the two is that the letter was drawn up for the instruction of the writer's illustrious pupils. The article is intended to indoctrinate her Majesty's subjects. The teaching is made plain by constant iteration, and resolves itself into two or three simple propositions. 1. The sovereign is to be the real as well as the nominal head of the Executive Government, or, in the language of the court oracle, he is to be perpetual prime minister. 2. He is to have the absolute nomination and dismissal of the subordinate ministers. 3. He is to exercise exclusive control over foreign policy, and to initiate domestic measures. Parliamentary government must cease, and parties must be annihilated. Whigs and Tories indeed are alike denounced as mischievous or worthless. The former are republicans more or less disguised ; the latter are the spurious offspring of a race of men who once upheld the prerogative of the Crown under every difficulty and disadvantage. The halcyon days of the monarchy ended with the Reform Act.

'Prior to 1831, the centre of gravity of the combined forces of the State in their relation to each other had lain in the Upper House, where the Tories for sixty years had commanded the majority. . . . The Reform Act, while it gave to the democratic element a preponderance in the Constitution over the aristocratic, removed its centre of gravity from the Upper to the Lower House, and thereby threw all political life into a state of feverish excitement and oscillation, which was very apt to have proved fatal to it.'

Notwithstanding this adverse state of affairs, the Baron was of opinion that a favourable opportunity for the restoration of the monarchy was afforded by the personal popularity of the sovereign. In the particular case, the sovereign being a woman, the exercise of power must devolve upon her husband. Baron Stockmar does not in plain terms claim for the Prince Consort the government of the country in virtue of his marital rights, but he justly points out that this consequence naturally follows. The House of Lords is in some way or other to be a party to the scheme ; while the minister is to aid and abet by discharging 'his foremost duty in sustaining the present well-deserved popularity of the sovereign.' Now all this is not the rambling of a distempered brain, nor the fulsome adulation of a silly courtier ; but the deliberate counsel of a man of mature years and good understanding, who wrote essays on the

British Constitution, and was honoured with the entire confidence—nay, the respectful deference—of the Queen and her consort. It is not surprising that the Prince should implicitly accept the views of a preceptor and friend who had lived more than thirty years in this country, and in close proximity with its courts and cabinets. ‘It has been,’ he writes in reply to the Baron’s constitutional essay, ‘a great pleasure to me to receive your wise words at a time [1854] when we might fancy we were living in a madhouse. I heartily agree with every word you say. The state of affairs is precisely what you indicate.’* And we learn from these volumes that his Royal Highness was indefatigable in the endeavour to fulfil his mission.

Now we will say nothing of the late Baron Stockmar inconsistent with respect for his sincerity; but the letter from which we have very sparingly quoted proves his utter incapacity to comprehend the subject upon which he wrote with such assumption of knowledge and authority. If there is any man of English birth and education so foolish as to believe it possible that we can go back to the times before the Reform Act, that party government can be abolished, and that the House of Lords can be got to league with the Crown in setting up personal government, such a man is not likely to be found among the readers of this Journal. Excepting Tories of the lower organisation, we should do injustice to the great Conservative party if we attributed to them any design to subvert parliamentary government, or a policy so rash as that which would stem the tide of democracy by directly opposing the throne as a barrier to its progress. A limited monarchy is not fitted to encounter the shock of public opinion, and it is not by converting a limited into an unlimited monarchy that the inroads of democracy can be stayed. The power of the Crown may be enhanced for the time by the ability or popularity of the sovereign; but, inasmuch as wise and good kings are only happy accidents, a free people seek and find the best security for good government in representative institutions. Consistently with these arrangements, the executive power is lodged in a minister or sub-king, who does the work, and is directly responsible to the Parliament, from which he has indirectly derived his appointment. The boundary between the legislative and executive powers is thus maintained, and the Crown is protected from the variations of popular opinion. This contrivance may be a rude one; it is not so captivating

* Life of the Prince Consort, vol. ii. pp. 537, 538.

as the idea of a patriot king ; but, like some other anomalies in our political system, it works well, and no sensible man, however high a monarchist he may be, will seek to disturb it. Baron Stockmar contemplated the erection of the Crown into a paramount authority in the State, as a permanent institution ; and this he proposed to found, in the first instance, on the personal popularity of the existing sovereign. But he made no attempt to meet the practical objection which immediately presents itself. Popularity is fleeting, and life is precarious. A succession of capable and popular rulers cannot be secured even by election, still less by hereditary descent. Thus the scheme breaks down at the outset. A regulated government, like every other political system, has its faults ; but, however defective the regulations may be, it is preferable, we submit, to government by Accident.

In the 150 years or nearly so between the re-settlement of the Crown and the accession of her Majesty there have been seven reigns. Excepting William III., can it be said that any of the other six sovereigns was capable of being permanent prime minister, and of directing the foreign policy of the nation ? Anne was governed by bed-chamber women. George I. was a stranger to the language and laws of the country to which he was called in the decline of life. George II., incompetent himself, had the good fortune during a part of his reign to be guided by a sensible wife. We were spared the reign of a King Frederick. The long life of George III. was obscured by mental disease. Of George IV. and William IV. we need say nothing. All these princes were well meaning and loyal to their trust. They were simply, one and all, incapable of forming a reasoned opinion upon any important question, civil or military. The earlier sovereigns of the House of Hanover, taking little or no interest in the domestic politics of this country, were chiefly concerned with foreign policy, and their foreign policy consisted entirely in using the resources of England for the protection of their petty electorate. George III. not only involved this country in a war which dismembered the empire, but he meddled with every detail of administration, and, by keeping the patronage of the Government in his own hands, was enabled to do a great deal of mischief. George IV., as Regent and King, found congenial ministers in the Percevals, the Castlereaghs, and Liverpools. The attempt of William IV. to assert his royal will, and its signal failure, are matters of recent history. Even William III. valued the Crown of England only as it aided him in accomplishing the sole object of his life—the

humiliation of France, and the readjustment of the balance of power. Hallam, writing some years before the Reform Act, makes some striking observations on this subject—

‘Comparatively with the state of prerogative before the Revolution, we can hardly dispute that there has been a systematic diminution of the reigning prince’s control, which, though it may be compensated or concealed in ordinary times by the general influence of the executive administration, is of material importance in a constitutional light. Independently of other consequences which might be pointed out as probable or contingent, it affords a real security against endeavours by the Crown to subvert or essentially impair the other parts of our Government; for though a king may believe himself and his posterity to be interested in obtaining arbitrary power, it is far less likely that a minister should desire to do so. I mean arbitrary, not in relation to temporary or partial abridgment of the subject’s liberty, but to such projects as Charles I. and James II. attempted to execute. What, indeed, might be effected by a king, at once able, active, popular, and ambitious, should such ever unfortunately appear in this country, it is not easy to predict. Certainly his reign would be dangerous, on one side or other, to the present balance of the Constitution. But against this contingent evil, or the far more probable encroachments of ministers, which, though not going the full length of despotic power, might slowly undermine and contract the rights of the people, no positive statutes can be devised so effectual as the vigilance of the people themselves, and their increased means of knowing and estimating the measures of their government.’ (*Constitutional History*, vol. iii. p. 297.)

The development of the democratic principle in the Constitution during the last half-century and the increasing vigilance of Parliament in regard to the conduct of the Executive Government have reduced prerogative within very narrow bounds; and if it could be shown that prerogative had been actively exercised since the Revolution for the public good, we might regard the future with anxiety. But, whether the influence of prerogative is wholesome or otherwise, there never was a time less favourable to its revival than the present. The recent movement on its behalf is no doubt owing to the fact that the Tories are, for the first time since 1830, firmly established in power. But this fact has put the Liberal party on their guard and redoubled their vigilance. Not a day passes without a prying investigation into some branch of the public service, and ministers are sharply interrogated upon the minutest as well as the most important matters of administration. The inquisitiveness of the House of Commons may be inconvenient, and the cheap privilege of asking questions is sometimes abused; but there is no part of the proceedings of Parliament more interesting to the public than these pointed

enquiries, and there is none, we think, more useful under existing circumstances. The revelations which have been recently made and the practical commentary on those revelations supplied by the policy of her Majesty's Government are not calculated to relax the jealous scrutiny of the Opposition. We freely admit that there is no cause for alarm in the general composition of the Cabinet. Some of its members are Conservatives of the modern school, who maintain that there is no essential difference between their views and those of the moderate Liberals. However that may be, the principal ministers are not men of a cast of mind to attempt innovations, or to wrench the Constitution from its centre. But under the control of a master intellect, the members of a cabinet are little more than heads of departments, and on all the great lines of policy they are carried forward by the impulse of their chief. Such 'sole ministers' were aforetime Godolphin, Walpole, Chatham, and his son. The genius and ambition of the Earl of Beaconsfield entitle him to a place among these great names but his dazzling qualities are not those of an English statesman. He resembles some eminent predecessors indeed in the conflict of his opinions at different stages of his public life, but here the resemblance ceases. Some have changed their opinions from conviction; others have had them changed by circumstances; but we know only one English statesman who has changed his opinions for personal convenience. The abandonment of one political creed for another for the purpose of obtaining a seat in Parliament is a fault which may be expiated by subsequent good conduct; but when this is the commencement of a career throughout which no political faith is professed and no public principle can be traced, it is a career to which the history of England can show no parallel. In place of a consistent and intelligible policy, we find sensational starts, melodramatic performances, mysteries, and surprises. The English Constitution is described by Lord Beaconsfield as of Venetian origin; the Church 'as a corporation for the promulgation of certain Asian principles' which were founded by the Jews. His lordship's opinion of the great ruling parties in the State is pretty much that of Baron Stockmar. The Whigs, we are informed, are 'a factious aristocracy' which sprang from the 'plunder of the Church at the Reformation.' They have 'pulled down thrones and churches, changed dynasties, abrogated and remodelled Parliaments; they have disfranchised Scotland and confiscated Ireland. . . . They introduced sectarian religion; sectarian religion led to political exclusion;

‘and political exclusion was soon accompanied by commercial ‘restraint.’ Conservatism and the Conservatives are painted by the same master in many graphic sketches, from which we make one or two selections.

‘What,’ he asks, ‘will you conserve? The prerogatives of the Crown, provided they are not exercised; the independence of the House of Lords, provided it is not asserted; the Ecclesiastical Estate, provided it is regulated by a commission of laymen. Everything in short that is established, as long as it is a phrase and not a fact.

‘In the meantime, while form and phrases are religiously cherished in order to make the semblance of a creed, the rule of practice is to bend to the passion or combination of the hour. Conservatism assumes in theory that everything established should be maintained; but adopts in practice that everything that is established is indefensible. To reconcile this theory and this practice, they produce what they call “the best bargain;” some arrangement which has no principle and no purpose, except to obtain a temporary lull of agitation, until the mind of the Conservatives, without a guide and without an aim, distracted, tempted, and bewildered, is prepared for another arrangement, equally statesmanlike with the preceding one.

‘Conservatism was an attempt to carry on affairs by substituting the fulfilment of the duties of office for the performance of the functions of government; and to maintain this negative system by the mere influence of property, reputable private conduct, and what are called good connexions. Conservatism discards prescription, shrinks from principle, disowns progress; having rejected all respect for antiquity, it offers no redress for the present, and makes no preparation for the future. It is obvious that for a time, under favourable circumstances, such a confederation might succeed; but it is equally clear, that on the arrival of one of those critical conjunctures that will periodically occur in all states, and which such an unimpassioned system is even likely ultimately to create, all power of resistance will be wanting; the barren course of political infidelity will paralyse all action, and the Conservative constitution will be discovered to be a “caput mortuum.” . . .

‘Whenever public opinion, which this party never attempts to form, to educate, or to lead, falls into some violent perplexity, passion, or caprice, this party yields without a struggle to the impulse, and, when the storm has passed, attempts to obstruct and obviate the logical, and, ultimately, the inevitable results of the very measures they have themselves originated, or to which they have themselves consented. This is the Conservative Party.’ (*Coningsby*, Book II. ch. v. and Book V. ch. ii.)

These were the professed opinions of Mr. Disraeli in 1849, two years before he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, leader of the House of Commons, and virtual head of a Conservative Ministry. We invite particular attention to the following passage from the same work, which, though in the form of a fiction, is chosen by the author ‘as a method which,

‘in the temper of the times, offered the best chance of influencing opinion.’ (Preface to fifth ed., 1849.)

‘We should so act that when the occasion arrives, we should clearly comprehend what we want, and have formed an opinion as to the best means by which that want can be supplied. For this purpose, I would accustom the public mind to the contemplation of an existing, though torpid power in the Constitution, capable of removing our social grievances, were we to transfer to it those prerogatives which the Parliament has gradually usurped, and used in a manner which has produced the present material and moral disorganisation. The House of Commons is the house of a few; the Sovereign is the sovereign of all. The proper leader of the people is the individual who sits upon the throne.’

In a subsequent paragraph he is more explicit. The difficulty is suggested of reconciling the revival of monarchical rule with the representative principle. The answer is :

‘Representation is not necessarily, or even in a principal sense, Parliamentary. . . . Opinion is now supreme, and opinion speaks in print. The representation of the press is far more complete than the representation of Parliament. Parliamentary representation was the happy device of a ruder age, to which it was admirably adapted; an age of semi-civilisation, when there was a leading class in the community; but it exhibits many symptoms of desuetude. It is controlled by a system of representation more vigorous and comprehensive; which absorbs its duties, and fulfils them more efficiently, and in which discussion is pursued on fairer terms, and often with more depth and information.’ (*Coningsby*, Book V. ch. ii.)

These are not the crude utterances of a presumptuous boy, like the author of ‘Vivian Grey,’ but, we repeat, the grave opinions of a man of mature years, deliberately confirmed after he had become leader of the Conservative party, and when he was proximate minister of state. We do not believe that at his time of life Lord Beaconsfield can hope to see the day when parliamentary government shall be supplanted by prerogative under his direction; but having mystified his intellect in penning original theories of the Constitution and fantastic histories of party until his perception of the difference between truth and fiction has become confused, it is possible that he may have brought himself to entertain some idea of the kind. If prerogative is to be exalted, it is necessary to prepare the way by lowering the character and authority of Parliament; and it is certain that the House of Commons has sunk in public confidence and respect under the present administration. The Commons are degenerating into an assembly without rule or guidance, impotent to repel avowed insult or to put down organised obstruction. The business set before the House is

of the quality which is dealt with by town councils and local boards, and it is on the whole not quite so important as that which is transacted by the Metropolitan Board of Works. All this could be prevented and set right by a due exercise of the control and management for which the minister of the day is responsible. It is among the educated classes that the constitutional securities for freedom and good government are mostly appreciated. The mass of the people care little for forms of government so long as their liberty is not unduly curtailed and they are not oppressed by taxation; and if it could be made to appear that the House of Commons was becoming incompetent to transact the business of the country, the Executive Government would insensibly take its place, and thus the Crown would eventually recover the prerogative of which it had been so long dispossessed. We cannot, therefore, reckon upon any national movement to avert this threatened disturbance of the balance of the State. The danger is too uncertain and remote, and its character is too refined to excite popular apprehension. It is only by insidious and slow degrees, all but imperceptible to ordinary ken, that such an inroad could be effected. We must confide, as we have done aforetime, in the firmness of our leading statesmen and in the vigilance of the party who are the traditional trustees and guardians of the Constitution. We can only regret that after a reign of forty years, which has re-established monarchy in the respect and attachment of the people, an insufferable pretension should be set up by officious courtiers, with the tacit approval, we fear, of those whom they desire to flatter or to serve.

We cannot close these observations without some notice of a name which must ever be identified with the constitutional history of England. Lord Russell has passed away in the fulness of time; and the shadow of death spared his latter days the pain of witnessing the slights and sneers cast upon the principles which he revered, and which have made this country pre-eminent among free nations. The public life of Lord Russell commenced in the dark age of administrations, when the principles of civil and religious liberty had fallen into disuse, when trade and commerce were restricted, when the press was coerced and public opinion was silenced, when the country was governed by Black Acts and military force. But he lived to see the dawn, and even the meridian, of a brighter day, and to take a prominent part in demolishing the machinery which ignorance and timidity rather than malevolence had constructed. From 1828, when he struck the first successful blow at religious intolerance by obtaining the repeal

of the Test Act, until his retirement in 1866, Lord Russell either originated or took a leading part in every measure which contributed to the restoration of the great edifice of liberty and law. Ever diligent in the cause of progress and reform, he never went out of his way to court popular applause ; and he never fell into popular courses except when he found them the most convenient road to the particular end he had in view. The popularity of Lord Russell was, to use a fine expression of a great English judge, 'the popularity which follows, not that which is run after.' It 'was that popularity 'which sooner or later never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means.' It is impossible that a public career which extended to nearly half a century should be free from faults and errors. But this is not a time to review in detail either the merits or defects of a life which fills so large a space in English history.

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ART. I.—1. *Report of the Copyright Commission.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament. London: 1878.

2. *Minutes of the Evidence taken before the Royal Commission on Copyright.* With Appendix. London: 1878.

ENGLISH authors and the publishers of their writings have been indicted before a Royal Commission on the most singular charge which was ever preferred against human offenders. Their works, or at least many of them, are admitted to be excellent. A cheap and abundant supply of good literature is declared to be of the highest importance in the education of the people. The manufacturers are accused of setting a price so unnaturally high on their productions, that the circulation of them is confined to the wealthier classes. Contemporary literature is made an expensive luxury, and the public are defrauded of their legitimate share of instruction and amusement. The accusation is the more remarkable, because the offence increases with the goodness of the work which is produced. The better the work, the more desirable it is that the public should possess it; and therefore the less tolerable is it that the author should himself define the terms on which his work shall be disposed of. The chief prosecutor is no less a person than the Secretary of the Board of Trade, the department of Government which is specially charged with the administration of copyright. After endeavours, vainly pursued for several years, to bring the offenders to their senses by indirect pressure, the Board of Trade has laid its case before a Commission, being convinced apparently that their conduct needs only to be exposed for an instant remedy to be applied.

Has the Board of Trade been converted to Socialism? Is it reverting to the exploded policy which punished 'regrating'

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and 'forestalling'? Is Government preparing again to fix the prices at which articles of necessary consumption are to be admitted to the market? Men do not live by books alone. They require bread, and meat, and clothes, and lodgings, good and abundant if possible. The better the quality of beef and mutton, the more desirable it is, that the public shall have access to it on easy terms. Are authors and publishers to be made use of to try the experiment of resuming the rejected methods of economic distribution? Why may not the author sell his wares at his own price like every other producer? Why is he to be singled out and to be told that he is an extortioner, because the public want his books at a lower price than he is inclined to sell them for? Do authors require the discipline of poverty to stimulate their energies? Are they, of all classes in the community, so highly rewarded in proportion to their services, that in the interest of the commonwealth the protection which they have abused must be taken away from them? Or are the publishers the offenders? Are the profits of publishers so notoriously enormous that an interference, admitted to be mischievous in every other branch of business, has in theirs become indispensable? The returns of authors, we believe, form no large item in the income-tax. The most successful of them rarely achieve more than a modest independence. As to publishers, so many are the risks, so great are the uncertainties of the trade, that no occupation brings profit so moderate in proportion to the capital and intelligence expended upon it. The coalowner, the shipowner, the merchant, the banker, even the retail London mercer and jeweller, would smile at the balance-sheets of Paternoster-row. No one ever heard of a publisher who was a millionaire. Marshall and Snelgrove, Howell and James, Peter Robinson, or Moses and Son, are commercial princes by the side of Longman and Murray. Books cannot be brought out without publishers. Authors, as a rule, cannot afford to venture into the market on their own account, and are without the machinery to bring their work before the world. They and their publishers are joint partners in a business which the Board of Trade is required by its argument to admit to be peculiarly useful. They ask only for the same protection to their industry which the law extends to all other innocent employments. They require that their work shall not be stolen from them. And they can only be secured against thieves by a prohibition against outside persons from taking what does not belong to them and has cost them nothing, and from selling it for their own advantage. If it be essential for the public good that an

author's liberty of doing as he pleases with his own property is to be taken from him, in order that his books may be made cheaper, he will plead that the principle be extended all round, and the State shall reduce his own cost of living at the expense of the butcher and baker. Exceptional hard treatment of himself, when the gravamen of the charge against him is the peculiar value of his services, he will naturally protest against.

Nor will the bewildered book-producers be less perplexed when they learn the rejoinder of the Board of Trade and their allies. My good people, these gentlemen answer, you are under the most absurd of mistakes. You protest against interference. We entirely agree with you. We interfere at present, and we wish to cease to interfere. You call your books your property. They are your property as long as they are in your own desks, but not a moment longer. The police will take care that no one breaks your desk open and carries away your manuscripts; but when you yourselves have taken your manuscripts to the printer and have published your works to the world, your right of property has passed from you. The State, by special legislation, has consented hitherto to give you a monopoly in the sale of them for a limited number of years, that you may have some moderate remuneration for the trouble which you have taken. But you have no right to such protection. Your writing your books was your own free act—nobody asked you to write them—and if you do not like the consequences, you have no one to blame but yourself. All monopolies are injurious to the public interest, and this of yours is especially injurious. The principle of property is the limitation of supply. A piece of land is property, and a manufactured article is property; because one special piece of land or one particular article is limited to itself, nothing else is identical with it. Two separate persons cannot possess the same thing at once, and therefore, to prevent quarrels, the law gives it to one or the other of them. But your books, as soon as they have once been written, can be reproduced in indefinite quantities at the mere cost of paper and printing. Any number of persons may possess the same book, and therefore property it neither is nor can be. If it was property, it would be yours in perpetuity. But it is not yours in perpetuity, nor ever has been. You hold it only for a time; and this alone might show you that you have only so much right over it as the State consents to allow you. Most civilised governments in modern times have thought it good to encourage literature by conceding some limited right of this kind, and our own Government has done so among the rest;

but you have abused your privilege. You and your publishers are selling your books at five or six times the price at which they could be sold if the production of them was thrown open to the wholesome action of competition. You are plundering the public. We must take a power out of your hands with which you are obviously unfit to be trusted; and perhaps, if we can, we will, by-and-by, devise some less mischievous form of protection for you.

Men of letters do not understand rigid formulas, or much believe in them. They look at questions from a broad point of view, and they know the inadequacy of all moral definitions. If the theory that the principle of property leads to the conclusion that the book which one man has written, and which no one else could have written, is not his property, they will refuse to be bound by such a theory. The paper and print, an author will say, is not my book, but the shell of my book. The book itself is the information in it which my industry has collected. It is my thought, which I have shaped into form by intellectual effort; it is the creation of my imagination, in which I have embodied the observation and reflection of my entire life. The paper and ink of a book are like the paper and ink of a bank note. The bank note derives its value from what it represents. The book derives its value from what it conveys. The difference is only that the forged bank note can be detected and repudiated. The illegitimate copy of a book carries its spiritual quality inseparably attached to it. The pound of flesh cannot be cut without the author's intellectual work being appropriated along with it, and this intellectual work, he humbly submits, is as much his own as any other artificially created thing, and as little ought it to be stolen from him. If the State, out of consideration for the public good, has decided that it shall be his only for his lifetime and for a few years beyond, the State has done no more than it has done with the most solid of all properties, *land*. The State in various times has attached conditions of endless variety to landed tenures. In the last century a man forfeited his estate if he became a Roman Catholic. To-morrow, if it so pleases, the State may enact a compulsory distribution at death among a man's children. A time may come when all land shall be held under the Crown under an expiring lease, and shall revert to it every forty or fifty years. It will not be the less a man's property as long as the State allows it to him. A limited tenure may be as complete while it lasts as a tenure in perpetuity.

The publisher's case is as strong as the author's. The

publisher will perhaps be more amused than frightened by the threatened attack upon him. The Board of Trade, he will perceive, knows nothing whatever of the details of the business with which it proposes to interfere. It may be true, he says, that books are sold when first issued at a price far above what the cost of printing necessitates, and if books could command an extended sale in proportion to their merit, and if the marketable merit of a book could be tested with as much ease and certainty as the marketable merit of a piece of calico or a sample of sugar, then the system of the book trade would be anomalous and inexplicable. But he too, on his part, submits honestly that he has been studying this question all his life; that the prosperity of his business depends on his understanding it; and that if his mode of conducting business had been as preposterous as the Board of Trade supposes, he would himself have made the discovery. In point of fact, the most experienced person can do no more than guess whether a book by an unknown author will succeed or fail. Books eventually admitted to be admirable are not immediately palatable, and, like Wordsworth's poems, make their way but slowly. Others have a brilliant momentary reputation, and are then forgotten; others, though they may have genuine worth, never take the public taste at all. The reception given to a new publication depends on conditions of the public mind which cannot be gauged beforehand, and therefore four books out of five which are published do not pay their expenses. The Board of Trade looks to the few which have an extended sale. It hears of the cheque for 20,000*l.* which Messrs. Longman paid to Lord Macaulay. It compares the selling price with the cost of printing, and holds up its hands in horror. The truth is simply that the successful books pay for the unsuccessful. The author of the successful book is the person most injured. But he bears with it because he knows that he can himself do nothing without the publisher's help, and that unless the publisher's losses are covered he cannot carry on his business. If the publisher is asked whether he might not calculate on as large a profit from the wide sale of a cheap edition of a popular book as from the more limited sale of a dear edition, he announces that he produces a cheap edition as soon as he safely can; but no two cases are the same, and in the details of trade experience is the only guide. If the public were unfairly dealt with, signs would be forthcoming in the fortunes which authors and publishers were accumulating. Yachts, deer forests, and suburban palaces fall neither to poets nor novelists nor to their partners in the

Row. Of all persons who contribute to the comfort or enjoyment of society, those whose names figure on the title-pages of popular works are contented with the most modest reward.

These arguments might be thought strong enough to prevent an uncalled-for interference with the existing order of things. But the Secretary of the Board of Trade and his friends are inexorable. A good book once published, they say, is like a spoken word or a secret of nature discovered. Few men have been greater benefactors of their kind than Jenner, but who would pretend that Jenner should have had a monopoly in vaccination? Authors and inventors ought to be influenced, and the best of them are influenced, by higher motives than money payments, and they receive a higher reward. They should be encouraged indeed to give the public the benefit of their talents. But there are many kinds of encouragement. Splendid literary works were produced before copyright was heard of, and will continue to be produced after copyright has been abolished. Nay, when all is said, an author's work is but partially his own. His ideas and sentiments he has in common with his age. His facts are generally collected by the labours of others. How much of any book is the author's own it is impossible to say. All that he certainly provides is the form, and the form is far too slight a contribution to entitle him to exclusive ownership. The form, to those who know what literature means, is the essence of the art. Homer himself did but seize the materials of the 'Iliad' which were floating in popular tradition, and made them immortal in the form which he bestowed upon them. The materials of the human body are but common clay till they are possessed by the genius of life. But the practical intelligence of the Board of Trade cannot enter into subtle refinements. Shakespeare borrowed 'Hamlet' from Saxo Grammaticus. Dante took his 'Inferno' from Catholic theology, combined with contemporary history. Neither 'Hamlet' nor the 'Inferno' is really original. They are due to a thousand influences besides the mind of the poet. The author deserves something for his trouble. A government official may be appointed to fix the price of the book and determine how much may be allotted to the author for the labour which he can prove that he has spent upon it. Mr. Macfie, an intelligent member of Parliament, who gave evidence before the Commission, considers that six months may be the average time consumed in producing an ordinary volume, and, if the author is a clergyman, two or three hundred pounds may not be too much for him. We shall return again to Mr. Macfie, but he is not the only or

the most important authority who looks at literature from so remarkable a point of view. It will be a mistake to treat such views disrespectfully. Something real must admit of being said for them when they command the assent of a man of such unquestionable ability as Sir Louis Mallet.

But the position of the question will be more intelligible if we examine the history of the phases through which it has passed. Copyright, or the right of an author to prohibit the unsanctioned multiplication and sale of copies of his book, derived its importance from the discovery of printing. New books were brought out and disposed of by booksellers before Caxton and his types. Cicero's orations were published and offered for sale. But Cicero probably did not aim at making a direct profit out of his work; and we are too ignorant of the conditions under which the trade at Rome was carried on, to say whether the writer's interests were in any way protected. It was not till the mechanical process was invented, by which copies of a book could be struck off in thousands, that the right of ownership assumed a practical form. The courts of law, when the point came before them, gave contradictory judgments. Blackstone, Lord Mansfield, and Chief Justice Erle were of opinion that an author can claim an interest in his productions by natural justice. 'Their arguments' (we quote from Sir James Stephen) 'come to this: It is the duty of the judges to declare everything part of the common law which appears to them to be analogous to existing law, and to be in itself just and reasonable. The existence of copyright fulfils these conditions; therefore copyright exists at common law.'

But another view, Sir James Stephen says, is supported by equally eminent authorities.

'Copyright at common law ceases at publication because the general principle that a man has property in everything which he produces by intellectual labour, and can treat as an injury any use of it without his leave, would lead to absurd results. It would give a man copyright in his conversation. It would enable an author to prevent any one from lending copies of his works to friends. It would make all the work of the human mind private property vested by the various chances of life in persons utterly unconnected with, or very remotely connected with, their author. The judges who took this view agreed that it was expedient that some right should be conferred by law upon authors and artists, but they regarded its proper limitation and definition as a task for the legislature and not for themselves.'

By this second principle the law upon the subject has been governed. The lawyers indeed have not known their own minds about it. 'It has been decided,' says Sir James, 'that

' the proprietor of a newspaper has copyright in the articles in
' his paper; but that a newspaper is not a book, and that
' therefore the omission to register the paper is not fatal to the
' proprietor's right to apply for an injunction to restrain piracy.
' How that can be consistent with the doctrine that publication
' destroys copyright, except in cases where the statutes pre-
' serve it, Sir James Stephen does not understand.* On the
whole, however, the legislature has assumed a power of limiting
the right which the author or his assignees or representatives
may possess in his works, apparently for the reason given
above, that the productions of a distinguished writer are too
important to be left to the accident to which they might be
exposed, were they to share the condition of ordinary property.
Books of the greatest value are sold often by authors ignorant
of their pecuniary value to booksellers and publishers who
would derive an extravagant profit from them if copyright was
perpetual, while the author's descendants would receive nothing.
This difficulty might be met by a provision suggested by Mr.
Macmillan, that after a fixed period of years all copyrights
should revert to the authors' heirs. But Lord Macaulay, in a
speech on the copyright question, set his finger on a more real
objection. A man's heirs or successors are not always the best
judges of his merits. Richardson's grandson was a clergyman
who disapproved of novels, and would have suppressed ' Sir
' Charles Grandison ' and ' Clarissa. ' Boswell's son regarded the
' Life of Johnson ' as a blot upon the honour of his family.
The ' Pilgrim's Progress ' might have fallen to a disciple of
Mr. Keble; or the ' Christian Year ' to a disbeliever in the real
presence, who might withdraw it from circulation in con-
sequence of the altered line. It has been held unfair and un-
safe to leave literature at the mercy of individuals; and after
the author's death, or within a few years of it, the right of
ownership lapses to the nation. An act of Queen Anne gave
him protection for fourteen years, with a renewal for fourteen
years if he was still alive. In 1814 the term was extended to
twenty-eight years, and to the life of the author if he outlived
the twenty-eight years. In 1842 it was extended further to
forty-two years, or to life and seven years after, whichever
period might be the longer. This last act was passed under
the virtual direction of Macaulay. With characteristic frank-
ness, Macaulay admitted that copyright was a monopoly, and
that a monopoly was a mischievous form of protection. But
no other security could be found which would answer the pur-

* Report, Appendix, note A to Article 4.

pose desired. He did not admit that copyright was property. He did not say that it was not. 'The case stands thus,' he said: 'It is good that authors should be remunerated, and the least objectionable way of remunerating them is by a monopoly. Monopoly is an evil. For the sake of the good we submit to the evil; but the evil ought not to last a day longer than is necessary for the purpose of securing the good.' On this ground Lord Macaulay recommended the forty-two years as the period for which the monopoly should continue; but he resisted Serjeant Talfourd's proposal to extend it to sixty years.

Thus the question was settled. Other nations had adopted the same principle, and had granted protection to their own men of letters for slightly differing terms. The European Powers agreed also to an international copyright arrangement among themselves, by which there was a mutual security against piracy; and the British act was made co-extensive with the sovereignty of the Crown. Authors and publishers, though they obtained less than Serjeant Talfourd had attempted to gain for them, were satisfied with the compromise, and were not curious about the name under which the protection was extended to them, so long as it was a practical reality. But the uncertainty whether copyright was 'property' had been allowed to remain, and unexpected fruits were yet to grow from the ambiguity. A natural right is generally respected. A right created by statute is supposed to originate in convenience, and carries its obligations no further than the countries which have agreed to respect it. The European nations consented to an international act. The Americans did not. They considered that as there was no moral wrong in appropriating the work of English authors, neither reason nor expediency required that they should become parties to an embarrassing convention. The American population, being generally well educated, desired naturally to possess themselves of such contemporary English books as had risen into reputation, on easier terms than they could be supplied by London publishers. High prices might be necessary in the United Kingdom, because the London publishers had to cover their risks and losses. But the risk had been run; the experiment had been made; the public verdict had sifted the good books from the bad or indifferent. The American publisher, secure of his market because he was dealing with articles of ascertained merit, was able to bring out at once cheap popular editions of such books as he knew would be in demand, and he for his part did not feel himself called on to remunerate further the English author who

had a public of his own at home. Thus copies of Macaulay's 'History' and Tennyson's 'Poems' were circulating in hundreds of thousands through the states of the Union, no fraction of the profits on which ever reached either the historian or the poet, unless perhaps occasionally in the form of some trifling present. English authors, not Macaulay we believe, but many others who suffered almost equally, and had not like him resigned the idea at the bottom of their minds that their books were their own, were loud in their outcries. They denounced the American editions as piracies. They appealed again and again to the conscience of the American Government. The Americans were courteous, but they had a fair answer, that their first duty was to their own public. The authors injured were not American subjects, and could not claim protection on those grounds of expediency on which copyright was held in England to be founded. The literary advantage which they enjoyed was too considerable to be sacrificed to sentiment. The American argument, so far as it concerned themselves, was perfectly sound. If the only justification of copyright is the encouragement of a national literature, the Americans were not bound to tax themselves for the benefit of Englishmen. Unfortunately the action of the Americans extended beyond their own borders. Canada became impatient of burdens which their neighbours had successfully resisted; and the Canadians could appeal to the example of India, which, before the Canadians stirred in the matter, had led the way in shaking off the English monopoly. It was considered an important object by Indian statesmen to spread a taste for English books as widely as possible through the peninsula. Sir Charles Trevelyan informed the Copyright Commission that as early as 1835 the Indian Council had decided to admit without duty the American reprints.* When English schools were largely established in India, Sir Charles and Lord Macaulay, whose authority was then supreme in such matters, concluded that it would be unjust to burden the Indian revenues with the high price of English school books, and they directed the introduction of the cheap American copies of them. If a violation of the copyright law was thus sanctioned in a British possession immediately under the control of Government, it was but natural that colonies with constitutions of their own should demand the same privilege. The American reprints had free entry into Canada. It was found practically impossible to keep them

* This, we presume, is what Sir Charles means by saying that 'India was on the free list as regards foreign reprints.'—Evidence, p. 1.

out. And in 1847 an act was passed permitting the introduction, with a reservation, to save appearances, of a duty of 12½ per cent. to be paid to the English authors. The act was not passed without vigorous resistance from the copyright owners. It could not have been passed at all without an engagement that the duty should be honestly levied; but levied it never was, and we cannot help thinking that, in the minds of the persons concerned in obtaining the concession, there was no real expectation that it ever would be levied. Again a light is thrown upon the matter by the action of India. 'An Indian act,' we learn from Sir Charles Trevelyan, 'gave powers in 1844 to the Secretary of State, by which foreign copies could be imported on payment of a customs duty of 10 per cent. ;' but Sir Charles says: 'The question of importing foreign reprints into India has not practically risen, because India is entirely free. The demand of India is supplied to a great extent from America.*' Thus it appears that no duty has been raised for the benefit of the author in India, when nothing would be wanted for its collection but an order from Downing Street; and there is the less reason to be surprised at the apathy or opposition of the colonial local authorities. Perhaps we are mistaken about India. It may be that the authors of the school-books, which are used in improving the morals and intellect of the boys and girls in Bengal, have duly received what belongs to them, and that thus our suspicions are unjust. But the total silence on the subject points to a negative conclusion; and if it be as we suppose, we are certainly not entitled to reproach the Canadians with any special breach of faith.

A law deliberately disobeyed is demoralising, and must either be enforced or repealed. The copyright owners in England, finding themselves defrauded of their duties, demanded the repeal of the act of 1847. The Canadian Government proposed, on the other hand, a further extension of the principle of that act. The restriction no longer having a meaning, they requested that their own publishers might be allowed to reprint English books instead of being supplied from the United States. They would thus be able to keep the foreign reprints out, and supply their own market. The author's 12½ per cent. they were willing to pay as an excise duty, which could not be evaded. He would then receive something where now he received nothing, and all parties would be gainers. This would have been perhaps a step in advance.

* Evidence, p. 4.

The colonists could not be expected to consent to be thrown back on the mercies of the English publishers, which would have been the effect of the repeal of the Reprints Acts. Their proposal involved a permission to English subjects to take possession of the work of other English subjects, and reproduce it, whether the authors consented or not; but it was clear that the Canadians meant to have their cheap editions on some terms or other, and the author being helpless might have been willing to make a virtue of necessity.

But now a fresh difficulty arose. The Americans were beginning to discover the virtue of honesty. The American publishing firm which was first in the field with an expected English book had an advantage in the market, for which it was willing to pay, and handsome sums were remitted to the author for advance sheets, when his book was passing through the press, that it might appear simultaneously in New York and London. Nor was this all. The American publishers, finding that it did not answer to them to issue competing editions of English books, had come to an arrangement among themselves. Unrestricted competition not only destroyed the value of their own editions, but it was injuring literature itself. The books issued were negligently printed; were even abridged or altered to make them palatable to the American taste. A feeling grew up that there might be prudence as well as propriety in forming a close connexion with the English authors, and it was coming to be understood that an American edition of an English book published with the author's sanction was not to be interfered with in the American market. Thus any distinguished English writer found one or other of the New York houses willing to enter into correspondence with him. When the profits on the publication of his books were considerable, he was allowed an increasing share in such profits. And thus insensibly an international system was quietly shaping itself, which, if let alone, would perhaps have developed into legal form. But of course the success of such a method implied the absence of disturbance from Canada. If the American publishers had abandoned competition with one another, and were thus able to admit the claims of the authors upon them, they expected to be protected against the competition of the Canadians; and if the Canadians were to be allowed to treat English books as freely as they had themselves treated them in times past, the old confusion would return. No international arrangement, tacit or avowed, could act successfully to which the Canadians were not parties, and the English copyright owners were warned to make it a condi-

tion of the reprint of their books in the colonies, that their own consent should first be asked and obtained.

So matters stood in 1872, when a bill was sent over for approval by the Canadian Government, embodying their own proposal; and the opposition of the copyright owners was so decided, that the Crown was advised to disallow it. And there perhaps it would have been well had the question been left for a time at rest, till the course could be seen which events were taking for themselves. So long as the American reprints could be introduced into Canada duty free, as they practically were, the Canadians had no wrong to complain of which could not have waited for removal. But at this point the Board of Trade, or the genius of its secretary, Mr. Farrer, struck in as a new factor in the problem. Mr. Farrer had meditated on the contrast between the cost of the mechanical reproduction of popular books and the price at which they were sold in the United Kingdom, till his economic soul could bear it no longer. If the profit had gone to the author, it would still have been contrary to all sound principles, but that a second party, a publisher, should come in for so large a share of it was still less permissible; and if there was a prospect that the present system of publication by monopoly was to be extended so as to comprehend America, and be thus coextensive with the English-speaking world, Mr. Farrer and his supporters felt that they had no time to lose in protesting before it was too late. Their alarm is frankly confessed by Sir Louis Mallet. 'It is doubtful,' Sir Louis says, 'whether, so long as the parasitic growth of the publishing interest is so inextricably intertwined as it is with that of authors, it would be right to create an international monopoly, which, however advantageous to a particular class, could hardly fail to enhance unduly the cost of literature to the people of the two countries.*' The Board of Trade (we speak of the Board of Trade, for Mr. Farrer appeared for his department as well as for himself) determined not only that the Canadian liberties should be conceded, but should be so far extended that the United Kingdom should get the benefit of the concession, and that the copyright system should be virtually annihilated. Not only should the Canadians and Americans keep their cheap literature, and be preserved from the extortion of publishers, but here at home our own people should have cheap literature also. The intolerable anomaly should no longer exist, that 'the United Kingdom, the chief producing

* Separate Report by Sir Louis Mallet.

‘place of our literature, should be the only part of the world where it was so dear as to be beyond the reach of the people.’ At present the condition of free access to contemporary English books was exile. The services of the very officials of the Custom Houses were called into operation to exclude the cheap reprints and keep up the price. Warming into eloquent admiration of the English authors whom he was endeavouring to ruin, Mr. Farrer exclaimed ‘that the most valuable productions of the human mind were proscribed and kept from the English public with the same stringency and in the same clauses and terms as false coin, obscene books, and the rinderpest.’*

From the author’s point of view, Mr. Farrer’s argument means no more than this. The Americans have cheap editions of his book, because they took it without paying him for it. The Canadians, after insisting on getting the advantage of the theft, demanded to be allowed to steal also, and Mr. Farrer considers that both Canadians and Americans have received so much spiritual benefit from their plunder, that the British public ought to share in it also. The author probably thinks that our cousins across the Atlantic would receive more spiritual improvement by keeping the eighth commandment than from the most abundant supply of ‘Daniel Deronda’ or ‘Cometh up as a flower.’

The Canadians being dissatisfied with the rejection of their demand and showing a disposition to take the matter into their own hands, a fresh bill, known as Lord Kimberley’s Bill, was drafted in the following year with the approbation of the Board of Trade, and was sent round for consideration among the colonies. Lord Kimberley’s proposal not only conceded the privilege for which the Canadians contended, but a further right was held out to them for which they had never asked or thought of asking, a right not only to take the books of English authors and reprint them for themselves in what form and at what price they pleased, but a right also to import these pirated editions into other parts of the British dominions,† to compete with the editions published at home, and thus force the copyright owners to lower their prices. It would have been more straightforward, it would have been better in every way, to propose at once to abolish copyright than thus at-

* Evidence, p. 208. Mr. Farrer.

† The Board of Trade undoubtedly intended to include the United Kingdom in this phrase, although there is a doubt whether the language of their intended measure actually covered it.

tempt to destroy it by a side wind. If booksellers at Quebec or Montreal might send cheap copies of English books into the market of the United Kingdom, it would be a mere absurdity to forbid competing London publishers from imitating them and supplying their own public with the same article. That this would be the consequence could not be for a moment doubtful to so experienced an observer as Mr. Farrer, and we cannot commend an indirect attempt of this kind on the part of a high government official, or of the department which he represented, to overthrow a system on which an important business had been long carried on, which had been repeatedly sanctioned by Parliament, and in dependence on which a large number of well-deserving men had made literature the profession of their lives. There is a certain frivolity in the assumption that so grave a question could be dealt with in so light a manner. Copyright may be an anomaly, and it may be necessary to do away with it; but the legislature should be invited to act with a knowledge of what it is doing, and other methods ought to be provided and thought over by which authors can be paid for their work, before their familiar securities are taken from them. Mr. Farrer may plead that political economy is on his side. His conclusions may have appeared so irresistible to him, that any means may have seemed legitimate by which the opposition of the copyright owners can be overthrown; but the more his scheme is considered the more hasty and ill-digested it appears. We can hardly conceive that Mr. Gladstone's Government would have attempted really to pass such a measure. But, whether Mr. Gladstone was converted or not, the opportunity was taken away. The Government went out; Lord Beaconsfield and his Cabinet came into office, and the revolutionary bill of 1873 was no more heard of. In 1875, a modest act was passed by the Canadian Government, empowering the publishers in the Dominion to reprint English books with and not without the authors' consent. There was a wish of course, after the notion had been put into their heads, that the English market should be opened to such editions; but the Colonial Office declined to sanction it. An imperial act was required to legitimatise the colonial act, and in the imperial act a clause was inserted forbidding the importation of colonial reprints into the United Kingdom, *although* issued in the colony with the author's sanction. Around this clause the battle of the Board of Trade is now being fought. If copyright privilege appeared so intolerable to Mr. Farrer and his supporters that the most violent means were justifiable to

break it down, much more has it seemed monstrous to them that an author should have the advantage given him of protection in the Canadian market, where his consent must be obtained before an edition of his work can be brought out, and should retain at the same time his injurious monopoly at home. The question, however, was considered at the Colonial Office in all its bearings. It was immediately perceived, that glad as the author might be to have his rights secured to him in the colonies, and to be able to keep his books there under his own control, the certain loss which he would incur by the admission of the colonial editions into the United Kingdom would oblige him in every instance to refuse his sanction. A great writer, Mr. Tennyson for instance, in a wealthy country like England can charge high for his work. People here will buy his poems, as they buy pictures, at prices proportional to the merit of the work. An edition which could be sold widely in Canada must necessarily be cheap. The profits which it could yield would be nothing in comparison to the profits of the editions sold in England; and if the condition of the issue of such an edition was to be the opening to it of the home market, Mr. Tennyson's income from his works might be reduced to a mere fraction of its present amount. Obviously no author, no copyright owner, would commit suicide, and the result could only be that the colonies would lose their privilege altogether. They would remain as they were dependent on the foreign reprints. The author would go without the small additional return which he might have obtained from his colonial publisher, and this would be all. If, therefore, the request of the Canadian Dominion was *bonâ fide* no more than it pretended to be; if the Canadian Government desired simply to secure a right for its own booksellers to supply its own people, and thus to cease to depend on the United States, it was only possible to give them their wish by removing the feature in their proposal which would have rendered the rest entirely nugatory. For these reasons the Colonial Office introduced the clause which the Board of Trade has so loudly clamoured against. The Colonial Office looked at the professed object of the bill, and thought how best that object could be attained. The Board of Trade was aiming at the cheapening of books at home, and was exasperated at finding its favourite scheme defeated and emasculated. Mr. Farrer sent in a remonstrance in the Board's name, and a correspondence followed between him and Lord Carnarvon, the then Colonial Secretary, in which Mr. Farrer succeeded at least in showing his irritation and disappointment.

‘Nothing,’ he said, ‘can be more intolerable than a system of copyright law under which the inhabitants of the mother country, in which the books are produced, would be the only persons in the world who are prevented from obtaining cheap editions of them. The Board of Trade desires to place on record the observations which occur to them on the letter of Lord Carnarvon; and since it is intended to submit the question of amending the law of copyright generally to a Royal Commission, they are anxious that the question raised by the prohibitory clause in the Government Bill should not be prejudiced by this correspondence.’ (*Minutes of Evidence*, Appendix, No. xi. H.)

The Commission which Mr. Farrer anticipated was appointed immediately after, and certainly, when such schemes were afloat, it was time for something to be done. The Board of Trade has had an opportunity of stating its case. Those who are in favour of the existing laws have been able, on the other hand, to cross-examine Mr. Farrer. It is only natural that over so complicated a question the commissioners should have been unable to agree. They have presented a report, but out of fifteen members five only have signed it without reservation. One of them, and one of the most able, Sir Louis Mallet, has withheld his signature entirely, and has presented a separate report of his own. The rest have attached their names, but with qualifications, some trifling, some affecting the vital principle of copyright itself. The Commission itself was fairly composed of representatives of the conflicting interests. It consisted of experienced statesmen, lawyers, men of letters, rising members of Parliament, Sir Julius Benedict for the embarrassed claims of music, and an eminent publisher Mr. Daldy. The subjects for enquiry were ‘the laws and regulations relating to home, colonial, and international copyright.’ Under home copyright were included various questions of detail, affecting the term of protection, the rules of registration, the drama, the rights of artists and musicians, lecturers and preachers. On some of these points the law is confused and definitely requires amendment. But the real question at issue was whether copyright itself was to be maintained or abandoned.

The evidence to which we first turn is as voluminous as it is curious. It exhibits views entirely contradictory, the conflicting opinions being often delivered with the precision and confidence which result from inability or refusal to allow the force of the opponents’ arguments. The witnesses who held that copyright was property in the same sense as other productions of human industry, drew one set of conclusions. Those who held that authors had parted with their rights over

their works as soon as they were published, and that copyright was a monopoly conceded from State expediency, drew others equally decided; and the commissioners had to arrive at their resolutions, each apparently under the influence of the opinion which he had himself formed upon the subject, and to endeavour, if they could, to discover some practical compromise.

The first witness was Sir Charles Trevelyan, and to him we are indebted for the interesting information to which we have already referred on the exemption of India from the copyright law. Sir Charles supported the principle of the Board of Trade, though he shrank from the immediate application of it. He explained the intended Government bill of 1873, and gave it his decided approval. Authors, he considered, ought to be remunerated; but the present method of remuneration, involving a partnership with publishers, he considered alike injurious both to them and to the public. To profess a desire to educate the people, and to refuse them at the same time a cheap popular literature, was inconsistent and impolitic; and he illustrated his argument from his son's life of Lord Macaulay, which was produced at a price at which only the wealthier classes were able to become possessors of it. Such books, he said, ought to reach the body of the nation 'fresh and fresh,' that all classes might share in the interest of them before the subject had grown stale. As if a book which was really valuable could ever grow stale; or as if a book which did grow stale could be of real service as an instrument of education.

'For a valuable book like my son's,' said Sir Charles, 'to percolate through the upper and middle classes during long years, and for all the current lively interest of it to evaporate and be lost, and for it to reach the body of the people in the shape of a popular edition only when its freshness is entirely gone and the subject has ceased to be discussed by the upper and middle classes, is a great misfortune. The influence of our literature would be far greater if it was so arranged that books could be presented at once as a whole to the entire people, and if all classes—upper, middle, and lower—could participate in a common interest and discuss them together.' (*Minutes of Evidence*, page 1.)

The mischief, in Sir Charles's opinion, lies in the monopoly of the publisher. Let the monopoly be done away with, and the demand for English books over the wide-spread British Empire would become so great as to give the authors of them fully as large a reward as they received at present. Any person outside the United Kingdom, and eventually within the United Kingdom also, ought to be allowed to reprint any book that he pleased, and to sell it at any price that he pleased, subject only

to a royalty for the author to be fixed by statute. All that was needed was to secure the author a fixed percentage on the sale of his work.

Even Sir Charles, however, hesitated to advise that, in the present state of things, cheap colonial editions of copyright books ought to be admitted into the United Kingdom; and in the absence of such a provision we fail to see what practical remedy he proposes. He does not deny that 'copyright' is property, but 'all property,' he says, 'even' the most solid, 'is the creation of law, and is modified by considerations of 'public expediency.' The author cannot be allowed to deal with his work as he pleases, and the State must administer it for him. Sir Charles regrets that by the bill of 1875 the right of reproduction in the colonies has been made subject to the author's consent. The author having produced his book, he thinks, should have no more to do with it, as long as a duty on every copy sold continued to be paid to him under what is called the royalty system.*

After conceding these premises, Sir Charles would have been more consistent had he faced the natural inference and declared himself in favour of the introduction of the colonial editions into England. Perhaps he trusted that the author would come to see that it was his interest to agree to it. The author, he is satisfied, so far from losing anything would gain enormously by the introduction of them. The race of authors is strangely blind if this is true. There is nothing in the law, as it stands, to prevent a man from making a present of his work to the public on these conditions if he so pleases. And we never heard of anyone who has been bold enough to try the experiment.

Before leaving Sir Charles, we must say a word or two on the point on which he lays so much stress, of the educational value of contemporary literature. For ourselves we should reverse his conclusion. Books are educationally useful, the merit of which has been ascertained. Books which are still a subject of controversy may be good reading for those whose education is completed. They are certainly not good reading, or not the best reading, for those whose judgment has yet to

* Thus defined in the Report of the Commission:—'The royalty system may be briefly described as a system under which the author of a work of literature or art, or his assignee, would not have the exclusive right of publication; but any person would be entitled to copy or republish the work on paying or securing to the owner a remuneration taking the form of a royalty—a definite sum prescribed by law, payable to the owner for each copy published.'—Report, p. 1.

be formed. Books of real worth survive the copyright period, and, the verdict of continued demand being finally passed, they carry with them their own commendation and become the property of the public. It is idle to complain that the people suffer from a want of books when our standard poetry, our standard novels and histories are all their own. Every book published more than forty or fifty years ago lies freely open to them. Would Sir Charles Trevelyan pretend that an average Englishman who can buy the novels of Sir Walter Scott and Miss Austen for a shilling a volume, and neglects to do it, is seriously injured because he must pay thrice as much for 'Edwin Drood' or 'Vanity Fair'? But to return to the royalty system.

The next witness whom we shall quote on the side of the Board has at least the merit of being *thorough*. Mr. Macfie, already known as a free-trader, as an opponent of patent law, as a fierce denouncer of all forms of monopoly, comes forward with most vehement evidence as an enemy of copyright. Of Mr. Macfie's acquaintance with literature we have no means of judging, further than that, like Sir Charles Trevelyan, he prefers to consume his food '*fresh*.' If he has read widely, he has formed no very exalted notion of the character or claims of men of letters. He looks on books as an article of demand in the market, and his one notion is how the public can be most cheaply supplied with the thing which they wish to have. From Mr. Macfie we have none of the exalted commendations of modern authors with which Mr. Farrer gilds the pill of their intended 'disendowment.' He goes to work like a hard man of business, as if he were dealing with soap or sugar. Mr. Cobden, he says, desired to abolish copyright altogether. He will himself be more merciful. He gives the author notice at once that he will listen to no nonsense about copyright being property. He 'cuts that ground from under his feet' by telling him 'that he will not recognise it as property.' 'The government of this country never has recognised it as 'property.' He denies that the preamble of the Copyright Act defines its object correctly in saying that it is 'for the 'encouragement of literature.' The object, he says, 'should 'be fair play to interests and the benefit of competition,' whatever this may mean. Having thus cleared his position, he proceeds to say that under the present system 'the prices 'are kept high, the sale is limited, and the public do not 'receive literature when it is fresh.' Strong remedies are necessary. He will allow an author, as a rule, one year to sell his first edition safe from competition. In exceptional instances

where books have been long or costly in preparation, he will give a slightly longer term. A public officer is to be appointed to consider the particulars of each case, and where the author can prove that his expenses have been really great, the one year may perhaps be extended to two. As to price during the period of monopoly, the author 'must not make it 'excessive,' and if the official is not satisfied, it must be cut down. Mr. Macfie furnishes a scale on which he thinks the author's time may be estimated. Six months, he conceives, may be the average period consumed in the composition of a volume. 'If the author was a clergyman,' 'it could not be 'wrong to say' that he was entitled to half a year's average income. He would have the author as well paid, or even twice as well, as a colonel in the army or captain of a ship, for this time which he can prove that he has been at work. What would Mr. Macfie say if it were proposed to appoint a public officer to look into the business of merchants, his own among them, to overhaul his prices, to examine his profits, to test his income against some arbitrary measurement of his time and labour and cut it down till it is fairly proportioned to the estimated value of Mr. Macfie's services to the State? He does not explain whether the 'clergyman's' 'two or three 'hundred pounds' are to be the outside of what he is to receive if his whole edition is sold within the period which Mr. Macfie's charity concedes, or whether it is to be paid in advance, or by whom? He allows nothing for failures. His clergymen and colonels and captains are members of a profession, and draw their salaries constantly so long as they do moderately well. The author, when he does only moderately well, receives nothing. In the rare instances in which he has done very well (and a single success may compensate him for his shortcomings in other ventures) Mr. Macfie's government official is to stand by, measure the months which have been consumed over the poor book, and to dole out to him his possibilities of starvation wages. The most practical men do not escape making themselves ridiculous when they meddle with matters of which they are ignorant.

But Mr. Macfie will complain that we do him injustice; the one or two years of protection is not the whole of what he is willing to allow. When the first edition has been disposed of, and a book is still in demand, Mr. Macfie proposes to adopt at once what Mr. Farrer calls the ideal system. The public are to have the book, and a reasonable reward is to be secured to the author for the remainder of the term of copyright, in the form of a royalty. Anyone, by giving notice of his inten-

tion to the original publisher, may bring out another and cheaper edition, subject to a payment in advance to the author of a fair percentage on the retail price at which he proposes to sell. To protect the text, the reprint is to be taken, in all cases, from the latest edition which has the author's sanction. To protect his royalty, the services of the Stamp Office are to be called in. 'On the first sheet of each copy a stamp shall be appended, which has been approved at the Stationers' Hall, without which it shall be a penal offence to print or vend any copy.' Thus, simply by a sweep of the hand, Mr. Macfie has provided for the public, provided for the deserving author, provided for the observance of the sacred principle of free trade. As to the percentage, in his opinion 5 per cent. will be sufficient; the less the tax which the publisher has to pay, the cheaper the edition which he can bring out. But the all-sufficient official may graduate it according to circumstances.

Had we only Mr. Macfie to deal with, we should be contented to state his recommendations, and leave our readers to amuse themselves with them. But it so happens that although Mr. Macfie is the only witness who boldly recommends the immediate adoption of the royalty system, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Sir Louis Mallet, and Mr. Farrer have all indicated their belief that this is the right solution of the difficulty. They may not have been much delighted with their champion, but the cause must not be confounded with its defenders, and we must say a few words about it.

The 'royalty system' may sound plausible to those who have never reflected on the manner in which it would act. Let them consider what this would be.

A publisher undertakes a work which is offered to him, with a knowledge that, except in special instances, he is entering on a speculation. Four out of five books which are published, as we have already said, do not pay the cost of printing and advertising. The fifth, which succeeds, remunerates him for his losses upon the rest. It is now proposed that when a book has made a name for itself, and is in general demand, any rival publisher may take possession of it and bring it out in a cheap form, with the sole condition that he is to pay a royalty to the author on every copy which he strikes off. If the royalty can be secured (a very large 'if'), it is possible that authors who aim only at general popularity may not be large losers. But how will it be with the rest? and how will it be with the publisher? Is it conceivable that any sensible man will venture the first publication of a book when he knows that it will

he made the subject of a general scramble the instant that it is proved to be valuable? The new adventurer will run no risk, for the popularity of the work will have been already secured. He will reprint from a published copy at a third of the price which the first publisher has incurred in printing from a manuscript. The heads of the publishing houses examined before the Commission declare unanimously that the adoption of the royalty system would revolutionise their entire business. If they undertake the publication of a book* at all on such terms, the sum which they can afford to the author of it will be reduced to a fraction, and the writing of serious books will fall under the worst of all monopolies; it will be confined to men of wealth and leisure, who can dispense with payment in money, and are content to work for reputation and influence. According to Mr. Macfie, the author may not fix the terms on which he will sell his books, even for the year or two of protection which he is to be allowed. Mr. Macfie's government official is to be at his shoulder, examining into the hours which he has spent over his desk. Unfortunate government official! A good book represents the intellectual experience of an author's whole life—all that he has read, done, thought, suffered, and enjoyed—and it is supposed that the value of it is to be estimated by the number of days, weeks, or months which have been consumed in putting his ideas into words. 'Manfred' was written in three days—the sum to be paid to the author for it is to be three days' pay of the captain of a man-of-war.

Again, there are books, and books whose value even Mr. Macfie can appreciate—books of information contributed by various persons, encyclopædias, dictionaries—made up of hundreds or thousands of articles, written by separate men specially acquainted with particular subjects. A publisher who now undertakes such a work, secure, as he supposes, of protection for forty-two years, can afford to pay his contributors handsomely. Take the protection away; distribute it over the trade in the indefinite form of a royalty; and who is to apportion the fraction of the 5 or 10 per cent. which each contributor is to receive; or how are writers to be found for the work? The first publisher can no longer offer them any inducement. He will no longer have any inducement himself to enter on such adventures, and no more such books will be written. Even suppose them written; suppose them published; who is to guarantee the accuracy of the printing, without which such books are worse than valueless, when they are reproduced without the author's supervision, under a mere competition of cheapness? The bill of 1873 provides that the reprints shall

be taken from the author's last edition; but who is to search for the errors of the press? Our most useful literature will be defaced with stereotyped blunders.

How, again, are the royalties to be collected? How is the author to be secured against fraud? A new poem by Mr. Tennyson would be instantly reprinted by ten or a dozen competing publishers, and each competing edition would consist of several thousand copies. Sir Louis Mallet and Mr. Farrer object to giving the author the assistance of the Custom House officers in checking the introduction of foreign reprints. They would leave him to the remedies of ordinary law. On the same principle, they would leave Mr. Tennyson to bring his action for each infringement of his royalty rights. How is he to know how many copies each publisher has sold or printed off? Tradesmen of high character would deal honestly with him; but men of all characters will rush into this sort of business, and will be under a perpetual temptation to evade a weight which will be in the way of their underselling their rivals. Moral checks are not to be relied on in such cases. Men who would make a false return to the income-tax would scruple as little to print 5,000 copies of a book and account for but 4,000 or 3,000, and the wretched author must submit to indefinite plunder, or be involved in an equally indefinite number of lawsuits. Mr. Macfie will protect him with a stamp. No copy is to be sold which has not a stamp upon it approved by the Stationery Office. But who is to append the stamp? In times of excitement two hundred thousand copies of a popular tract or pamphlet have been sold in a few weeks. Thirty years ago, a wagon with six horses left the Clarendon Press one morning loaded with copies, for the London market, of a sermon by Dr. Pusey which had been condemned by the Hebdomadal Board. What machinery will Mr. Macfie provide for such an enormous business? The stream of newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, books, which are poured out daily and weekly, would require a new public department to attend to them. Or, once more, who is to guarantee that so simple a thing as a stamp shall not be imitated? The whole business of the country, we are told, is carried on under a system of stamps. Yes, because in every other trade a stamp is only forged to cover a spurious article, and every purchaser is interested in detecting and punishing a fraud. But the purchaser of a book with a false stamp on it will have the real article notwithstanding. He receives no injury. He gets what he desired to get, and is satisfied. Whether the author has received his royalty or not is nothing

to him. The author himself will be the person injured, and injured on a scale and in a manner in which it will be impossible for him to defend himself. The author whose merit is the greatest will suffer the most from the nature of the case, and while, in Mr. Farrer's opinion, he will be conferring incalculable benefits on his fellow-countrymen, he will be himself given over as a prey to legions of predatory vermin.

These, it may be said, are low considerations. Be it so. There is a further objection to the royalty system, which appeals to another class of feelings. So long as an author is alive he is held responsible for every book, and every part of a book, which is circulating under his name and authority. It follows that so long as he is alive he ought to have full control over it, to be able to alter it, to amend it, or, if he pleases, to withdraw it altogether. It is rare that important works are not found to require enlargement or correction in subsequent editions. The provision in the bill of 1873 will not, and cannot, meet the difficulty. A new edition cannot be brought out while the market is loaded with the unsold copies of earlier editions, and as no law can limit the number of copies which the competing publishers may issue, errors may continue to circulate which the author has detected, or sentiments which he repudiates, while he will be obliged to sit by, perhaps for years, without the opportunity of repairing his mistakes. If this can be endured, there remains the possible wish to recall a book. We live in days when few of us think, in the middle of life, as we thought when we began it. Men of genius change as much as others, and only fools remain unaffected by wider knowledge and experience. Not a few of our distinguished thinkers have gone from one Christian communion to another, and have repudiated as heresy opinions which they once passionately advocated. Are we to say, is it just and fair to say, that while they are still living they are to be forbidden to withdraw works from circulation which they believe to be working incalculable evil, and that when they have been brought to see their errors, they are to continue themselves propagating them through the reproduction of their earlier writings? Our own age is generally careful of what it calls the rights of conscience; a more ingenious outrage to the rights of conscience it is not easy to conceive. Young men, it is said, will learn to be more cautious in what they publish. Young men will learn nothing of the kind. They will continue, if they are good for anything, to be eager and enthusiastic, and eagerness and enthusiasm do not calculate on the time when the wear and tear of life has done its work, and the most

cherished convictions have to be parted with. But we will not press this argument. The more practical objections to the royalty system appear to us of themselves decisive; and if Sir Louis Mallet, and Sir Charles Trevelyan, and Mr. Farrer intend to urge the adoption of it further, or to insist on changes which may render it necessary, they are bound to show how these objections can be encountered.

We return to the evidence. Much of it which is extremely interesting we are obliged to pass over, and we must confine ourselves to representative witnesses. We have heard one side of the subject from Sir Charles Trevelyan and Mr. Macfie. We will now hear the publishers and authors, and we will begin with Mr. Blackwood, of Edinburgh. Mr. Blackwood was desired to state his views upon the subject generally. He was of course in favour of copyright. He wished the period of it to be extended to thirty years after an author's death. Books, he thought, would at once become cheaper if a longer time was allowed in which a profit could be made upon them. Of still greater value would be an international copyright with the United States. Mr. Blackwood was cross-questioned by such members of the Commission as were in favour of free trade. Sir Drummond Wolff took the leading part, and the following instructive conversation passed between him and Mr. Blackwood, which we regret to be obliged to abridge. Publishers, as we said, are in the habit of bringing out first an expensive edition of a new book, and if it becomes popular they follow it in a year or two with a cheaper one. Sir Drummond Wolff asked whether, if the cheap edition was published 'before the cream had been taken off,' the profit would not be equally great. Mr. Blackwood replied that the risk would be so great that neither author nor publisher would venture the experiment. 'Publishers and authors conducted their business as they could, and named their own prices for their books.' 'We have thought about these points all our lives,' Mr. Blackwood said, 'and we do what we think best according to circumstances.'

'*Sir D. Wolff.*—I grant you that; you publishers and authors make your own arrangements to get the largest amount of profit. But we represent the public; and are we bound to give you special protection to enable you to keep up the price?

'*Mr. Blackwood.*—I deny the special protection. I consider the work of a man's brain as more emphatically his property than any other kind of property.

'*Sir Drummond Wolff.*—No doubt it is; but at the same time we give you special protection for it.

'*Mr. Blackwood*.—It is not special protection at all. Every property in the country is protected; and why should not books be protected? Why should it be called special protection?

'*Sir Drummond Wolff*.—Because it is special protection to you. In the case of patents you do not have a term for forty or fifty years. You have fourteen years.

'*Mr. Blackwood*.—A patent is a totally different thing. Another man may invent the same patent, but no other man could write the same book. No other man could invent an "Adam Bede."

'*Sir Drummond Wolff*.—I grant you that; but you have a special protection for your books. That you cannot deny.

'*Mr. Blackwood*.—Yes, I deny it to be a fact. I do not call it a special protection. It is a protection like that which is given to any other form of property.'

Sir Drummond Wolff insisted that the system of expensive editions was prejudicial to the public. He enquired if books would not be published cheaper if the international copyright could be arranged with the United States.

'*Mr. Blackwood*.—The case is one which must be dealt with as circumstances arise. As to the price at which to sell a book, circumstances are the only guide. No legislation can work a change in what is properly a business question.

'*Sir Drummond Wolff*.—I want you to have profit; but I maintain that you are to have it by paying a regard to public interest, and not by having a machinery which exists in no other trade.

'*Mr. Blackwood*.—You are going into the details of the business which you had better leave to the men who have been brought up to it all their lives.

'*Sir Drummond Wolff*.—I am perfectly aware that you want profit, but we want cheap books.

'*Mr. Blackwood*.—I love the public, I dare say, as much as most people, but I will not pretend such affection for them as to say that I would injure my own business for the sake of the public.'

From Mr. Blackwood we turn to Mr. Huxley, from the publisher to the author. Mr. Huxley gave his evidence with the peculiar clearness which distinguishes him in all that he handles. We receive from him the definite and carefully reasoned conclusions of a man who knows what he thinks and why he thinks it. Interested, of course, he is, for his writings are sought after by every student of science in all parts of the world. But Professor Huxley is not a person who allows his inclination to govern his judgment.

'It appears to me,' he says in his examination in chief, 'that if there be any foundation for property at all, it is as clear in the case of a book as of anything else; a book being the investment of a man's capacity and knowledge and requiring the sacrifice of a vast amount of his time. Under these circumstances, a book has *primâ facie* the same

right to be protected as any other kind of property. A practical difficulty rises that a book can be readily copied, and what evidently amounts to stealing the property of the author cannot be brought under the ordinary conditions of theft. But, so far as right is concerned, the right of an author in a book is as complete and extensive as the right of any person to any kind of property whatever. . . . He may make any contract he pleases as to the conditions under which he will sell such copies of his work as are in his hands. If he chooses to make it a condition of sale that the purchasers shall not copy, or multiply by printing, the work which the vendor sells under certain penalties, I apprehend the existing law will enable him to recover those penalties from anyone who violates that contract. I look on the copyright law as a means of overcoming the inconveniences which would arise out of that state of things. It is not any favour which the State confers upon the author, or privilege granted to him by the State, but simply a mode of preventing such an inconvenience as I have referred to, so that in my apprehension the application of the word "*monopoly*" to persons who possess rights under the copyright law is an entire mistake. It is merely a contrivance arising out of the peculiar nature of book property.'

Nothing can be more lucid than this statement. Property in a book is peculiarly easy to steal, and can be protected only by peculiar legislation. Mr. Huxley was asked whether he thought Mr. Macfie's 'public officer' could be of service in fixing the price of books. His reply was equally to the purpose.

'No. Who is to be the judge of the value of an author's work but himself? Who is there in the Government who is competent to form the slightest conception about it? The price should be left to the ordinary operation of the law of supply and demand. Why am I to be debarred from making any bargain I please in regard to a piece of literary property any more than with regard to any other property? I can hardly conceive that such a proposal has been made by anybody who knows anything about the writing of books.'

Mr. Edward Jenkins, himself a well-known author, and a member of the Commission, suggested that, since an author's '*ideas*' might be appropriated and made use of without objection, there must be a difference between property in a book and property of the ordinary kind. Mr. Huxley said:—

'The property is not in the "*ideas*," but is limited to the form in which the author chooses to clothe those ideas. You cannot say how far the ideas in a man's book are his own. He owes them largely to his ancestors, to his surroundings, and to other people. I do not ask for protection for my ideas. It is the form which is mine.'

Mr. Jenkins found a difficulty in the word 'form,' which again he seemed to think had an unusual meaning as Mr.

Huxley employed it. Copyright too, he thought, could not be property, for if it was it ought to be perpetual. 'So abstractedly it ought,' Mr. Huxley answered, 'but we do not argue abstract principles. It is not worth while to attempt to get a thing which it is unlikely that you will be able to get in the present state of public feeling.'

The friends of the Board of Trade could not part with so unfavourable a witness without attempting to shake his position. Sir Drummond Wolff tried his hand upon it, but with even less success than he had met with in examining Mr. Blackwood. He persisted, as before, that literature was exceptionally protected, and that the public had therefore an exceptional right to interfere in the disposal of it. The author, he admitted, had a right of some kind, and that right deserved to be secured; but at the same time 'the public ought to be able to obtain his books at the cheapest possible rate.'

'*Mr. Huxley.*—I do not see why the public has a right to demand it in the case of a book more than in the case of beef, mutton, or potatoes.

'*Sir Drummond Wolff.*—Except that in the supply of beef, mutton, and potatoes there is a regular competition, and there is no competition in books. If you cannot get beef you will get mutton, whereas if you cannot get Macaulay's history you will get nothing else which represents it. You want that particular book.

'*Mr. Huxley.*—But you might say you want six-year-old mutton, and you cannot be content with anything else.

'*Sir Drummond Wolff.*—We do not negotiate with foreign countries to obtain a copyright for six-year-old mutton. Our object is not only to improve the existing law of copyright in England, but to see whether we cannot extend the rights of English authors to other countries. We are the public who negotiate for you. If we do that, are we not entitled to some compensation for the trouble we take in obtaining these privileges for you?

'*Mr. Huxley.*—I am not clear about that. The State should have regard to public justice and public morality without looking for any particular reward from the persons who are served. It is a very dangerous thing to suppose you can regulate matters of this kind by legislation.

'*Sir Drummond Wolff.*—If we get you the American market, ought we not to have your books cheap at home?

'*Mr. Huxley.*—I would much rather you did not interfere with us at all. I would rather you should not afford us special protection, but should consider books as property like any other property, and not meddle with us.'

We should like to know what progress Sir Drummond Wolff has made in negotiating his treaty with America, since he proposes, in anticipation of it, to revolutionise the publishing

business at home. Let him get his treaty first, and the copyright owners will know what to say to him. Nor does he tell us what the arrangement with America is to be. An extension of the present system, under which alone copyright has an intelligible meaning, we presume that he regards with as much alarm as Sir Louis Mallet. It is somewhat premature to legislate in reliance upon some future scheme which its promoters cannot define, and which the Americans have not as yet shown the slightest sign of a willingness to adopt.

Leaving Mr. Huxley we pass to Mr. Herbert Spencer, another very interesting witness. Mr. Spencer has forced his way slowly into the front rank of contemporary philosophical writers. He gave the Commission a history of his literary experience. He began to publish nearly thirty years ago. His writings have nothing superficially attractive. The trade was disinclined to undertake his work, and he brought out his books one after another at his own expense. For a long time he found little encouragement. He lost money on every volume which he produced; and at the end of fifteen years he was 'out of pocket,' he tells us, 1,500*l*. Confident that he had something real to say, and that the world would ultimately listen to him, he steadily went on. The tide turned at last. He became known beyond the circle of his personal friends, and as soon as he had secured an audience, his books, being his own property, began to return considerable profits. In 1874 he had made up his losses, and he now receives an income from the sale of his various works, absurdly small, indeed, if looked at as the salary which the public is paying for the intellectual services of a remarkable man, but still sufficient to satisfy Mr. Spencer's modest wishes. His publisher, having no share in his copyright, receives a commission of 10 per cent. On each copy sold Mr. Spencer makes about 30 per cent. Suppose the royalty system adopted, the books given to the public, and 10 per cent. allowed for the author, he would lose two-thirds of his present returns. 'A lower price,' he says, 'would not largely increase the sale. The market is limited. Reduce the price of cod-liver oil, you will not much increase the consumption of it. Principles of Psychology are cod-liver oil to the general public. The interference proposed would be specially injurious to the particular class of books which of all others needs encouragement.' It has been argued, he continues, that it is desirable to secure for books the cheapest possible price consistent with a fair profit to those concerned in the production of them. Precisely the same arguments were used about food and other articles of necessary con-

sumption; but legislation was found powerless to counteract the tendencies of the ordinary course of trade. It produced more evils than it cured, and was long since thrown aside.

'The attempt,' says Mr. Spencer, 'to secure cheap books by legislative arrangements seems to me nothing less than a return to the long-abandoned system of trade regulations. I do not see any reason for believing that, regulations made by law to secure cheap bread for the body having failed, there is likelihood of success for regulations aiming to secure cheap bread for the mind. It is alleged, that the author's claim to the product of his brain work is a monopoly. I do not admit it to be a monopoly. I regard both the term "Free Trade," as applied to the unrestrained issue of rival editions, and the term "monopoly," as applied to the author's copyright, as question-begging terms. The word monopoly, as applied to the position of authors, reminds me of Proudhon's "Property is robbery." The argument that under the present system the great mass of people cannot buy books when they are new, merely means that people who have less money than others ought to have the same advantage.' (*Minutes of Evidence*, Mr. Spencer, pp. 251, 281, &c.)

Passing by the rest of the evidence with merely the observation that not a witness except Sir Charles Trevelyan and Mr. Macfie could be found to support the view of the Board of Trade, and that there was scarcely one who did not say, in plain terms, that it was a chimera and an impossibility, we come now to the Secretary of the Board himself. Mr. Farrer was eight days before the Commission, with intervals allowed between them, during which he could study the intermediate evidence and answer it if he could. We cannot perceive that he did more than ring the changes with wearisome iteration on the word 'monopoly.' He reminds us of the magistrate who, when he had heard the witnesses on one side, declined to pay attention to those on the other, because, as he said, he saw his way clearly, and anything further would confuse him. Mr. Farrer sees that books are brought out at a price considerably beyond the cost of paper and ink. He sees that if competition was not forbidden the price would fall. He thence infers an injury to the public, and insists that the protection must be taken away. When an author's thoughts have once been given to the world, he considers that they have become part of the common possession of all mankind, and that mankind have a right to obtain copies of them on any terms and by any means. The one difficulty in the theory is, that, if it be consistently acted upon, the author will probably keep his thoughts to himself, and therefore some inducement must be provided to induce him to admit others to participate in them. Ambition, benevolence, the mere enjoyment of the art of com-

position, alike will impel him to employ his gifts if he possesses them. But the law, in its generosity, has provided that further motives of a more commonplace order shall be superadded. The law has granted the author a monopoly in the disposal of his writings; but this monopoly it is alike permitted and bound to limit by consideration for the public good. Canada and the United States, Mr. Farrer says (and such an expression of opinion coming from a gentleman high in the service of the Government cannot but encourage them in the course which they have hitherto pursued), 'will never admit the monopoly of the English publisher, and are quite right in refusing to do so.' 'The colonies will not consent to the exclusion of the American reprints.' 'The attempt to extend the English monopoly has failed, will fail,' and, in Mr. Farrer's opinion, 'ought to fail,' while, if cheap editions of contemporary books have a free circulation in other parts of the empire, the anomaly, so odious to Mr. Farrer, that English books shall be easy of access elsewhere and remain dear in the country in which they are produced, will continue to exist as long as the present law remains unaltered. Therefore Mr. Farrer says, if editions are brought out in the colonies, those at any rate which are produced with the author's consent and for the author's advantage, must be admitted to the United Kingdom. The clause forbidding it in the Act of 1875 is a fatal blot. 'It extends the principle of monopoly in its most objectionable form, and so long as it is maintained the residents in the United Kingdom will be the only English-speaking people in the world who remain at the mercy of English publishers.'

Mr. Farrer has so long made up his mind that a change in the law is necessary, and that the monopoly must be restricted, that he ought to have been prepared with some alternative scheme. He admits that authors ought to be paid. He has heard every person practically connected with the publishing trade tell him that to abolish the monopoly and provide no substitute for it will deprive them of most of the little which they at present receive. 'The ideal of a copyright system,' he says, 'is that it should be coextensive with the English language, giving the author the benefit of an enormous market, and the reader the benefit of a price proportionately reduced. But to effect this the monopoly must be in some way restricted, and I have heard of no means of doing this which sounds practicable except that of republication with a royalty.' Make, we reply to him, the now existing copyright system coextensive with the English language. Induce the Americans to consent to a law under which any book brought

either among them or among us shall circulate through both countries protected as at present, and Mr. Farrer's object will be gained. The extended and varied market will of itself bring the prices down. But Mr. Farrer will not have protection. The monopoly of publishers must go. Republication with a royalty alone commends itself to him. Yet, when he is cross-questioned as to how the royalty plan is to work, he declines to answer, and confesses that he has not thought about it. He comforts himself with thinking 'that the best books are 'written for other purposes than remuneration,' and will continue to be written, whether remunerated or not. It is true that every other civilised country has a copyright of monopoly within its own limits, and that it is held expedient everywhere that men of letters should be fairly paid. The universality of the practice might suggest that it was a reasonable one. But Mr. Farrer is unmoved. 'The best authors,' he says, and Sir Louis Mallet supports him, 'are those who have been 'least animated by the prospect of pecuniary gain. Some of 'the greatest works of literature have been written without 'protection of copyright laws. The most important point of 'public policy is the education of the people, and to cheapen 'literature tends to promote education.' Mr. Farrer might as well argue that the best religious teachers, the best ministers and public servants, have occasionally, even in our country, given their services for nothing, and that it is probable, if the occasion arose, men would be found still equally high-minded. Cheap government is essential to national prosperity, and therefore the officials in the public departments ought to be mulcted of their salaries. Mr. Farrer would probably be clear-sighted on a subject which he was personally acquainted with, and would object to such an inference, but we do not see where the distinction lies between the two cases.

Dr. Smith, one of the most useful and moderate members of the Commission, reminds Mr. Farrer that he strains the word 'monopoly.' The subjects of literature are free. No author claims an exclusive right over any department of knowledge or imagination. The field is open to author or artist to cultivate what part of it he pleases, or for those who desire to compete with each other to cultivate the same part. If there was a guild of history or a close corporation of science—were outsiders forbidden to touch the enclosed province of learning without a license from the officers of the order—this would really be a monopoly at which free-traders in knowledge might exclaim. But Mr. Farrer is not contented that every subject shall be open, but he will have each person's treatment of it

made public also. A man's writings are only his property while they remain in his desk; once published, they are gone from him. Dr. Smith objects that such property is useless till it is published, and 'property without the power of use is 'not property.' Mr. Farrer replies that 'property may exist, 'though it is not a source of profit, and the question is 'whether a privilege shall be attached to it to make it a source 'of profit.' He will not allow literature to be compared with other professions; he will not be 'misled by imperfect analogies.' When it is put to him that the author's time and labour enter into the cost of production, he merely says that 'we may use that term if we please.' When he is asked whether he would abandon the changes which he proposes if it could be shown that they would seriously diminish the author's returns, he answers: 'I do not say that. I have to 'consider the author on the one hand and the public on the 'other; you have to balance two things—the pecuniary good 'that you would do to the author by prolonging the copyright, 'and the intellectual harm which you would do to the public 'by restricting the circulation of his book.'

Mr. Farrer protests—'protests too much' perhaps, like the player Queen in 'Hamlet'—that he is most anxious to protect the author's interests so far as is consistent with the abolition of the monopoly. This is the weak point of Mr. Farrer's and his friends' argument; so long as they stick to their position, that a book once published becomes part of the natural constitution of things, free as the air and the sea, they are on sure ground. Grant their premisses, and their inferences follow from it. In spite of Dr. Johnson's assertion that no one but a fool would write for anything but money, men of genius will still throw their thoughts into words. Poets will still sing from delight in singing. Men of ardent religious convictions will still teach through the printing press as well as from the pulpit, and under the high discipline of poverty it is even possible that both literature and religion may be elevated and purified. Those who are prepared to accept what gifted men are pleased to offer them on these charitable terms, need be under no fear that the people's minds will be starved for want of food. Sir Louis Mallet seems really to incline to this somewhat cynical conclusion, and when it is boldly stated we feel ourselves a certain respect for it. But once admit the author possesses interests which have a right to protection, and the argument at once falls to pieces. Free trade is not free trade when an unnecessary tax is imposed on the article produced; and if it be urged that the tax is made equal

all round, and that the competing publishers will be similarly weighted, Mr. Farrer is still called upon, before he takes away the protection which exists, to provide a substitute admitting the competitive principle which will answer the same purpose. Books are to be freely reprinted wherever there is a demand for them, and the editions are to have free circulation in every part of the world. This is Mr. Farrer's 'ideal.' But he fails to show, he does not even try to show, how the 5 per cent. or 10 per cent., or whatever it is to be, can be adjusted and collected in different countries under different governments, where there will be a universal temptation to evade or repudiate it. Already it has been found impossible to collect even a fraction of the royalty which was promised on the introduction of foreign editions into the British colonies. Before the action of the colonies the Indian Government precipitately placed itself on the free list. When once cheap literature has been declared to be an object of public policy, it is easy to foresee the fate of such author's interests as are felt to be a clog upon it. Political economy has become a sacred science. An economic heresy is not a mistake, but a crime, and 'monopoly' is as frightful in the eyes of the Board of Trade, the official guardians of orthodox doctrine, as the denial of the real presence was to the Council of Trent. The following extremely able remarks of Mr. Herbert Spencer show that copyright is very far from being monopoly in the forbidden sense of the word:—

'Those who, as members of the Copyright Commission, or as witnesses before it, have aimed, if not to abolish copyright, yet to restrict it in ways which would go far towards its abolition, have done so in the alleged interests of free trade, and have sought to discredit the author's claim, as now recognised, by calling it a monopoly. In the politico-economic sense a monopoly is an arrangement under which a person or body of persons is given by law the exclusive use of certain natural products, or agencies, or facilities, which, in the absence of such law, would be open to all; and the opponent of a monopoly is one who, asking nothing from the monopolist in the way of direct or indirect assistance, asks only that he also may use these same natural products, or agencies, or facilities. He wishes to carry on a business which in not the remotest way makes him dependent on the monopolist, but which he can carry on as well or better in the absence of the monopolist, and in the absence of everything done by him. Turn now to the commerce of literature, and ask how stands the so-called free-trader and the so-called monopolist? Does the so-called monopolist (the author) forbid the so-called free-trader (the reprinter) to use any of those appliances or processes, intellectual or mechanical, by which books are produced? No. These remain open to all. Does the so-called free-trader wish simply to use these open facilities indepen-

dently, just as he might do if the so-called monopolist and his works were absent? No. He wishes to be dependent; he wishes to get advantages which he could not have were the so-called monopolist and his works absent. Instead of complaining, as the true free-trader does, that the monopolist is an obstacle put in his way, this pseudo free-trader complains that he may not utilise certain aids which have arisen from the labour of the man whom he calls a monopolist. The true free-trader wishes only to use natural facilities, and complains of an artificial impediment. The pseudo free-trader, not content with the natural facilities, complains that he may not use, without buying it, an artificial aid. Certain opponents of copyright expressed an astonishment before the Commission that authors should be so blinded by self-interest as not to see that in defending their claims, as now recognised, they were defending a monopoly. These authors might fitly express their astonishment that professed exponents of politico-economical principles should confound the case of a man who wishes to trade just as he might do had a certain other man never existed, with the case of a man who wishes to trade in a way that would be impossible had a certain other man never existed. The entire anti-copyright argument rests on the confusion between two things radically opposed, and with the establishment of the proper distinction the argument disappears.*

This is clearly and ingeniously put; but Mr. Farrer will still have his answer, and will insist that it proves too much. The free-trader, he will admit, has a right only to use 'natural facilities,' but a book, in the fact of being published, becomes a 'natural facility.' 'Everyone allows,' he will say, 'that when the author is dead, or at the end of forty-two years, it becomes a natural facility. I only maintain that it has been a natural facility from the first.' This is Mr. Farrer's fortress, out of which no reasoning will drive him. Yet it is as with the famous argument whether the Duchess of Suffolk was of kin to her child. The lawyers proved to their satisfaction that kinship could not ascend, and that the next in blood to the Duchess of Suffolk's infant must be sought in a collateral branch of the family; yet Captain Shandy, after long meditation, declared that 'after all the Duchess of Suffolk must have been some relation to her child,' and Yorick agreed that 'the world was generally of the same opinion.' Similarly, in spite of the political economists, the world will continue to think that an author must have some right of property in his own productions. The commissioners or a majority of them, after hearing all that could be alleged to the contrary, were unable to shake off the influence of my uncle Toby's method of

* Quoted, with Mr. Spencer's permission, from a letter to ourselves.

reflection. Treading cautiously among the economic pitfalls, they begin their report with saying: 'We have arrived at a conclusion that copyright should continue to be treated by law as a "proprietary right," and that it is not expedient to substitute a right to a royalty, or any other of a similar kind.'

'Proprietary right,' we presume, is meant to be a less decisive term than 'property,' but we know not where the shade of distinction lies, and Sir Louis Mallet disdains the evasion and treats the two expressions as identical. The commissioners' inferences are the same as they would have drawn had they used the more peremptory word. They set aside 'the royalty system' as impracticable. They point out that while the principle of copyright has been recognised in every foreign state, in no country has the system of royalty been adopted, 'except in a modified form in Italy;' and in Italy a royalty has been granted to the author, not as a substitute for the ordinary mode of protection, but in excess of it. The Italian author has forty years of copyright, as strict as in any other country, with an additional forty years in which, though his monopoly has ceased, the publishers of his works are required to pay a percentage to his representatives.

The direct revolutionary innovation being thus rejected, the commissioners proceed to the time which this 'monopoly' is to last. For reasons on which we need not enter, they propose to alter it from the present forty-two years (or life and seven years after, whichever be the longer period) to life and thirty years after without alternative. The average duration, it is calculated, will remain much what it is now. The change may be good or bad. It is, in fact, the adoption of the German term instead of our own. It is a matter of detail, and comparatively of no consequence. English authors, as a body, are content with the law as it stands.

Numerous changes are recommended also relating to registration, to the copyrights of musicians and artists, to the dramatising of novels, to abridgments, to lectures, to articles in newspapers and magazines; on all these points the law is inconsistent and imperfect,* and some alterations in it are matters of real necessity. But they can be easily disposed of; it was not for these that the Commission was appointed, and they serve only to veil the questions which are really at

* The labours of the Commission were assisted by an excellent digest of the present law, provided by Sir James Stephen, and attached as an Appendix to the Report.

issue. The vital struggle lay over the clause of the colonial act, with which the Board of Trade has so passionate a quarrel. By the act of 1875 the colonists are allowed to reprint English books *with the authors' consent* for their own consumption, and for any market which they can obtain outside the United Kingdom. Attach the condition which Mr. Farrer demands, and open the United Kingdom also to these editions, and every author who understands his own interests will indisputably refuse his consent. The colonists' grievances will thus remain unremedied. As the Board of Trade well knows, they will be restive under disappointment; and they will take the privilege for themselves, whether the author forbids them or not. The result, therefore, so far, will be to deprive the author of the colonial market which he now possesses; but as this market is of very little consequence to him, he will not be seriously injured. But this will not be all. The grievance of the Board of Trade is, that English literature is cheaper in the colonies than at home. The colonies will print for themselves, whether we allow them or not; the inequality will remain, and if the Board of Trade can once persuade the Imperial Parliament that the colonial editions ought, as a matter of expediency, to be admitted into the United Kingdom, it is quite certain that the author's objections will not long be allowed to stop the way. The Board of Trade says now: 'Admit the editions which are published in the colonies *'with the author's leave.'*' The author will not give his leave. The colonies will then publish in spite of him, and the next demand, as a matter of course, will be to admit these editions anyhow. The question has not been raised by the colonists; they in their most ambitious moments never dreamt of supplying the market of the United Kingdom. The agitation is of home origin, and has been set on foot, not to benefit the colonies, but to reduce the price of books in Great Britain and Ireland. The commissioners saw clearly what the proposal meant, and they have refused to countenance it. If copyright is to be abolished, which would be the certain effect of consenting to Mr. Farrer's demand, let it be abolished directly and openly after frank and free discussion. To shuffle it out of existence is not statesmanlike policy, but the trick of a card-sharper. If the United Kingdom stood alone, the question could never have arisen. An Englishman would have been as secure of protection within these islands as a Frenchman in France, or an American in the United States. The difficulty was created in the first instance by the disregard of the Americans of a right in others which they allowed to their own citizens. They

consented to an international patent law, because American inventions are as numerous as ours, and it serves their purpose to secure the British market by allowing Englishmen protection in theirs. They produce fewer books, and we, acting on what we believe to be a just principle, have given American authors of them the same protection in the United Kingdom which we give to our own. Therefore they have no corresponding object to gain; and they have taken our literature without paying for it, on the Board of Trade's principle that it belongs to nobody. The Americans themselves are showing signs of a disposition to treat English authors with more consideration for the future; but, meanwhile, British subjects in other parts of the world have demanded, first a share in the plunder, and then to be allowed to steal themselves. If the colonists are to steal, the home economists say that the British public must have a share also, and they will require to steal too. The colonists must do as they please. If they choose to imitate a bad example, the Government will not interfere to prevent them; but if they choose to act as foreign nations, we can only consider them as foreign nations. They cannot claim at once the advantages of independence and the privileges of fellow-citizens. Other nations secure their home market to their authors. We must secure our home market to ours. And this is all which, as Sir James Stephen said, we ought at present reasonably to expect to do.

This is the principle which the commissioners have adopted. They have declined to advise the repeal of the disputed clause in the colonial act, and they have frankly given to the colonists entire liberty to take their own course. The American publishers have shown signs of alarm at the possibility of Canadian competition. They have found it convenient to abandon the competition for English books among themselves. They are unwilling to have it spring up again on their border. By the law of 1875, the English author's consent is necessary for colonial republication. The American publisher now says to him, 'Refuse your consent, do not allow a rival Canadian edition of your books to appear, and we will deal more liberally with you.' However advantageous it might be to the author to have thus the command of the situation, the commissioners seem to have thought it unfair to use the Canadians to bring pressure on their neighbours. They leave the Canadians and all our other colonies *bonâ fide* free, so long as the United Kingdom is kept from the sphere of their operations. They allow them to reprint for themselves as they like, under a license from the Government, independent of the author, with

a reservation only of a small percentage for him. This, under the circumstances, is the wisest arrangement at which they could have arrived. The publishers of the whole North American continent will thus be left to settle their differences among themselves. And if the Americans can see their way, by-and-by, to an international arrangement, the colonies will, of course, fall in with it. For the benefit of our smaller settlements, and perhaps of India, the Foreign Reprints Act is at the same time to be left unrepealed. If the small colonies and the Indian Empire cannot republish for themselves, they may import the cheap editions as they like. The Commission, however, insist that for the future the duties shall be actually levied; and we express a hope that conditions, with which we expect Australia and New Zealand to comply, will not be dispensed with in India, where we have only to order to be obeyed. Self-governed colonies ought not to be asked to enforce rights which the British Government itself forgets or disregards.

We proceed to the last and most delicate subject which the commissioners had to handle—our literary relations with the United States. They have touched the sensitive points as tenderly as the circumstances allowed, and if our cousins' conduct in the matter was to be entered upon at all (of which we rather question the prudence, since the expression of an unfavourable opinion is irritating when it cannot be acted upon), we see no other reason to find fault with the remarks which they have made.

'The United States,' they say, 'is of all nations the one in which British authors are most concerned, the nation in regard to which the absence of a copyright gives rise to the greatest hardships. Were there in American law no recognition of the rights of authors, no copyright legislation, the position of the United States would be logical; but they have a copyright law. They afford protection to citizens or resident authors, while they exclude all others from the benefit of that protection. Their position is the more striking, because, with regard to the analogous right of patents for inventions, they have entered into a treaty with this country for the reciprocal protection of inventors. Great Britain suffers most from this policy. The works of her authors and artists may be, and generally are, taken without leave by American publishers, sometimes mutilated, issued at cheap rates to a population of forty millions, perhaps the most active readers in the world, and not seldom in forms objectionable to the feelings of the original author or artist.' (*Report*, p. 233.)

Several eminent American publishers were kind enough to offer their evidence to the Commission. From them it appeared that American authors are unanimous in desiring

that justice should be done to their English friends, partly for their own sakes, because the more easily the American market can be supplied cheaply with foreign works, which cost the American publishers nothing, the less encouragement is offered by them to original American writers; partly in the interest of literature itself, which suffers from so rude a handling as it now meets with. The opinion of these gentlemen is the more important because an international copyright law would give them no rights in the United Kingdom which they do not already possess, or cannot easily acquire. The existing law protects an American author who publishes his book in London simultaneously with the issue of it in New York; and the commissioners, we are pleased to observe, discourage the proposal that we should make the privilege contingent on reciprocity. They are contented to state the case and to indicate that the injury is aggravated by the difficulties which it has caused in the British colonies. They propose nothing. They leave America to provide a remedy if her sense of justice leads her to offer it. But they draw attention to a suggestion made by one of their most accomplished witnesses, Mr. Edward Dicey.

‘Mr. Dicey,’ they say, ‘thought it might be possible for a mixed Commission to arrange terms for a Copyright Convention which would be mutually acceptable. Looking to the great importance of securing an international convention with the United States, we venture to express our opinion that the appointment of such a mixed Commission to enquire into and report upon the whole subject might be attended with advantage.’ (*Report*, p. 252.)

If the action of the Americans was to be alluded to at all, it could not have been approached with better temper. Perhaps it is as well that they should have their attention drawn to the embarrassment which they have caused beyond their own frontiers in an official and authoritative form. But we have already said that we think the question should still, for the present, be allowed to rest. The good feeling of the American people, from which alone any solution can be looked for, is already tentatively approaching the problem and beginning to deal with it; and unless Mr. Farrer persuades them that their consciences are unnecessarily alarmed, the time is not distant when a practical arrangement will have shaped itself. We must leave them meanwhile to their own sense of what is right, being careful only that by no rash experiments of our own we break down the principle on which copyright subsists.

This we must congratulate the Commission on having

refused to do either by direct attack upon it, or by methods insidiously disguised under the plausible name of Free Trade. They have admitted the 'proprietary right' or right of property in the author, whichever we please to call it. Everything which can be done consistently with this acknowledgment to consult the interests of the public has been carefully thought over. Within the limits of our proper jurisdiction and proper responsibility, they propose to maintain our traditional policy of protection, which we believe to be founded in justice. The Americans and our fellow-subjects in the colonies must act as they think proper, and as they will answer to the opinion of the world.

Thus for the report itself we have nothing but praise. The Commission has steered its difficult way, amidst arguments passionately conflicting, with judgment and moderation. We can only wish that it had been unanimous. Unhappily this was not the case—so far from it that one of its most cultivated members was unable to attach his name to it even with qualifications, and has presented a separate report of his own.

Sir Louis Mallet modestly tells us that he is conscious that his personal opinions can carry but little weight unsupported by those of his colleagues. Sir Louis Mallet's high qualities give so great a consequence to what he says, that no one can differ from him without regret, or without, to some extent, distrusting the soundness of his own conclusions. But the difference is fundamental: we must agree with him wholly or dissent from him wholly. There is no middle term. Sir Louis Mallet cannot admit that an author's work is in any true sense his property. His right, such as it is, he says, derives its value from the discovery of printing; and there is no reason for giving to authors a larger share in the value of a mechanical invention, to which they have contributed nothing, than to any other member of the community. He considers that an easy access to contemporary popular literature is of the greatest consequence to the education and improvement of the people, and that the interests of individuals ought not to stand in the way of so great an object. Whether the people really benefit so much as he supposes from the current opinions of the time, may be a matter of question; but, supposing him right, the invention of printing has enabled the author to extend enormously his influence for good. At the worst his books are immeasurably more accessible than when they could only circulate in MS. Is it not expedient to encourage him to exert such influence by allowing him some advantage out of this invention? The people have already gained prodigiously.

Is he to gain nothing beyond the consciousness that he is the benefactor of his age?

It is admitted, Sir Louis says, as if the admission were of importance, that the author has no property in his *ideas*. 'It is *merely the form* in which they are presented for which this claim is advanced.' 'Merely, the form!' The ideas in Shakespeare's sonnets, in 'Childe Harold,' or in Newton's 'Principia' lie undefined in all men's minds, or we should not recognise their truth when laid out before us in language. The man of genius sees clearly what others half perceive at moments and lose again. He seizes upon it and fixes it in a shape visible to all, and the rest of us ever after are put in practical possession of the treasures of our own minds. As it is said of men of science, that he only discovers who proves, so the poet or philosopher who throws into intelligible form the knowledge and sentiment of his age is the person who really makes it available for the instruction or the delight of mankind. *Merely the form!* What a light that little word 'merely' throws upon the argument into which it is introduced!

'Property,' Sir Louis Mallet insists, arises from limitation of supply. There need be no limitation to the supply of copies of books, and to create an artificial scarcity, in order to create property along with it, is mischievous and absurd. It copyright laws are to exist, the justification of them, he says, must be looked for 'in another order of ideas.' Unrestricted competition, subject to a duty for the author's benefit, will increase the spread of literature, will benefit the public, and, through the largeness of the sale, will benefit, ultimately, the producer himself. This is Sir Louis' 'fixed idea,' and being, as it seems to him, so reasonable in itself, he refuses to believe it incapable of realisation. He is too wise to recommend the direct introduction of a reform which will disturb vested interests; he is willing to proceed in a gradual and tentative manner; but he sets the royalty system before him as the object to be held in view in every alteration which is made. He disapproves of the change in the term of copyright proposed by the Commission, and perhaps the advantages of it are insufficient to counterbalance the general impolicy of altering anything which works tolerably well. On the colonial question, as we have already said, Sir Louis wholly agrees with Mr. Farrer, and he advocates the admission of the colonial reprints into the United Kingdom on grounds which apply equally to editions published with the author's consent or without it. 'It appears to me 'impossible,' he says, 'to recommend the retention of a prohibition which directly favours one portion of your Majesty's

‘subjects at the expense of another; which renders exile a condition of easy access by Englishmen to the contemporary literature of their own language, and causes England to be the only country in which English books are scarce or dear.’

Sir Louis need not have been so scrupulous in deprecating immediate and violent changes. . The effect of the admission of the colonial editions will be as immediately violent as the worst which could be expected from legislation directly destructive of copyright; and although he guards himself by saying that the author, as the law stands, can refuse his consent to the issue of such editions, he knows well that the colonies will not be content without them, and that therefore the anomaly which he so much disapproves will continue. As to a treaty with America, he will not hear of an extension of the monopoly system which might benefit authors and publishers, but would ‘enhance the cost of literature to the people of both countries.’ He will have his royalty system, with a provision that every edition issued on either side of the Atlantic shall have free course in the United States and the United Kingdom. The expression of a willingness on our part to allow such a condition, he believes, would remove the objections which the Americans at present entertain to a copyright convention. We shall share his opinion when we see the Americans adopt the royalty system within their own boundaries. They know that it cannot be worked, and that the protection reserved under it for the author would be a mere illusion. English authors they might be willing to sacrifice. They will not sacrifice their own.

Sir John Rose, who represents the Canadian interest on the Commission, naturally supports Sir Louis Mallet on this point. So does Sir Drummond Wolff, who is anxious that the cheap editions of English books published on the continent of Europe under the international treaty should also pass our Custom Houses unhindered. The position of these editions is of course the same as that of the colonial reprints, and the objection to one is the objection to the others. The remaining partially dissentient commissioners accept the principle of the report, but have small hobbies of their own, which they prefer to air under their separate signatures. Their proposals are innocent at any rate, and will deserve consideration should the report lead to serious alterations in the present law.

But will Parliament, in the face of the results of the present Commission, be induced to meddle with the question at all? Minor amendments may be required where the present law is found defective; but will the broad issues be again raised

which were supposed to be settled in 1842? We greatly doubt it. Parliament is not fond of theories, and unless stronger pressure is laid on than there are present signs of, we expect they will 'let sleeping dogs lie.' Authors and publishers might prefer a longer term than the law now gives them, but they acquiesce in what they have, and ask for nothing but to be let alone. The Board of Trade can hardly expect that when, at the end of two years of enquiry, three commissioners, out of fifteen, alone can be found in favour of their views, Parliament will enter upon a course which every single person practically connected with literature consents in condemning. There is no agitation for it. No complaints are heard from the public. The press is silent. The press, it may be said, is interested. But protests might be signed; public meetings might be held, where publishers might be denounced for their inordinate prices. But there are no meetings and no protests. The English people are ignorant that they have wrongs to be impatient of. Nor is there agitation in the colonies. If the colonies are allowed to reprint our books for themselves, they have all that they ever thought of asking for till the home market was suggested to them from this side. The movement against copyright has originated with, and been carried on by, two or three speculative gentlemen in a Government department, who cannot reconcile the existing book trade with the orthodox theory of the nature of *value*. Parliament will consider a causeless disturbance of an important business a greater evil than an economic inconsistency, and will surely hesitate before they gratuitously exasperate the whole body of the literary profession. The evidence before the Commission will show them that all literary men are of one mind upon the subject, poets and novelists, philosophers and journalists. They have the ear of the public, and if provoked may be dangerous and troublesome. Mr. Macfie treats them as no better than manufacturers of spiritual sugar-plums. Mr. Farrer tells them that their thoughts are so precious that the nation languishes for want of easier access to their writings. Mr. Macfie and Mr. Farrer come to the same conclusion, that their productions are not their own, and that they may not do as they please with them. They persist that their productions are their own, that during their own lives, at least, they may, and will, do as they please with them, and all the political economy in the world will not convince them to the contrary. If the Board of Trade attempts to force a bill through Parliament in the spirit of Mr. Farrer's recommendations, it will find itself surrounded by a swarm of infuriated hornets.

Suppose that, under some extraordinary infatuation, Parliament should be persuaded to listen, what would be the effect upon literature itself? The highest kind of men would not be touched except in their outward circumstances. Mr. Tennyson would be a poor man instead of being a moderately wealthy one, but he would still be Mr. Tennyson; and men of private fortune, like Gibbon or Buckle, could still command leisure for historical investigation and patient digestion of their reading. But the writer of average ability, who has adopted literature as the profession by which he is to live, will lose his inducement to do his work well, and will be driven in spite of himself into the sensationalism which secures immediate popularity. His object will be to sell rapidly his first edition, for that is all which he will have to depend on; and for this purpose he needs nothing but courage, smartness, and originality. In the market of the moment there is no appreciation of exactness and laborious research. In novels and poetry the imaginative writer will seek to please the prevailing taste of the hour. Labour and judgment will tell in the long run; but for a quick sale the more showy the style the better it will take. At present a man knows that if he does his best his work will be recognised in time, and, like Mr. Spencer, he may hope to receive some reward before his copyright is out. Take the time away from him, and if he is wise he will choose some other profession. If he is not wise, he will swim with the stream. His books will be got up like the latest fashions in dress. They will be as brilliant and as ephemeral. It matters little how they will look to-morrow, if no to-morrow is allowed the author to benefit by them. Enough for him if they will last attractive for the day, for the day is all that he has. 'Cheap and nasty' has wrecked the reputation of our calicoes and our iron work. 'Cheap and nasty,' under the same system, will be the fate of our average literature.

Another effect of the change will be to increase enormously the growth and influence of periodicals. If able men are refused protection for what they write under their own names, they will make their harvest at once in the popular journals, which already bid high for their assistance. It will not answer to competing publishers to reprint 'weeklies' and 'monthlies,' or; at least, no competing edition of them can be brought in from abroad. Writers will therefore naturally betake themselves to a mode of publication in which nature itself protects them; and the style of their work must follow the conditions of that mode. Magazines and reviews are not meant to last. The articles in them may be excellent in their kind, but they must

address the sentiments, or passions, or interests, which happen to predominate at the time; and how transient these passions and interests are we may satisfy ourselves by turning back over the files of old newspapers or old volumes of the quarterlies. Articles once fresh on every lip, which delighted and electrified society, are now weary, flat, and unprofitable—dry and dusty as the sermons of the Puritan divines, which also, in their turn, were once listened to as the outpourings of inspiration. Such all our average literature will become if solid copyright is removed. The history will become the brilliant sketch; the scientific treatise will become the smart essay; the novel will become the *feuilleton*. So far as the law can affect it, the motive will be taken away from everything which gives sterling worth to the written thoughts of men. And Mr. Farrer himself will come to doubt whether popular intellectual cultivation has been so much benefited after all by the possession of them.

And what is the real occasion of the agitation which he has set on foot? What is the present pressing cause of his and Sir Louis Mallet's impatience? Sir Louis Mallet, at least, is too sensible to repeat the light assertion that the people must have literature 'fresh and fresh;' that books grow stale and lose their flavour as if they were herrings or mackerel. He knows as well as anyone that a book that grows stale might as well never have been written; and yet he has persuaded himself that national education is affected injuriously unless each new novelty that streams from the press can be dispersed among the ignorant and half-ignorant in greatest haste and in greatest abundance. What are the books which competing publishers at home or in the colonies will most eagerly snatch at? Are they the works of Hallam or Carlyle, of Herbert Spencer or Mill, of Wordsworth or of Tennyson? Great writers almost invariably find a cold reception on their first appearance. Tennyson himself, who in his own lifetime has seen his poems become household words throughout the English world, had to wait ten years before a second edition was called for of the 'May Queen' or of 'Locksley Hall;' and far less than ten years is far beyond the farthest date which Mr. Macfie will allow for the monopoly. The instant demand is for the last new novel, the last political pamphlet, the last scientific speculation which will account for the world's existence without a God as the maker of it, the last fashionable 'Life of Christ,' an 'Essays and Reviews,' a 'Tract 90,' or an 'Ecce Homo.' If we turn over the lists of books of twenty years back, we see volumes advertised, the very names of which we now hardly

remember. Yet in their day they blazed through edition after edition, they circulated in thousands and tens of thousands of copies. At the end of twenty years they are extinct as if they had never been. They flamed up like tar-barrels, and for the moment nothing else was to be seen for the smoke and glare of them. But they go out in the dark and are forgotten, while a Wordsworth, long despised and neglected, takes his place as a new fixed star, and shines calmly and perennially in the intellectual sky.

Yet, in the name of education, a paternal government is called on to interfere, that the multitudes may not be defrauded of their share in each prevailing and passing delirium. They must have each new book as it comes out, or they are robbed of their spiritual nutriment. They cannot be wholly shielded from the influence of these epidemic excitements. Enough, and too much, of the light from such meteors will stream in upon them, reflected through the newspapers. But that a paternal government should be expected to exert itself in such a cause is a new conception of its duties. The half-educated are the last to benefit by sensational imaginative literature, or by a share in the discussion of still debated subjects. Poetry elevates and purifies, if it is true poetry. But time must try it before we can be sure that it is genuine. New truth becomes of service to education only when it is ascertained to be truth, as food is only known to be wholesome by repeated experiments. Free countries do not tolerate a censorship of the press, because no one can be trusted to exercise it. Yet who would not approve a censorship which would really divide the good from the bad? And the close period of copyright answers the purpose of a censorship more effective than was ever enforced by civil or ecclesiastical tribunal. It allows a time for public opinion to weigh the merits of each new contribution to its art or to its thought. If at the end of the period it continues in demand, it is thus proved to be really valuable; and then, and not till then, it is passed on to become the property of the nation. What more ought to be demanded in the name of education? Do the people want cheap wholesome entertainment when Scott and Marryat have long passed out of copyright? Are they injured because they must wait a few years for an equal supply of the works of George Eliot and Wilkie Collins? Do they want history and philosophy? There are few modern writers from whom they will not learn less than they will learn from Gibbon, and Hume, and Butler. The best writings of each generation are gathered by natural selection out of the contemporary rubbish. Can a public be in

a state of spiritual destitution which has a more splendid literature than any nation in the world, with the ascertained best of it at as cheap a rate as it pleases? Better for the people, better for every one of us whose stomach is not seasoned by antidotes, to read books whose worth has been tested, than to devour every new dainty. Sir Drummond Wolff is distressed that we get so many of our modern books from circulating libraries, and are then content with a single perusal of them. He would like to see them on our own shelves, that we might study them at leisure. Which of us, who has purchased for himself each year the latest novelties that come out, does not look with despair at the space filled by volumes which he will never open a second time? Which of us has not reflected on the treasures of true literature of which he might have been the happy possessor, had he laid out his money more wisely, and bought only what he knew to be worth buying? Of all motives for the abridgment of copyright, the injury done to the public by the comparative dearth of new books least bears examination. Let us hope that we have heard the last of an argument which we can scarcely believe is brought forward in seriousness.

ART. II.—1. *History of the Indian Navy* (1613–1863). By CHARLES RATHBONE LOW, Lieutenant (late) Indian Navy. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1877.

2. *General Report of the Operations of the Marine Survey of India, from the commencement in 1874 to the end of the official year 1875–76, and for the year 1876–77.* Prepared for submission to the Government of India, by Commander A. DUNDAS TAYLOR (late I.N.), Superintendent of Marine Surveys. 2 Parts, fol. Calcutta: 1876, 1878.

WHEN the government of India was reorganised after the Sepoy mutiny, the several military services enrolled under the immediate flag of the Company were either remodelled, absorbed, or altogether done away with. Of these last, the navy was one. It was considered inadvisable to admit its officers to the lists of the Royal Navy, and they were therefore retired on pensions calculated in some way according to their rank, their seniority, and the prospects which these had held out to them. This enforced retirement, carried out with unnecessary haste and undue rigour, naturally gave rise to many heart-burnings which might have been avoided by the exercise of a little tact on the part of the

government, a little consideration for the interests and sensibilities of officers bound up in their profession, whose aspirations or memories all stretched seaward, and who were rightly jealous of the honour of a service dating back to the earliest English settlement in India, and which, more distinctly than even the famous 39th Regiment, was entitled to the proud motto of *Primus in Indis*.

It is the history of this service that now comes before us, written by one of these officers whom a hard fate has compelled to exchange the sword or the 'kenninge' glass for the pen. The author is therefore entitled to our most favourable consideration in his endeavour to perpetuate the memory of the past, and to record the achievements of his predecessors and brother officers. He has had many difficulties to struggle with, but the labour has been to him one of love; and notwithstanding some slips, more curious than important, it has been performed with an earnest, painstaking, thorough-going industry which deserves praise. We cannot, however, but regret that a want of literary skill, an ignorance of artistic proportion, or perhaps even a too great earnestness of purpose has led to an excess of detail which has little or no interest to anyone not personally connected with the subject-matter of each particular page; and has swelled the volumes to an inordinate bulk by a lengthy discussion of grievances and wrongs which the officers of the Indian Navy consider they have sustained at the hands of an unsympathetic government. This, if wanted anywhere, is out of place here. As we look through Mr. Low's volumes we are more strongly than ever reminded of the great truth that lies hid under Talleyrand's seemingly cynical maxim, *Pas de zèle*. The defect is a serious one. It does not indeed impair the sterling value of the work; but the necessary result of it is, that to many, even of those for whom it has been more especially written, the book will prove tedious. It may be studied: it may be glanced through: we fear it will not often be simply but honestly read.

Whatever its later development, our Indian Empire was, in its origin, essentially naval. It was by sea that our forefathers went to India; it was by sea that they first won the right to stay there. They won that right by cannon and by cutlass; not from the native princes, to whom—at the beginning, at least—the white traders were not altogether unwelcome, but from their European rivals; men of other nationalities, who had gone before or went with them; men keen, eager, bold, and unscrupulous; men ready to fight for their interests, or to

defend them in any way that came to hand. Downfallen as Portugal and Spain now are, it is almost difficult to realise the position which they took and held, for nearly two hundred years, as seamen, as soldiers, and as merchants. We are apt to forget that, up to the very end of the sixteenth century, English commerce was both absolutely and relatively small; that England had no part in the great discoveries of the fifteenth century, and was forestalled, not only in the quest for the precious metals in the treasure-houses of Mexico or Peru, but also in the still more gainful traffic which was carried on beyond the Cape of Storms—

‘where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.’

Vasco de Gama made his first voyage in 1497. It was not till 1591 that English ships passed the Cape, outward-bound; and then to a fate that might well have been disheartening. One of the ships, indeed, had to be sent back from Saldanha Bay, with the sick. The ‘Admiral,’ as in those days the senior officer’s ship was called, separated from her consort in ‘an extreme tempest’ off Cape Corrientes, and was never heard of again. There is no doubt that she foundered at once. ‘In the evening,’ says the relation of an eye-witness preserved by Hakluyt, ‘we saw a great sea breake over our ‘Admirall the “Penelope,” and their light strooke out: and ‘after that we never saw them any more.’ This was the end of brave old George Raymond, captain of the ‘Dread-nought,’ when she fought against the Spanish Armada in 1588. One ship only remained and went on: the ‘Edward Bonaventure,’ commanded by James Lancaster, whose memory lives, not only in the early history of the East Indian seas, but in that of others far distant, embodied in the name of Lancaster Sound. It is then to the expedition of Lancaster and the ‘Edward Bonaventure,’ that our East Indian trade must be dated back. With a crew sorely reduced by a murderous affray with the natives of the Comoro Islands, he waged a successful and lucrative war against Portuguese commerce, capturing and ransacking several of their ships. He did not, indeed, reach the mainland of Hindostan, but he visited Ceylon, the Nicobar Islands, and got as far as Penang. Here he had to stop. Of his crew, thirty-three men and a boy were all that were left alive; of these not more than two-thirds were fit for service, and they were mutinous: his provisions too were run short, so that he resolved to make the best of his way homeward. On the voyage he touched at St.

Helena, and the difficulty of early navigation is illustrated by the notice, that on leaving that island 'they were hurried away by the trade winds' to Trinidad, from whence they got to Mona near Porto Rico. There Lancaster was left, and with him the greater part of the crew who had gone on shore with him. The few remaining on board, five men and the boy, were said to have cut the cable; hoping probably to get the whole benefit of the adventure. They did manage to bring the ship, with an extraordinarily rich cargo, to England; but Lancaster and his companions soon followed, having obtained a passage in a French ship. His voyage had lasted, in all, a little more than three years: it could scarcely be called fortunate: it was not considered, at that time, specially unfortunate: it gave Lancaster a great reputation; it pointed out the way to the Indies; and it was the seed of that extensive and flourishing trade which immediately sprang up.

With this example before them, our countrymen were not slow to imitate it. In 1599 was formed the Company of Merchants trading unto the East Indies, which, as the Honourable East India Company, with various changes and revolutions in its government and organisation, continued down to our own time. Its charter was dated December, 1600. Lancaster was appointed General, or Admiral of the Company's fleet; and the first Governor was Alderman (afterwards Sir) Thomas Smith, whose name, thus associated with Lancaster's in East Indian history, is also associated with it in Arctic geography, where it stands, as Smith Sound, on the Threshold of the Unknown Region. In this second voyage, Lancaster followed nearly the same route as before. He did not even sight the mainland of India, but made straight for the Nicobar Islands, from whence he passed on to Acheen, which, for some months, he made his head-quarters: and whilst his smaller ships carried on an honest trade with the natives in the Straits and beyond, gathering rich cargoes of cinnamon, cloves, pepper, and such like commodities then rare and costly, Lancaster, in the 'Red Dragon,' a ship of 600 tons and 200 men, with some of the larger of her consorts, adopted the more speedy method of plundering the Portuguese galleons.

When he returned home after an absence of three years, the gains of the expedition, what with commerce and barter, what with privateering, amounted to 95 per cent. on the money adventured. It is mentioned, as an instance of the enormous sums realised in this early trade, that, in a subsequent voyage, a parcel of cloves bought from a Java junk for 2,948*l.* was sold in England for 36,287*l.*; and it appears from the detailed

notice of several other expeditions, that the net profits were seldom below 100 per cent., and were often more than 200.

A great part of these gains was due to bold and successful privateering; the Portuguese collected the staples of commerce; the English garnered them; for their ships which sailed to the East Indies, were, from the beginning, quite as much ships of war as of trade. This was, of course, in the outset, legitimate enough; for Portugal, being at the time a province of Spain, was rightly subject to the attacks of Spain's enemies in every part of the world. But the Portuguese felt not only injured, but insulted; they had persuaded themselves that, by virtue of the Papal Bull, ships of other countries coming into eastern seas, were acting in defiance alike of the law of God and man. They held, therefore, that the English were heretics, blasphemers, and pirates; that no measure was to be observed towards them. They were vermin to be destroyed, rather than enemies to be warred against. Such a feeling was naturally reciprocated; and the struggle became exceedingly bitter and murderous.

The war in Europe had come to an end in 1603; but the conflicting interests in the East still carried it on with even greater ferocity. The Company's ships were by no means peaceful traders, and they sailed, most commonly, in fleets sufficiently large to resist any force the Portuguese could bring against them. These, on their part, fitted out expeditions from their local factories, expressly to maintain the exclusive supremacy which they claimed: their ships were no longer mere merchantmen, cumbered with cargo, or with families of women and children, such as had fallen easy prey to Lancaster; they were equipped as ships of war; they went to look for the English intruders, and when they found them they attacked them, if, indeed, the English waited to be attacked. In this way took place some of the most stoutly contested actions on record; actions, the stories of which as related by the old chroniclers in quaint, rugged, and often grotesque prose, are as wildly and terribly poetical as anything in the wide range of English literature. Nor is there any reason to doubt the essential truth of these narratives. When they can be compared with Portuguese records, they stand the test. The writers were Englishmen; national and personal enemies of the Portuguese: that their tales have, therefore, an English colouring is far from a blemish; it is the very intensity of their feeling which constitutes one of their greatest charms, and it cannot mislead any critical reader—if indeed it is possible for a reader of these prose ballads to be his-

torically critical. But apart from mere matters of detail, of which, so far as the Portuguese were concerned, our authorities must have been frequently ignorant or misinformed, the result, in gross total, is part of the world's history. The Portuguese were in India; the English are. The change was wrought, not in any imperial cataclysm, but by the continued mining of a persistent and untiring foe; by the never-ending recurrence of engagements between forces, for the most part, numerically insignificant, but representing the energy and the strength of their several nations.

Of these early battles, the most important not only in its results, but as giving a definite tone to all that followed, was one fought in the roadstead of Surat, on October 29th, 30th, and 31st, 1612. The Portuguese squadron had been fitted out with the distinct object of destroying the English, who, in two ships, had arrived from England only six weeks before. These ships were the 'Red Dragon,' the same in which Lancaster had made his second voyage, but now commanded by Captain Best, and the 'Hosiander,' a small ship described as not much bigger than a pinnace, but probably of about 100 tons burden. The Portuguese, on the other hand, mustered four galleons, each as large as the 'Dragon,' and some twenty so-called frigates, large rowboats with no guns, but carrying great numbers of men, useful friends and dangerous enemies in shoal water or a calm. Without doubt, the Portuguese had a very positive superiority, not only in their numbers and in their special equipment as ships of war, but also in the presumably weak state of the English crews after such a long voyage. Nevertheless, they were unable to gain any advantage over their stubborn foe. The bulk of their mariners were probably natives; their seamanship was certainly inferior to that of the English, and their shortcoming in this respect neutralised the power of their numbers.

The stoutness of a ship's timbers, the small calibre of the guns, the badness of the powder, the excessive windage of the shot, and the impossibility of taking aim by the line of metal, all combined to render it, at that time, difficult to attain a decisive result against a stubborn defence. But the English had long since learned to defend themselves by attacking. As soon as the Portuguese appeared off the mouth of the river, Captain Best, in the 'Dragon,' weighed anchor and met them. He 'never shot one shot till he came between their admiral and 'vice-admiral, and then gave each a broadside and a volley of 'small shot which made them come no more near for that day.' The 'Hosiander' was unable to get out, and took no part in

that first engagement; 'but the "Dragon" had supplied her 'want very well, and it drawing near night, they came on all 'sides to anchor within sight of each other. The next morning they weighed anchors again, and began their fight, in 'which the "Hosiander" bravely redeemed the time she lost the day before. The fiery "Dragon" (bestirring herself), in about three hours' hot fight, drove three of the galleons on the sands; and then the "Hosiander," drawing little water, danced the hay about them, and so payed them, that they durst not show a man on their decks, killing and spoiling their men, and battering their ships exceedingly.'* As the flood made, the frigates towed them off, and the fight again continued till dark. The events of the third day were singularly like those of the second; the galleons again grounded on the bank, and again got off. The fight ended with an unsuccessful attempt, on the part of the Portuguese, to burn the 'Dragon,' by means of a frigate converted into a fire-ship, which, as she came down before the wind, Best was able to sink. The loss on the part of the English was curiously small; three killed and one wounded: this one had his arm shot off: slighter wounds were probably not counted. On the other hand, the loss of the Portuguese was supposed to be very heavy; it is very differently stated, but it is said that they themselves returned it at 160 killed. No doubt, it fell heaviest amongst the frigates, in which the men were much more exposed than in the galleons, and the natives, of course, would largely share it; but, in any case, the aggressiveness was beaten out of them; and when, after four days spent in refitting, Best put to sea, determined to fight it out under way, the Portuguese did not choose to follow him; nor, though he continued in the Gulf of Cambay, did they make any further serious attempt to interfere with him, and towards the end of November they withdrew altogether, leaving it open for him to renew his intercourse with Surat.

The reputation of the English was enormously raised by the fact of their having maintained themselves against the superior force fitted out to destroy them. The action, fought within sight of the shore, had been witnessed by thousands. The English in India at once took a high position, as Mr. Low says, 'recognised by the great Mogul, and not as mere interlopers, picking up the crumbs of commerce under sufferance 'of their European rivals, the Portuguese.' The Company

* Journal of Mr. Nicholas Withington, factor in the voyage; in Purchas, vol. i. p. 482, and Lediard, p. 433.

obtained permission to establish factories not only at Surat, but at Ahmedabad, Cambay, and Gogo; and to secure these and the ships trading to them against the Portuguese and the native pirates, they formed a small service which afterwards developed into the Bombay Marine, and, later on, into the Indian Navy. At first, this was known as the 'grab service.' Its force consisted of a few grabs or galivats, country vessels often, though inaccurately, spoken of as galleys and half-galleys; they mounted five or six guns or even fewer, were officered by volunteers from the Company's ships, and their crews, partly English, principally Indian, were picked up as opportunity offered.

To restrain,—if possible, to annihilate the new power rising within what they claimed as their own jurisdiction, was a first object with the Portuguese; but in aiming at it they insulted and quarrelled with the Mogul, the Emperor of Hindostan, by whose authority the English were now supported. When in the latter end of 1614 an English squadron, commanded by Captain Downton, arrived at Surat, they determined to crush it. The Viceroy of Goa, as admiral, assembled the whole of the Portuguese force in Indian waters, amounting, it is said by Portuguese writers and witnesses, to six large galleons, three smaller ships, two galleys, or probably grabs, and sixty frigates, mounting in all 134 guns, some of which are described as 42-pounders, and manned by 2,600 Europeans and 6,000 native mariners—an armada worthy of the national interests it was called on to support. Against this, the English could oppose only Downton's four semi-merchant ships, two of which might rank with the Portuguese galleons, and the three or four galivats of the newly-formed 'grab service:' all told, they are said to have mounted an aggregate of eighty guns, mostly of small size; the ships' companies numbered 600, and of these many were sick. The Nawab of Surat, terrified by the apparently overwhelming superiority of the Portuguese, sent off an embassy to the Viceroy, humbly petitioning for peace. This the Viceroy haughtily refused, and the battle began.

The roadstead of Surat, now known as the Sutherland Channel, but formerly as the Swally, is a strait about a mile and a half wide and seven miles long, between the land on one side and a sand-bank, partly dry at low water, on the other. It may be described as having a certain rough resemblance to the Downs, sheltered by the Goodwin Sands. In this channel the English ships were at anchor; and the Portuguese attack was necessarily confined, by the shoal water on the bank and by the wind which set from seaward, to their smaller ships and

frigates ; these crossed the bank and confusedly swarmed about the 'Hope,' the least of the English. Downton, with the others, at once made sail for her rescue ; but—in his own language, which is too graphic to paraphrase—'the enemies' ships were 'aboard her and entered their men before we came sufficiently 'near them ; their men being entered with great show of resolution, but had no quiet abode there, neither could rest in 'their own ships, nor make them loose from the "Hope," 'for our great and small shot : so that when the principal were 'killed, the rest in great number, for quietness sake, leaped 'into the sea, where their frigates took many of them up.' Before leaping, however, they set fire to their ships, and these, grappled to the 'Hope,' as they flamed up, put her in great danger : she managed to cast them off, when they drifted on to the sands and burnt harmlessly to the water's edge.

It was now the Viceroy's turn to seek for peace. The Nawab refused it, unless the English were included. To this the Viceroy would not consent ; and having received, a few days afterwards, a reinforcement of country vessels, he converted several of them into fire-ships, and sent them in, night after night, in tow of the frigates. For these attempts Downton was prepared. Night after night he opened such a heavy fire on the frigates that they were compelled to cast off the fire-ships and trust to the wind to drift them down on the English, who were always happily able to send them off. After carrying on the war in this way for about three weeks, on February 13 the Portuguese, beaten or frustrated in all their attacks, retired to Goa. The galleons, in which lay their main strength, had never been really engaged ; they had not attempted, as they might have done, to pass round the north end of the bar, when a fair wind would have taken them down the channel ; they had contented themselves with firing from a distance across the bar, so that, as before, their loss, which was estimated at 350 killed, had fallen entirely on the small vessels and the frigates. Downton went shortly after to Batavia, where he died on August 6 ; but his name will ever live, associated with his gallant fight in the Swally, and, scarcely less than Best's, with the birth of the Company's power in India.

We shall not attempt to follow in detail the several steps by which the Portuguese were ousted from the position which they had previously won ; but there is one action which we would not willingly pass unnoticed—an action more glorious to them in their disaster than many of their successes. It was on August 6, 1616, that a carrack of enormous size—that is, of 1,500 tons burden—commanded by Don Manuel de Meneses,

outward bound to Goa, was met near the Comoro Islands by four English ships on their way to Surat. These also were large ships; but no English ship at that time was of anything like the tonnage of the carrack; two of them, the 'Charles' and the 'James,' were of about 1,000 tons, the others of less; but, says the chronicler, Mr. Edward Terry, student of Christ Church and chaplain of the 'Charles,' 'our Charles looked but 'like a pinnace when she was beside her.' This might, however, very well be the case, even without any great difference in tonnage, owing to the lofty fore and stern castles which the Spanish and Portuguese then built on their great ships. Confident in her vast size and the numbers of her crew, the Portuguese answered the hail of one of the smaller English ships with insulting language, followed by a broadside. Later on, when the English commander, Captain Joseph, in the 'Charles,' ranged alongside and hailed, ordering the Portuguese admiral to come on board and explain his conduct, the reply was that Don Manuel had promised his master, the King of Spain, not to quit the ship, out of which he might be forced, but never commanded. And so the fight began. 'Our captain,' says Mr. Terry, 'cheering his company, ascended the halfe decke, 'where hee had not beene the eight part of an houre, but a 'great shot from the carrackes quarter deprived him of life in 'the twinkling of an eye: it hit him on the brest, beating out 'of his bodie his heart and other of his vitals, which lay round 'about him scattered in his diffused blood.' Half an hour later the darkness ended the combat for that day; but the carrack 'put forth a light in her poop for us to follow her,' and about midnight she anchored; so also did the English ships. The next morning 'early before it began to dawn we prepared 'for a new assault, first committing ourselves in prayer to 'Almighty God; towards the close of which exercise I spake 'some words of exhortation and encouragement to all the people 'of the ship there together assembled, but was presently out-rhetoricked by our new commander, who spake to the company thus—"My masters, I have never a speech to make 'unto you, but to speak to the cooper to give every one of you 'a good cup of sack, and so God bless you.'" But as the enemy remained at anchor, close in shore, it was resolved to wait till she weighed, so as to attack her at sea; and 'in the 'afternoon we chested our late slain commander, and, without 'any ceremony of shot usual upon such occasions (because our 'enemy should take no notice), cast him overboard against the 'island of Mohilla.' It was night before the carrack weighed, again putting forth a light, 'unwilling, as it should seem, to

'escape.' All the next day the action continued, the English ships '*alternis vicibus*, one after the other, shooting at our adversary, as at a butt, and by three of the clock in the afternoon had shot down her mainmast by the board, her mizen mast, her fore topmast, and, moreover, had made such breaches in her thick sides, that her case seemed so desperate 'as that she must either yield or perish.' Deliberately and steadfastly she chose the latter fortune. She drove on shore on the island of Angaziya, where her crew set fire to her. Numbers of her men died; the rest were picked up by some Mohammedan vessels, and, after many hardships and sufferings, arrived at Goa. From all which it appears that the English had not, as we are prone to believe, any special monopoly of courage or endurance: the defence of the Portuguese carrack against very great odds is an instance of bravery and devotion which we might be proud to find recorded in our own annals, and which, as it stands, may well be compared with the achievements of those early *descobridores* who won for Portugal, to all time, a place of honour in the list of the nations of the world.

But under the governance of men like Best, or Downton, or Joseph, the Company's ships, representing the armed might of the Company, quickly became a power in India, and the native governments were not slow in setting them up as a counterpoise to the authority which the Portuguese had assumed. The first expedition which they undertook really against the territorial influence of the Portuguese was that against Ormuz in 1622. Ormuz, a small island on the northern or Persian side of the Persian Gulf, without water, without vegetation, without anything at all except salt, which, in a glittering efflorescence, covered the soil, had been, some 300 years before, settled by the Arabs, and established by the Arab merchants as the emporium of Eastern produce. Under these it had attained an almost unexampled prosperity, which was acknowledged in a proverb handed down in a Latin form as

'Si terrarum orbis, quaquā patet, annulus esset,
Illius Ormusium gemma decusque foret.'

Elegance, luxury, and riches, such as one is accustomed to think of as existing only in 'Arabian Nights,' were here realities of every day. According to Raynal, 'persons from all parts of the globe exchanged their commodities and transacted their business with an air of politeness and attention which are seldom seen in other places of trade. The streets were covered with mats, and in some places with carpets; and the linen awnings which were suspended from the houses prevented

'any inconvenience from the heat of the sun. Indian cabinets, gilded vases, china filled with flowering shrubs or aromatic plants, adorned their apartments. Camels laden with water were stationed in the public squares. Persian wines, perfumes, and all the delicacies of the table were furnished in the greatest abundance, and they had the music of the East in its highest perfection. In short, universal opulence, an extensive commerce, politeness in the men, and gallantry in the women, united all their attractions to make this city the seat of pleasure.' It had become the capital of a large kingdom, whose territory extended on both sides of the Gulf, and whose influence reached far beyond its territorial boundaries. But early in the preceding century the Portuguese, under D'Albuquerque, had forcibly seized on the island, had built forts, established their factory, and had reduced the king of Ormuz to a dependent condition. Its glory had waned, though it was still the richest town in the East, and in reputation richer even than in fact.

The King of Persia had long looked on its wealth with a covetous eye, and on its foreign owners with suspicious jealousy. The time seemed fitting. The enmity between the English and the Portuguese promised him assistance. The English ships would take the part in which his armies had altogether failed. Without a strong naval force it was impossible for him to wage war against an island, even though almost within cannon shot of the mainland. The Company's officers at Surat at once closed with the proposals of the King of Persia. Nominal cause for hostilities was easily found. The Portuguese had all along asserted their right to prevent foreign ships navigating the Indian seas without a passport, and cases were not wanting in which they had enforced this assertion. The opportunity of breaking the Portuguese power in the Persian Gulf and of establishing their own on its ruins was not to be neglected; and accordingly Captains Blythe and Weddell, with four great ships and the four pinnaces which constituted the newly-formed 'Marine' or 'grab service,' were sent to the Gulf, with general orders of reprisals against the Portuguese, who, on their part, had collected a strong fleet, ready to defend their own interests or to attack those of the English.

The operations commenced on the 20th January, 1622, with the siege of a fort on the island of Kishm, commanded by D'Andrade, the Portuguese admiral, in person. The Persians had been beaten off with loss; it surrendered to the English within ten days; D'Andrade and the garrison of

1,000 men became prisoners; the stores were the prize of the captors; and the whole island, important as supplying Ormuz not only with provisions, but with water, was in the hands of the invaders. After this Ormuz was attacked in form. A landing was effected on February 9. In a few days the Persians numbered, it was said, from 40,000 to 50,000 men, forming an indifferently-armed mob rather than an army. The brunt of the work and of the fighting fell on the English, who by sea blockaded the enemy's ships, and on shore acted as engineers and artillerymen. Cut off from their supplies, without water or provisions, their walls mined and blown up, and with heavy batteries playing on them and crushing them, the Portuguese, after holding out bravely for ten weeks, surrendered expressly to the English on April 23, and to the number of 2,500 were sent to Goa. The agreement between the allies was to share the spoil equally; but the Persians at once broke it, and looted the place to their own advantage. The English also doubtless did their best, but they were few in comparison; many of them were on ship-board, and in any case, in mere thieving, they were no match for the nimble-fingered Persians. What booty they had—pearls and specie and rich merchandise—was put on board the 'Whale,' one of the four ships, which on the passage down was utterly lost on the bar outside Surat. In direct gain the Company was little, if any, the richer for the capture of Ormuz. This, however, was not the opinion of the authorities in England. The Duke of Buckingham claimed for himself, as Lord High Admiral, a tenth of the spoil. He established, by the evidence of Blythe, Weddell, and the others, that the prize money, what from Portuguese ships captured, what from Ormuz, amounted to 100,000*l*. Of this, even if correct, a great part had been lost in the 'Whale,' and the whole cost of the expedition had fallen on the Company; but none the less on this sum of 100,000*l*. the Duke claimed his tenth. The Company maintained that they had not acted under any letters of marque from the Lord High Admiral, but under their own proper charter, and that the Duke had, therefore, no just claim to the tenth. If, the Duke replied, they had no letters of marque, they were pirates, and the whole was forfeited to the crown. It was in those days difficult to argue against the absolute power of Buckingham and the besotted idolatry of the King. The ships of the season were stopped at Tilbury; the Company was put in arrest; their petitions were rejected; and eventually they had to pay—and deem themselves fortunate in being allowed to pay—not only the 10,000*l*. to the

Lord High Admiral on account of their letters of marque, but an additional 10,000*l.* to the King as a fine for not having letters of marque.

It was not, however, the Portuguese that proved, in the long run, the most dangerous enemy of the East India Company. Almost at the same time as the English, the Dutch had found their way round the Cape of Good Hope and into Indian waters. Their first voyage was begun in 1595, under the guidance and command of Houtman, who had been for some time as a prisoner of war in Portugal, and had there picked up the requisite information as to the route. Immediately on Houtman's return in 1597, the Dutch East India Company was started, nearly three years before the English; and their early voyages followed each other with even greater rapidity. To the Portuguese the Dutch were quite as objectionable as the English; the war of Dutch independence, then raging in the West, was transferred to the East—further embittered by commercial jealousies—and was continued without pause even after it was put a stop to in Europe by the armistice of 1609. Between the English and the Dutch, friends in Europe, and bound to each other by policy, by religion, and by a common hatred of Spain, a close alliance might have been expected. The Indies might have been thought large enough for both.

It was not so, however. The jealousies and bickerings of the two became exceedingly violent; and though they did not take the form of open enmity, as between either people and the Portuguese, they were more personal and almost more angry; and, after many efforts on the part of the home authorities to appease them, culminated in what is generally known as the massacre of Amboyna. But the term massacre does not exactly describe this event. We associate with the word massacre the idea of an indiscriminate and illegal slaughter of unoffending people. The slaughter at Amboyna was neither indiscriminate nor illegal; the people slaughtered may have been unoffending; we believe that they certainly were so; but there was, none the less, grave suspicion of their guilt, and the evidence of it was deemed sufficient by a legally competent court.

The trade of the Spice Islands had been, more distinctly than any other branch of the Indian trade, the subject of jealousy and dispute. These had been, it was hoped, finally arranged by the treaty of 1619, in which it was agreed 'that the Molucca Islands, together with those of Banda and Amboyna, should belong to the English and Dutch, but in such manner that the English should have but one-third of the trade, and

‘ the Dutch two-thirds ; that the expense of the fortifications in those islands should be defrayed by a duty on the spices exported from them ; that the fortresses should remain in the hands of those then possessed of them, and that neither should attempt to shut out the other by fortifications, or contracts with the natives.’ This, then, was the actual state of things at Amboyna in February 1623. There was a large fort held by the Dutch with a strong garrison of between two and three hundred Dutch soldiers ; there were many Dutch merchants resident in the town, and there were several Dutch ships in the roadstead. On the other hand, the English had no fort ; their factory was unarmed ; they had no soldiers ; they had no ships ; and they numbered, all told, not more than eighteen. But a suspicion arose that some Japanese soldiers, in Dutch pay, were conspiring to seize the fort. They were put to the torture, and, under pressure, confessed that they were doing so, and had been instigated by the English residents. The English were made prisoners, and, also under pressure of extreme, of diabolical torture, confessed everything that was laid to their charge. In the last quarter of the nineteenth century we know how worthless as evidence is testimony wrung from a tortured patient. Two hundred and fifty years ago such testimony was considered by English, as well as by Dutch judges, perfectly conclusive. It was held to be so at Amboyna ; and by the Dutch Governor and his judicial council, ten of the English residents, and as many of the Japanese soldiers, were calmly and deliberately sentenced to be put to death, and were put to death, February 27, 1623.

The cold and unflinching cruelty with which the Dutch carried out the trials and the sentence struck terror into even the stout-hearted mariners and merchants of England. The executions were probably decreed under the influence of panic rather than of cupidity ; but, for the time being, they answered every purpose which avarice could have desired. In the Spice Islands, the English gave way almost without opposition ; the trade was left entirely to the Dutch. In the Indian Sea, a semi-piratical war of reprisals was waged, with great loss to both, but which tended to the advantage of the Dutch, as being better able to afford the loss. At home, the Company vainly sought for support at the hands of the English Government. They claimed redress for the wrong that had been done them at Amboyna. Buckingham was unable or unwilling to help them. The political relations with Holland rendered the general feeling of the country averse to any extreme measures, and whilst the case was being urged, the disputes between the

King and the Parliament absorbed the public interest. It was not till the Civil War was ended, till the government and the people were again in unison, till Cromwell was at the head of affairs, that Dutch insolence was curbed, Dutch pretensions were checked, and, after two years of obstinate war, the Dutch Government was compelled to draw back from the position it had taken up, and to pay compensation for the damage that had been done to English private and commercial interests. But the conclusion arrived at by a joint commission, in which the English sat with the prestige and authority of their decisive victory off the Texel (July 31, 1653), may be taken as a satisfactory proof that the damage done, the injuries sustained, had not been altogether one-sided. The English Company claimed as compensation 2,696,000*l.*; the Commission allowed 85,000*l.*: they claimed satisfaction for the massacre at Amboyna; it was held that 3,615*l.*, paid to the representatives of the slaughtered men, met the requirements of the case.

But notwithstanding the hostility which existed between the English and the Dutch, they seem to have made common cause against the Portuguese, who looked on them as equally interlopers. A curious instance of this occurred in January 1625, whilst the outrage at Amboyna must still have been fresh in the minds of all. An English and a Dutch squadron were lying off Gombroon, when a Portuguese fleet, fitted out at Goa specially to avenge the wrongs done by English or Dutch ships, came in sight. The English and Dutch commanders consulted. Captain Weddell, who had fought at the capture of Ormuz, said, on the part of the English, that 'he would fight it out as long as a man was living in his ship to bear a sword;' and the Dutchman responded that 'they were in the like resolution, and would stick as close to the English as their shirts to their backs.' As the allied fleet was equal in numbers to the Portuguese, and their ships, though probably inferior in equipment, had European crews, whilst the others were filled up with Indians, they held their own in the action that followed, and beat off the enemy with great loss. The affair is noticeable chiefly as showing how the English and Dutch could shelve their differences when occasion required it, and also as being one of the last energetic attempts of the Portuguese to uphold or restore their waning empire. There were, indeed, some other hard-fought actions; but they began to trust to diplomacy or intrigue rather than to arms; and as a power, they ceased to have any great weight in Indian history. The Dutch, on the other hand, had firmly established themselves: they held undisputed possession of

Java and Ceylon: they were paramount throughout the Archipelago: they had factories all along the coast of the mainland; and in matters of trade and policy were shrewd and stirring rivals to the English East India Company. They no longer, however, attempted any irregular hostilities; and though sundry engagements took place during the wars between the two countries, the old bitterness seems to have died out in a mutual understanding.

But the enemies against which the Company had to be always prepared were the native pirates that swarmed along the coast, from the Persian Gulf to Cape Comorin, to the mouth of the Hooghley and to the Straits of Malacca. On the Malabar coast, more particularly, the small creeks, estuaries, and harbours offered a ready and safe shelter to vessels of light draught, and were the homes of numberless craft that put to sea when their look-outs signalled a probable prize in the offing. From the earliest times, piracy, or, more correctly speaking, war against all strangers, had been the rule and the custom on this coast; and since the arrival of European ships and the enormous development of trade, their employment had become more lucrative, and their numbers and activity had increased. The curbing or rooting out these pirates was, for more than 200 years, the special duty of the Company's Marine Service, the Bombay Marine, as it was officially called after Bombay was ceded to the English as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, and became the Company's chief naval station. It is almost difficult, in the present day, to realise the fact that a few thousand predatory savages could exercise the influence they did on the affairs of what became the richest association in Europe; that small, badly-armed rowboats could be a source of continual danger and alarm to the huge, well-found ships that sailed between Europe and the East. Nor is it perhaps without an effort that we can remember the absolute inefficiency of artillery and musketry in the seventeenth century, or understand that slings and bows and arrows, though proved, in the long run, to be inferior to falconets and musketoons, were not then so far out of the range of comparison as to be considered despicable weapons of attack or defence; that in the absence of modern fire-arms, the combat might always have to be decided by the spear and the sharp sword, with little advantage on either side, save that due to fiercer courage or greater physical strength. In this way, the danger really lay in the pirates' numbers, and in their independence of the caprice of the wind. Their boats attack-

ing a becalmed ship, clustering under her stern, or round her bow, out of the reach of her broadside guns, and boarding by hundreds, were not always to be repelled; and even large ships were occasionally captured.

When, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, the Mahratta chiefs were able to associate these spoilers of the sea with themselves, the spoilers of the land, their force, having a unity of purpose and action till then wanting to it, became formidable, even on a large scale. In 1663, Sivajee, the chieftain under whom the Mahrattas first became a power, gathered together a fleet of eighty-seven vessels, carrying an aggregate of 4,000 men, captured and plundered many ships belonging to the Mogul, made many descents along the coast, and finally, in concert with a large body of cavalry, the real force of the Mahrattas, swooped on Surat. But the residents and the crews of the merchant ships made the English factory impregnable against any such irregular assault; the vessels of the Company's Marine, grabs and galivats, moored in the river, defended the narrow channel against all attacks, which do not, indeed, seem to have been more than mere threats: for finding the place adequately defended, Sivajee withdrew.

The naval power which the Mahrattas had thus developed, brought home to the Company the necessity of strengthening their own; and their numerically small force was, in consequence, nearly doubled. The building of the new ships at Bombay, in 1669, must be regarded as the commencement of the withdrawal of the Company's Marine from Surat to Bombay; a step which gave to the service the name by which it was known until the year 1830. But it left Surat with a halo of distinction. In 1670, Sivajee again attacked the place, and this time with his army alone. He easily made himself master of the town; enforced a ransom from the French and pillaged the Persian factory; left the Dutch uninjured—possibly in return for some unknown equivalent—and attacked the English. This was defended by the officers and seamen of the Company's Marine, and Sivajee's thousands were beaten off. Of this success, the Indian Navy rightly treasured the memory. It was the first won in India against native armies: it was won against a force flushed with victory, of overwhelming numbers and of imposing prestige. Had the two or three hundred sailors who defended the factory walls in Surat been less sturdy, the fortunes of the Company then and for many years to come would have been trodden under foot. The defence is scarcely to be ranked as a 'decisive battle' even in Indian history, but it is an important one; and if nothing else,

it is as the drift of the upper clouds which foretells the coming gale.

The history of the settlement of Bombay and of its condition under the earlier presidents, which Mr. Low has given at some length, is rather that of civil misgovernment, of party dissensions or of political relations, than of the Bombay Marine. Jealousy and intrigue had brought the colony to the verge of ruin; and the war with Holland, and still more that with France, which began on the accession of William III. to the English throne, pressed heavily on the Company. This was a strong, perhaps the strongest, period of the French navy. It was not so of the English. It was the time of Beachy Head and of Bantry Bay: it was the time of Herbert and of Kirby and of Wade: it was the time of Tourville and Forbin, of Du Guay-Trouin and Jean Bart. French cruisers of force, ships of sixty or more guns, ranged the Indian seas, and took or destroyed many rich vessels. The 'Herbert,' as the result of a brave defence against great odds, blew up. The 'Elizabeth' was captured off Bombay. The 'Berkeley Castle' was sunk in the English Channel, and four large ships, homeward bound, were captured by a French squadron on the west coast of Ireland: the value of the loss is not stated, but it called for a subscription of 300,000*l.*; which, taking into account the difference of money value, must be estimated as equivalent to more than a million.

About the same time, too, European pirates infested the Eastern seas. Avery, Sawbridge, England, Tew, Kidd, and others, whose crimes have won for them a corner in the temple of fame, carried on their depredations on the largest scale. Avery established himself for a time on Perim, which he converted into a veritable toll-gate of the Red Sea; he was driven out only by the want of fresh water. He then settled on the coast of Madagascar, and formed there a colony of the choicest rascals of Christendom, which allied itself by marriage with all the neighbouring chiefs, and which, scouring the adjacent seas, was the scourge of Eastern commerce. Amongst other prizes is mentioned a large ship belonging to the Mogul, on board of which, according to the story, was the Mogul's daughter. Her jewels and the merchandise were extraordinarily rich; the booty is said to have amounted to upwards of 300,000*l.*; and the fair prisoner, carried to Madagascar, became Avery's consort and the queen of the pirates. Kidd's name is more widely known. He was captain of a privateer, a man of fair repute, who about the year 1698 was put in charge of a king's ship, the 'Adventure,' of 30 guns, and sent

out with a special commission to wage war against the pirates. He became a pirate himself, and his ship's company with him. The havoc wrought by him and others, in command of really large and formidable ships, mounting 40, 50, or even 60 guns, was ruinous to all trade; nor was it put an end to, till the magnitude of the evil compelled the home government to send out a strong squadron of ships of war, under Commodore Warren. The pirates were dispersed; many surrendered on proclamation of pardon; many were taken and executed; and the arch-scoundrel, Kidd, was sent home and hung in chains at Tilbury, in sight of all homeward or outward-bound ships.

The Mogul, like Shylock, robbed of his jewels and his daughter, held that the Europeans should be responsible for the damage done by European pirates. The Governor of Bombay had, in conjunction with the French and Dutch agents at Surat, to sign an undertaking to make good all losses so sustained by the Mogul's subjects; and till it was signed, an embargo was placed on European trade at all the ports. The three companies were therefore compelled to make arrangements for the protection of the coast; the Red Sea was assigned to the Dutch, the Persian Gulf to the French, and the coast of Hindostan to the English; but Captain Hamilton, in his most interesting '*Account of the East Indies*,' says that a Scotch ship, commanded by one Millar, did the public more service in destroying the pirates than all the chargeable squadrons that were sent out in quest of them, 'for with a cargo of strong ale and brandy which he carried to sell them, in anno 1704, he killed about 500 of them by '*carousing*.'

At this time the affairs of the Company were at a very low ebb. Quarrelling and pettifogging contention amongst the members of the board at home; ignorance and incompetence and greed amongst the governors and presidents abroad; dishonesty amongst the officials, debauchery amongst the men; powers and privileges badly defined; interlopers forcing an illegal traffic; European, Arab, or Mahratta pirates preying on their commerce at sea; the Mogul arbitrarily taxing their property or their liberty on shore; and the rivalry of the Dutch, the French, even the Portuguese—all had combined to reduce the Company to a mere shadow, and it was a question almost from day to day whether it might not cease to exist. Through this trying time its sole stay seems to have been the small Marine. It was all it had. Did the contending factions of natives—the Mogul or the Mahratta army—threaten Surat, the Marine garrisoned the factory and manned

the ramparts; did the trade need convoy, the Marine supplied it; were interlopers to be seized, the Marine executed the arrest; were pirates to be quelled, it was the special duty of the Marine to root them out or to assist the king's ships.

We have already spoken of the very real force of the European pirates; that of the Arabs was scarcely less. In 1715 it consisted, according to Hamilton, himself a Company's officer, of one ship of 74 guns, two of 60, one of 50, 18 small ships of from 32 to 12 guns, and some rowboats mounting from four to eight guns each; with these they kept all the sea-coast in awe, from Cape Comorin to the Red Sea. But even than Europeans, even than Arabs, the Mahrattas were more dangerous; they were as powerful, they were more persistent; they had harbours and stations all along the coast, and were everywhere present. In 1706 their naval force received a new impulse, and became more formidable than ever. A certain Kanhojee Angria had, by skill, energy, and courage, raised himself from a low rank to a high command amongst them. He became the unquestioned and despotic chief by sea; obtained possession of all the forts and harbours, and completely did away with all peaceful traffic. No merchant ship could venture near the coast without convoy, nor even then without considerable risk; and this went on for years. The Company's Marine, efficient for purposes of convoy or casual encounter, was not equal to an offensive war against such adversaries; it consisted in 1716 of one ship of 32 guns, four grabs mounting from 20 to 28 guns, and twenty galivats of from 5 to 12 guns; the cost of this amounted to 51,700*l*. The king's ships were called in to help it. In 1722 a squadron under Commodore Mathews—the same who, twenty years later, commanded our fleet in the Mediterranean—co-operating with a body of Portuguese troops from Goa, attacked a piratical stronghold on Kolaba, an islet about twenty miles south of Bombay. They were repulsed; the attack was not renewed; and the pirates were more active than ever. In 1728 the old chief, Kanhojee Angria, died; but, like the Lernaean hydra, when the one head was cut off two new ones sprang up; he left two sons, Sumbhajee and Manajee, who, each without reference to and often at variance with the other, scourged the coast with a twofold vigour. The never-ending war between the two Angrias, between them and the officers of the Mogul, or the Mahrattas, from whom they had separated, or the Portuguese, who were rich enough and weak enough to attract the cupidity of all, filled up the next five-and-twenty or thirty years; but

throughout the troublous time, Bombay, whilst maintaining a strict neutrality, and by its small Marine enforcing a due respect, became the focus of Indian trade, and flourished beyond expectation.

The piracies of the Angrias were, nevertheless, a most serious evil. In 1738 the President and Council of Bombay entered into an alliance with Manajee; they directed their agents to assist him with money and military stores and 'to take all opportunities of spiriting him up to carry on his resentments against his brother.' Commodore Bagwell was sent with a squadron of four ships to cruise off Sumbhaje's harbours; but, though he could chase the pirates into their shallow rivers, he could not strike any blow, and as soon as he was out of sight they again put to sea to rob or to kill. And Manajee Angria was not a man to be relied on; he professed to be a close ally of the English, but he could not resist temptation when it came before him in the guise of a rich and unarmed English ship; he was compared to a coal, 'which when hot burns the hand, and when cold blackens it.' Even whilst his envoy was at Bombay, making protestations of friendship, he seized two vessels laden with grain for the island, and almost at the same time two others belonging to the factory at Surat. The President remonstrated and issued orders for reprisals; but, when ill-fortune brought him a suppliant to Bombay, a squadron was sent to assist him against his brother, who was besieging Kolaba. Sumbhaje's fleet was driven back to Severndroog, and he, with his army, had to get there by land as he best could. Still, no decisive measures for ridding the coast of these scourges could be carried out, for their principal strongholds, Severndroog and Gheriah, to which on emergency they retired, were considered to be secure against any attack which the Company could bring against them.

It was not till the year 1755 that this prestige was broken down. Sumbhaje had died a year or two before, leaving his power to a half-brother, Toolajee Angria, who, by increased activity, endeavoured to win the good opinion of his subjects, and brought on himself the resolute enmity of the East India Company. A squadron of their ships, under the command of Commodore James in the 'Protector,' of forty-four guns, appeared off Severndroog. This was to co-operate with the Mahratta fleet and army. The commodore's instructions were to blockade, but to leave the actual attack to the Mahrattas. These, however, behaved with much indecision and timidity. The harbour of Severndroog is the narrow channel between a

small rocky island and the mainland; the fort on the islet dominated the channel; the forts on the mainland swept it with a searching fire. On shore, the Mahratta troops threw up their batteries two miles from the enemy's walls; on the sea, their vessels would not come within gunshot of the island; and James, feeling that the reputation of the Company and its Marine was involved, made up his mind, despite his instructions, to assume the offensive. He accordingly pushed his ships into the very harbour, and between the forts; after a smart action, lasting till midnight, the forts surrendered. 'In one day,' says Orme, 'the spirited resolution of Commodore James destroyed the timorous prejudices which had for twenty years been entertained of the impracticability of reducing any of Angria's fortified harbours.'

But James was a man of great and original merit. He was the son of a farm labourer near Milford Haven, and at the age of twelve had been promoted from the hereditary occupation of scaring crows, to be boy on board a Welsh coasting vessel. From that humble station he rose rapidly, and, at the age of twenty or thereabouts, was master of a ship trading to Virginia. In her, he was captured by the Spaniards and taken into Havana; and after various adventures, being released, shipwrecked, exposed to the greatest hardships and privations for several days in an open boat, and thrown back on Cuba, he at last returned to England. He would appear to have there joined the service of the East India Company: he is said to have entered the Bombay Marine in 1747, when he was twenty-six years of age. Two years later he was promoted to the rank of commander. A severe action with Angria's fleet whilst he was in charge of convoy, won for him the thanks of the government, and shortly afterwards the rank of Commodore and Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Marine. James's services had, no doubt, been most important; but the fact that it was possible for a young officer of a merchant ship, with a very narrow education, without special training, without interest, even though of exceptional merit, to rise to the rank of Commander-in-Chief in less than four years from his first entry as a lieutenant, shows on what a very small scale the Bombay Marine of that time was kept up.

When Severndroog had fallen the squadron moved up to Bankot, which surrendered without a blow. The Mahrattas were anxious to press their advantage. They offered James 200,000 rupees to join them in an attack on Dahbul, and other of the enemy's forts; but James, conscious that he had already far exceeded his instructions, refused to do so without per-

mission from Bombay. This the Governor and Council would not give; it was the middle of April, the monsoon might break any day, and they were nervously afraid of bad weather. James was ordered to bring his squadron back into harbour; and, according to agreement, Severndroog was handed over to the Mahrattas.

In the following November, Rear-Admiral Watson, who, with a strong squadron of king's ships, had been sent out the year before to watch the French on the Coromandel coast, came round to Bombay. He found there a body of troops just arrived from England on their way to Fort St. David, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Clive, a young officer already favourably known to the East India Company, and soon to be known to the whole world as England's most daring, most skilful, most fortunate soldier. This accidental meeting at Bombay seems to have suggested the possibility of breaking the power of the pirates. It was resolved to attack Gheriah, a fortress on a rocky peninsula, covering extensive slips, and affording shelter to large fleets. Gheriah was said to be impregnable. Commodore James was sent with a small squadron to reconnoitre it. This he did with a coolness and judgment that gave a very real value to his report, 'that the place was not high, nor nearly so strong as it had been represented.' Watson's ships had, meantime, been hove down, cleaned, and refitted; the expedition sailed from Bombay on February 7, 1756, and arrived off Gheriah on the 11th. The next afternoon, the ships and bomb-ketches, sailing straight into the harbour, anchored abreast of the fortress on the inside, and opened a fire that in the course of a few hours silenced the enemy's guns and destroyed the whole of his shipping, which was moored close together. In the evening the troops were landed to the south-east of the town, thus occupying the neck of the peninsula, cutting off the enemy's retreat, and hindering the communication of the Mahrattas, whose good faith was considered doubtful. As the pirates refused to surrender, the bomb-ketches continued, during the night, to throw shells into the fort, and at daybreak the ships, warping in to within 200 yards, opened fire on the walls with the lower-deck guns only. There were few or no guns to reply; but notwithstanding this, and though a shell exploded one of the enemy's magazines, such was the strength of the walls that for nearly twelve hours they offered a passive resistance to the lower-deck guns of four ships of the line and the 'Protector,' at a distance of less than 200 yards. The fort did not capitulate till five o'clock in the afternoon. The capture of this place, which for

half a century had been the terror of the coast, the capture of the fort and with it of the accumulated stores and treasure, was effected with very trifling loss. The number of killed and wounded was not more than twenty. That this was so, was due in great measure to the skilful pilotage of Commodore James, who, on the night before the attack, went in the 'Pro-tector's' barge well inside the harbour, and personally took the soundings which proved to the admiral, against the statements of the pilots, that the ships could go in. The fort was thus taken in rear; the guns were, for the most part, mounted on the sea face, and the return fire was comparatively trifling.*

After the capture of Gheriah, the troops went on to Fort St. David, of which Clive had been appointed governor. The fleet with Admiral Watson accompanied him; war with France was known to be imminent, and it was necessary to provide against the probable danger. The settlements at Calcutta or Madras, and on the Coromandel coast, which seemed afterwards the fountains of the English Empire, were still purely trading stations depending, almost for their very existence, on the whim of the native princes, the nominal deputies of the Mogul, or the Mahratta chieftains who supplanted them. The quickening of Madras and the neighbouring forts under the influence of French rivalry and French war, as carried on by Dupleix, La Bourdonnais, and afterwards by Bussy, is a story which has been told too often to need more than a passing mention. On the part of the English, the naval war was waged by King's ships, and not always with success, or even with credit. The incompetence and timidity, if not cowardice, of Peyton or Griffin at sea, the failure of Boscawen on shore, brought the English name into disrepute all along the Eastern coast, from Cape Comorin to the mouths of the Ganges; and prepared the way for the horrors of the Black Hole of Calcutta, from the ashes of whose victims sprang forth, in a blaze of glory, the fortune of Clive, leading in the sovereignty of England.

But the splendour of Clive's victories and conquests has caused the important services of the fleet under Watson to be overlooked—services which cleared the way for and rendered

* This harbour, the mouth of the river Viziadroog, has silted up considerably since 1756. We have before us, as we write, a copy of a survey then made by Sir William Hewett, the first lieutenant of the 'Kent;' and a comparison of this with the latest Admiralty chart shows that where Watson's ships lay in three and a half or four fathoms, there is now not more than from two to three fathoms.

possible the advance on Plassy. It was the fleet whose guns beat down the walls of Buj-Buj fort; and whilst the soldiers were waiting for daylight to assault, it was a half-drunken sailor belonging to the flag-ship who, in violation of all the laws of tactics or of discipline, stormed the place single-handed, and, with wild shouts, drove out the panic-stricken garrison. It was again the guns of the fleet that drove the enemy out of Calcutta, and it was an officer, acting under the immediate orders of Watson, who took possession of the town; it was the small ships and the boats of the fleet that breached the walls of Hooghley, and it was the ships of the line that battered down the defences of Chandernagore. In all these operations, the share of the troops was small, and even in that, they were acting under the orders of the admiral, the commander-in-chief of the expedition. It was only after the capture of Chandernagore that the work of the army commenced, and that Clive fairly entered on that career, by the brilliance of which all minor achievements are thrown into darkness and obscurity.

The ships of the Company's Marine which had been placed under Watson's command, were small; their force, as compared with that of the ships of the line, was insignificant; and unless perhaps at Hooghley, their services as ships of war were of little value. In carrying despatches they were more useful; and Commodore James astonished the maritime world by a passage which he made from Bombay to Calcutta during the winter months. The passage up the Bay of Bengal against the north-east monsoon had always been difficult and tedious, if not impossible; James made it in rather less time than was usual with a fair monsoon. By keeping well to the south and crossing the line, he got into that westerly streak of wind which at that time of the year prevails, under the name of the middle monsoon; in this he made his easting, and, keeping over to the coast of Sumatra and making Acheen Head, was able to lay up to the mouth of the Hooghley. It was an important discovery in navigation, and James, in making it, brought to the expedition a welcome reinforcement of 500 soldiers, and to the admiral the news of the declaration of war with France, which immediately led to the capture of Chandernagore.

James's career throughout seems to have been marked by the intelligent adaptation of technical science, as much as by practical skill, and by unflinching bravery. He was only thirty-eight when he returned home in 1759. The spoils of the enemy had furnished him with an easy fortune; he mar-

ried and settled at Eltham; the king made him a baronet; the Court of Directors presented him with a sword of honour; he was for many years Chairman of the Board, and he died in 1783. His widow erected a monument to his memory on the top of Shooter's Hill; a castellated tower, which is still conspicuous enough to travellers by road or rail, and may (it is said) be seen on a clear day from many parts of London: but the day must be clear.

During the war with France, the command of the English ships, after the death of Watson, devolved on Vice-Admiral Pocock, a good but not brilliant officer, who, in the course of the years 1758-9, fought three battles against M. d'Aché, but without any decisive result; and in these some two or three of the Company's ships were present, but took no further part than was then usual for frigates. The Bombay Marine, from its small size and force, was somewhat out of place in the crash of contending navies; its recognised duties lay in the protection of the local interests and privileges of the Company, and in performing them it rendered very valuable services.

The conquest of Surat was one of these. The native rule had long been in a most unsettled condition. The authority of the Mogul existed only in name, and the Nawab or governor ashore, and the Seedce or commander afloat, fought between themselves for the real supremacy. It was the special duty of the Mogul's fleet to insure the safety of the Mogul's subjects trading in Indian waters, but to this its force was altogether unequal; the Mahrattas and the Angrias had driven it from the sea, and the Seedce was admiral only in name, and in the receipt of the emoluments of his office. The jealousy which had long existed between him and the Nawab, in 1759 broke out into actual war. The Seedce seized on the castle, and held the Nawab in subjection. The Nawab appealed to the Bombay Government for aid; they were apprehensive that he might deliver up the town to the Mahrattas, and undertook his cause. To this end they despatched a force of 2,500 soldiers, and five of their ships, under the command of Commodore Watson. Complete success attended the expedition. The Seedce's outposts, one after the other, were carried, although against a stout resistance; and the castle surrendered as soon as the Seedce realised the meaning of a battery of 13-inch mortars which opened on it. The Company took on itself the government of Surat, and appointed an officer of the Bombay Marine to do the duties of the Seedce. For seventy years this post was held by a captain of the Marine, appointed annually, whose fees for convoy and other perquisites amounted

to about 8,000 rupees a month; his pay as a captain of the Marine being eighty-seven. This, in 1759, was the established principle on which the Company remunerated its servants; assigning them, that is, an absurdly small pay, but with permission to trade on their own account. It will be remembered how, in the civil and military services, this system led to gross abuses, and was formally abolished not many years later; but this particular instance of it remained in full force till 1810, and indeed to the marked advantage of the native trade; for whilst the Seedees of old took three times the money, and as much more as they could get, but did not do the work, the Company's officers did honestly perform the duty for which they were paid. It is mentioned that in the first ten years, ending 1768, nearly one hundred vessels belonging to Kutch or Kattywar pirates were captured or destroyed by the Surat squadron.

The increase of the duties, responsibilities, and rewards necessarily led to an increase of numbers and efficiency, and told favourably on the Bombay Marine. It took an important part in the reduction of Salsette in 1774, and in Keating's expedition to Guzerat in 1775, and in other minor affairs during the first Mahratta war. The French war of 1778-83 and the campaigns of Sir Edward Hughes do not seem to have affected it in any way. None of the Company's ships were at any time attached to the fleet under Hughes, but were entirely occupied with what may be called their natural enemies, the Mahrattas. And this service was a very real one. The Mahrattas were, on occasion, bold seamen as well as brave warriors, and made up for any inferiority in equipment by their superiority in numbers. It was in this way that they captured the 'Ranger,' on April 8, 1783. The story has often been told, but of all sea-fights which have taken place in Eastern seas none is more worthy of remembrance. The 'Ranger,' a small brig, though mounting twelve 12-pounders, was carrying a number of military staff officers from Bombay to Calicut, when, off Gheriah, she was met by the Mahratta fleet, consisting of two large ships, one smaller, and eight galivats. Peace with the Mahrattas had been concluded, but the Mahratta admiral either did not know that, or chose to ignore it. 'Without speaking or ceremony, they attacked the "Ranger" with great fury.' It would appear that the 'Ranger,' not expecting any such hostility, allowed them to close: they thus laid her on board at once; and for nearly five hours, the two ships and the ketch being lashed alongside of the 'Ranger,' the engagement was continued with musketry only. When almost every officer

and man was killed or wounded, the brig was captured and taken into Gheriah.

But this fight, though differing in degree and happily in result from almost all others, is similar in kind to many, the accounts of which crowd the annals of the Marine for the next thirty years. In 1797 the 'Vigilant,' of six guns, was attacked off the Gulf of Kutch by four large ships, each double her size and force; but after a desperate struggle of four hours' duration she succeeded in beating them off. The Court of Directors presented her commander, Lieutenant Hayes, with a magnificent silver cup, on which was engraved a curiously detailed narrative of the action, ending with the statement that in 'this memorable contest Lieutenant Hayes 'received a severe wound, having the lobe of his right ear 'shot away, his right cheek cut in two, and his upper jaw-bone 'shattered to pieces.' Mr. Hayes lived to distinguish himself on many other occasions, received the honour of knighthood for his services in the Burmese war, held the highest offices of the Indian navy, and died in 1831.

In the same year, 1797, the 'Viper,' whilst at anchor off Bushire, was treacherously attacked by a large fleet of piratical dhows, which, by order of the British Resident, she had that morning supplied with powder and shot. She cut her cable and made sail, and by smart manœuvring prevented the enemy from boarding; she finally beat the dhows off, with very great loss, for amongst their crowds of men every shot told; but her commander, Lieutenant Carruthers, was killed.

These are only typical instances of the kind of war that seems to have been always going on. The Company possibly thought their officers over-zealous or too anxious to win distinction; possibly they did not believe in the reality of the piratical attacks, or imagined that the maritime Arabs were anxious only to carry on peaceful trade. They issued strict orders to the commanding officers to avoid provoking native craft, and on no account to begin hostilities. The result was that the pirates increased in boldness. In 1808, they attacked the 'Fury' on her way from Bussorah to Bombay with despatches; they were beaten off; but the commander of the 'Fury,' on reporting the affair at Bombay, 'instead of being applauded for his spirited resistance and his preservation 'the despatches under his charge, received a severe reprimand 'from the Governor himself for disobeying the orders given, 'and daring to molest the innocent and unoffending Arabs.'

Such orders, so enforced, enormously increased the difficulty of the officers' work; with a force numerically insignificant,

the only chance the little brigs or sloops had against their savage enemies was in outmanœuvring them under sail and beating them with their great guns. Delay in beginning the action was all in favour of the pirates, who approached in peaceful guise, and gave no sign of enmity till they grappled and boarded from three or four vessels at once, on all sides and in overpowering numbers. The 'Sylph,' a small schooner of 78 tons, was captured in this way; and, though she was recovered by the accidental arrival of the English 36-gun frigate 'Nércide,' it was not till after her commander had been maimed for life and the greater part of her crew had been slaughtered. Such a craft as the 'Sylph' was, of course, unworthy of being called a ship of war; but the fancy for building such was, unfortunately, not peculiar to the East India Company. In 1804 the English Admiralty had twelve of the same class built at Bermuda; they mounted four 12-pounder carronades, and had a crew of twenty men and boys. James, in his 'Naval History,' suggests that there was a foreboding that their terms of service would be short, and eighteen more were therefore ordered to be built. Before the end of 1806 they were all 'launched, armed, manned, officered, and sent to take, burn, and destroy the vessels of war and merchantmen of the enemy.' Of these thirty 'tom-tit cruisers' three were sold out of the service; the other twenty-seven 'came to an untimely end, some by falling into the hands of the enemy, and the remainder by foundering in the deep or perishing on the rocks.'

The Bombay Government shortly realised the absurdity of its policy in encouraging the piratical tribes, and in 1809 was compelled to undertake an expedition against them on a large scale. The piratical or Joasmi fleet consisted, it was said, of 63 large vessels and more than 800 smaller ones, and was manned by 19,000 men. To cope with such a force was altogether beyond the unaided power of the Bombay Marine; two English 36-gun frigates gave weight and strength to the expedition; the 'Mornington,' of 22 guns, and nine smaller ships made up the squadron; whilst 1,000 English soldiers and 1,500 Sepoys were carried in four transports. How severely the resources of the Marine were tried is proved by the fact that one of the small vessels, the 'Stromboli,' fitted out as a bomb-ketch, had, years before, been condemned as unseaworthy. She was quite unable to bear the weights now put in her; on the passage, whilst in tow of the 'Mornington,' her bottom dropped out, and she went suddenly down, taking with her all her stores and most of her officers and men.

The Joasmis drew back to their chief fortress, Ras-el-Khyma,

hauled their ships into the close and shallow harbour, and prepared to defend themselves. This they did with obstinate courage. The frigates could not get within three miles of the shore, nor the Company's ships within two; and the 'Strom-boli,' the only bomb, was at the bottom of the sea. The work thus fell principally on the soldiers, supported by the boats of the squadron and by two gunboats which effectually covered the advance of the troops. The town was taken, plundered, and burnt. All the shipping in the harbour—thirty large dhows and a number of smaller vessels—was destroyed. At Linja, another Joasmi port, twenty more ships were destroyed; at Luft, eleven. The Gulf was circumnavigated; every Joasmi port was visited; all the ships found in them were burnt, and the squadron returned to Bombay, having, for the time, effectually broken the power of the Joasmis. The destruction had, however, been almost confined to their ships; their men remained with a thirst for vengeance. Dhows do not cost much, nor do they take long to build. In a few years the Joasmis were as strong as ever and plundered as before; and, as before, many hard and desperate actions were fought between their fleets and the small cruisers of the Bombay Marine before the Company was goaded into rooting them out.

The expedition sent in December, 1819, was on even a larger scale than the former one; 3,000 soldiers, of whom half were Europeans, were embarked on board a number of transports; Captain (afterwards Sir) Francis Collier, in the 'Liverpool,' of 50 guns, took the naval command, having with him a 26-gun frigate and a brig belonging to the Royal Navy, and nine small ships of the Bombay Marine. Ras-el-Khyma was again captured by the troops and landing parties from the ships, the ports were again visited, their fortifications blown up, and their shipping destroyed, and on the 8th January, 1820, a formal treaty of peace was concluded, signed by all the chiefs of the Persian Gulf, with one only exception. The articles ran:—

'1. There shall be a cessation of plunder and piracy by land and sea, on the part of the Arabs who are parties to this contract, for ever.

'2. If any individual of the people of the Arabs contracting shall attack any that pass by land or sea, of any nation whatever, in the way of plunder and piracy, and not of acknowledged war, he shall be accounted an enemy of all mankind, and shall be held to have forfeited both life and goods; and acknowledged war is that which is proclaimed, avowed, and ordered by government, and the killing of men and taking of goods without proclamation, avowal, and the order of government, plunder and piracy.'

There are nine other articles, but these are the characteristic ones. This treaty marks the end of Eastern piracy on a large scale. By acknowledging piracy as piracy, it virtually did away with it. The chiefs were warriors, not thieves; and had, till then, held their piracy to be a fair and legitimate way of carrying on war, and of making war pay its own expenses. Nor were they, in this belief, more than 200 years behind the seamen of our own and other Western countries.

This important service in the Gulf of Persia was performed with but little loss. It ended in one very terrible calamity, though of a kind more frequent than is commonly supposed. The 'Ariel' brig, with eighty-three men on board, as she was returning from Bussorah, whither she had been sent with despatches, was struck by a squall, and went down head-foremost: five men only were saved. Of her class, the 'Ariel' was one of the worst; but men-of-war brigs have always had an evil reputation. In the Royal Navy they were unpopularly known as 'coffins;' and even in later days, when larger and in many respects comfortable ships, they still proved unequal to the exigencies of cruising. Their masts were exceptionally taunt, their mainsail extravagantly large, and when a sudden squall struck them, over they went. For the last fifteen years, none have been employed for general service; but previous to that, the foundering or capsizing of a brig was an almost yearly occurrence: amongst many others, 'Sappho,' 'Nerbudda,' 'Camilla,' 'Heron,' are names still fresh in our memory. But bad as were to the last the brigs of the Royal Navy, the brigs of the Bengal Marine, in the early years of the century, were much worse. They were bad every way; badly built, badly found, wretchedly manned. The zeal, energy, courage, and seamanship of the officers were expected to do everything, and not unfrequently failed. No critic can be more severe on the shortcomings of the Marine in this respect, than is Mr. Low, its professed panegyrist. His opinion may be supported by a paragraph from a very well-known work by a very popular writer, but which will probably come with all the force of novelty. It is by Captain Marryat; it occurs in 'Newton Forster,' and is on a page which all readers skip. He says:—

'I have served with them, and have pleasure in stating that, taking the average, the vessels are as well officered as those in our own service: but let us describe the vessels and their crews. Most of the vessels are smaller in scantling than the run-down (and constantly *going down*) ten-gun brigs in our own service, built for a light draught of water, and unfit to contend with anything like a heavy sea. Many of them are pierced for, and actually carry, fourteen or sixteen guns;

but as effective fighting vessels ought not to have been pierced for more than eight. . . . The crews are composed of a small proportion of English seamen, a small proportion of Portuguese sea-cunnies, a proportion of Lascars, and a proportion of Hindoo Bombay Marines. It requires two or three languages to carry on the duty; customs, religions, provisions, all different, and all living and messing separate. How is it possible that any officer can discipline a ship's company of this incongruous description? The vessels and the crews are equally contemptible, and the officers, in cases of difficulty, must be sacrificed to the pride and meanness of the Company.'

But he also says that the merchant ships in the Company's service are of dimensions equal, if not superior, to our largest class of frigates; that they carry thirty to forty guns; that their commanders are men of superior attainments, and the complement of seamen under their command is larger than on board of many of the king's ships.

These remarks are suggested to our great naval novelist by the celebrated engagement between Commodore Dance and Admiral Linois, between the Company's China fleet, homeward bound, and a squadron of French ships of war. Mr. Low has passed this action by without even a bare mention. He considered, we must suppose, that, as it was fought by the Company's merchant ships, not by ships of the Bombay Marine, it did not come within the limits of his work. We think that in this he has made a twofold mistake: for many of the actions which he has described in detail are equally outside of these strict limits; and we are sure that more than nine out of ten general readers, on taking up the volumes, would first look for his account of this, one of the most singular incidents in naval history.

It was on February 14, 1804, the anniversary of the battle of St. Vincent, that the homeward fleet from China, sixteen large Indiamen, ten country ships, and a brig belonging to the Marine, were met, near Pulo Aor, by the French squadron under Admiral Linois. Owing to his reputed success at Algeçiras, in 1801, Linois was then the darling of the French navy; and even now minor French writers speak of him as at least the equal of Nelson, whom untoward fortune never permitted him to meet. At Pulo Aor, his squadron consisted of the *Marengo*, of seventy-four guns; the frigates '*Belle-Poule*' of forty, and '*Sémillante*' of thirty-six; a corvette and a Batavian brig. Between it and even sixteen merchant ships there was no comparison of fighting power; but Linois had been informed that the fleet would consist of twenty-three ships and the brig of war; he saw twenty-six, and jumped to the

conclusion that the three largest of the Indiamen were ships of the line. The resolute attitude of the merchant-ships confirmed him in this idea. Dance argued that if he attempted to escape, the fleet would be scattered and picked up piecemeal. He determined that, at all hazards, they must stick together; and formed line of battle under easy sail, with the country ships to leeward. When night came, he hoisted position lights, and lay to. Linois was completely deceived: he had concluded that night would test their character, and that if merchant-ships unprotected, they would try to escape: as they did not, he was convinced that the three extra ships were men-of-war. It was therefore with great caution that he tried, the next day, to cut off the sternmost merchantmen. Dance made the signal to tack in succession, and boldly stood towards the enemy. Captain Timmins, in the 'Royal George,' led; the 'Ganges,' and Dance's own ship, 'Earl Camden,' closely followed: and then others. A smart interchange of firing took place. Linois, possessed with the idea that he was engaged with ships of the line, did not observe that neither the number nor weight of the guns agreed with it: he hauled his wind, and fled under a press of sail. Dance made a general signal to chase, and the merchant ships did chase the ships of war: but mindful of the commercial interests at stake, he presently recalled them and pursued his course. That Linois might and should have destroyed or captured the whole fleet, probably no sailor has ever doubted: that he did not do so, furnishes a remarkable proof of the value in war of that audacity which has been described as everything. There are on record many instances of East Indiamen beating off or capturing French frigates; but the defeat of a squadron headed by a line-of-battle ship bearing an admiral's flag, is without a parallel. It is pleasant to add that Dance was knighted on his return to England; and that the Bombay Insurance Society, the Court of Directors, and the general meeting of the Company vied with each other in making solid acknowledgments, not only to the commodore, but to the several captains, officers, and seamen.

In their necessarily small way, the Bombay Marine participated in the capture of Mauritius in 1810, and, in 1811, in the capture of Java and the dependent islands, which Mr. Low, with a rather far-fetched memory, speaks of as the revenge for Amboyna; but their services on these occasions scarcely require any special notice. The capture of the brig 'Nautilus,' on June 30, 1815, by the United States sloop 'Peacock,' in the full knowledge that peace had been signed, has been often

and never too severely commented on. Nearly forty years ago it was stigmatised in this Review as 'utterly disgraceful' to Captain Warrington and his officers,* and we have seen no reason to modify that opinion. Captain Boyce, or, in the words of James, 'what Captain Warrington had left of him,' having survived his severe wounds, lived to a ripe old age, and died only a few months ago. But quite independent of Captain Warrington's conduct, so far as related to active war with civilised powers, the Marine contrasted unfavourably with the Royal Navy; and though its cruisers did, to some extent, hold the enemy's privateers in check, there were but few of them of adequate force; their real work then and for many years lay, as has been described, on the northern coast and in the Gulf of Persia, where the maritime tribes were always threatening and generally dangerous.

We do not propose to follow Mr. Low through his needlessly detailed account of the share which the Bombay Marine, or the Indian Navy as it officially became in 1830, took in the Burmese, or China, or Persian wars. That this share was important and honourable, even if not very satisfactorily honoured, we would most fully concede; but the operations, however they were carried out, were so distinctly imperial, that the co-operation of the Company's ships must be regarded rather as a fortunate accident than as proving any necessity for a separate establishment. Nevertheless we doubt whether the suppression in 1863 of the Indian Navy, thus specially distinguished only thirty years before, was a measure of sound policy. It had shown itself useful on emergency as an ally of the Royal Navy, and more especially on the rivers of Burmah, when pestilence and malaria were sweeping off the English seamen by hundreds. It had shown itself most useful in the police duty of the Persian Gulf, for which a familiar knowledge of the coasts, the people, and the languages, peculiarly fitted its officers. The ships too, were small; though frail as ships of war, they were specially adapted for those seas, and being manned principally by Lascars were kept up at a cost small absolutely, smaller still as compared with the cost of life to our unacclimatised English crews in the sweltering heat of the Persian summer. But, rightly or wrongly, it was decided that the police of those Eastern seas should be entrusted to the regular service; that the old Indian Navy with all its old Indian traditions—traditions of Best and Downton, of James, of Watson, of Hayes, and of many others—should be

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxxi. p. 164.

done away with. This was properly within the judgment and discretion of the Government. But the hurried and arbitrary way in which the service was abolished, in which claims were ignored, in which the very memory of the past was sought to be blotted out by the wholesale destruction of piles of journals and logs, pulped in a Vandal's trough as so much waste paper—in this we cannot but think that the action of the government was ill-judged, that those who advised it were wanting in discretion.

In any case, the government, having suppressed the Indian Navy, was bound to take care that the public service did not suffer; and this it did not do. The ships sent out to do the police duty did it well and thoroughly, although at a much greater cost of money and of life; but the hydrographic work, which under the old rule had been excellent, was altogether neglected. The conduct of surveys in the Indian seas had been a recognised and important branch of the service. Many of the Company's officers had been men of world-wide repute as scientific geographers or hydrographers. In 1795, when the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty was established by Order in Council, it was to India that the Government looked for its first hydrographer, Alexander Dalrymple. Dalrymple's successor, as the Company's surveyor, was Horsburgh, well known as the author of the 'East Indian Directory;' and amongst a crowd of others, all eminent, may be especially named old Michael Topping, M'Cluer, Blair, Wood, Ferguson, and Felix Jones. Perhaps no service, in the same short time, has ever had so many distinguished surveyors. By implication, at least, the Hydrographic Office of the Admiralty was bound to continue and extend their work. But for many years past the Hydrographic Office has kept its original work at an ebb far below the requirements of our commerce;* and the Indian seas were not a favoured exception. From the abolition of the Indian Navy, and the transfer from the India Office to the Admiralty of all the materials for the construction of charts, in 1861, up to the year 1871, a period of ten years, little or nothing was done, with the exception of certain desultory operations undertaken by the different local governments as the need arose, without any combined plan and with inadequate means, the work being in most cases left in the hands of persons who were quite unacquainted with

* *The Unsurveyed World*, 1874. By Staff Commander T. A. Hull, R.N., Superintendent of Charts, Admiralty; in the 'Journal of the Royal United Service Institution,' vol. xix.

nautical surveying except in its rudest form. In many localities extraordinary changes had taken place in the configuration of the coast since the surveys had been made. Lights, buoys, beacons had been erected. Ports, formerly of no importance, and which had consequently been examined in the most cursory manner, were now open to commerce, and yet the charts remained as they were drawn fifty years ago, and were practically useless.

The urgent necessity for immediate action was pointed out to the Secretary of State for India by Mr. Clements Markham, Mr. Trelawney Saunders, Captain Taylor, and others; in consequence of which representation, Captain Taylor was sent out to India to consult with the government in Calcutta, and eventually after various delays and difficulties, originating, we are led to believe, with the hydrographer to the Admiralty, the present Marine Survey Department was established at Calcutta in 1874,—the legitimate daughter of the old Indian Navy, and destined, we would hope, to rival her parent, not indeed in the arts of war, but in the arts of peace. The reputation of Captain Taylor, both as a surveyor and the editor of the 'East Indian Directory,' is almost a guarantee for the accuracy of the work which has been and will be turned out; and under his superintendence we may feel satisfied that the sequence of Indian hydrographers will be continued, that the merit of Indian hydrography will not pale.

ART. III.—*The Personal Government of Charles I. A History of England from the Assassination of the Duke of Buckingham to the Declaration of the Judges on Ship Money.* 1628–1637. By SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER. In two volumes. London: 1877.

THE times immediately preceding a period of revolution cannot fail to afford material of great interest for the historian to work upon, and yet it is no exaggeration to say that in Mr. Gardiner's 'History of the Personal Government of Charles I.' for the first time is to be read a full and consecutive narration of the events of the nine years extending from 1628 to 1637. The volumes before us, like their predecessors, represent the result of much study and research, on which a large amount of thought has been brought to bear; and form a complete political history of the time, in which events are treated in due proportion, new light is thrown upon Charles's transactions with foreign princes, the rise and development of

new principles in politics dispassionately traced. The book opens with a detailed account of the session of 1629, an accurate knowledge of which is indispensable for fairly apportioning the responsibility that rests with Charles and the Commons for the breach between the two that then took place. The chief causes of division were, the past levy of customs duties ungranted by Parliament, and the publication of a royal declaration, forbidding controversy on disputed points of doctrine, and shutting Parliament out from the sphere of ecclesiastical legislation. Charles, on his side, was eager to obtain a grant of the customs duties, but was not prepared to abandon the policy laid down in his declaration. The Commons on their side called for the suppression of liberty to maintain doctrines or practise ceremonies not in accordance with the received Calvinistic theology of the day, and refused to pass a Tonnage and Poundage Bill until the King should give way to their demand. The course taken by the House in disputing the King's claims is severely censured by Mr. Gardiner. In dealing with the question of customs' duties, not content with seeking security for the future, they demanded satisfaction for the past. Thus they irritated the judges by questioning the law laid down by them; abandoned the strong position offered them by a close adherence to the principle that the taxing of the subject without consent of Parliament was unconstitutional, in order to vote that there had been a breach of privilege in the seizure of the goods of a member for refusal to pay duties; and, finally, deeply offended the king by proposing to call to account the Custom House officers engaged in the transaction, without regard to the fact that they had acted under the authority of royal warrants. In like manner, when they dealt with the religious question, instead of definitely taking their stand on the broad ground that the nation had a right to a voice in the settlement of its own religion, the Commons sought out charges against the foremost men of the High Church party, and rashly undertook to define the doctrines held by the Church of England. It cannot be doubted that the aggressive course pursued by the House gave needless offence to Charles, besides appearing unjustifiable to the nation, which was not as yet prepared to support Parliament in seizing the reins of government from the king's hand. Still it does not therefore follow that the responsibility for the breach rests solely or even mainly with the Commons. In forming a judgment on that point the question to be asked is not only whether the Commons acted moderately, liberally, and advisedly in their mode of disputing the king's ecclesiastical settlement, but also

whether that settlement formed a possible meeting ground. If, as was the case, it did not, all possibility of union was from the outset precluded. The strongest justification of the Commons' refusal to accept it may be read in the pages of Mr. Gardiner's book describing the system of Church government pursued by Laud. Charles's justification of the dissolution of the Parliament was based on the ground that the Commons were making use of the formal right of granting the customs duties to grasp at supreme power. The answer was that the king, to use the words of Mr. Gardiner, was treating the religion of the nation as a matter in which the nation had no concern.

To ask the question which of the two religious parties, High Churchmen or Puritans, was the more tolerant, is to seek a line of distinction that did not exist. The idea that religious liberty was a good thing was nowhere admitted. On the Continent, indeed, in France and in Holland, the necessity of establishing internal unity in order that foreign enemies might be effectually resisted, was forcing on statesmen the adoption of principles of toleration. In England no such political necessity was apparent, while mutual fear of repression acted as a spur on the intolerant spirit of the age. Charles was wholly incompetent to play the part of mediator. Puritanism was offensive to him if only because of the mental agitation and the self-reliant and independent habits of mind to which it gave rise; while no recognition of the principles of toleration or fear of the consequences of transgressing them was likely to keep him in a fairly equitable course. As the event proved, it was not merely fanatical prejudice, but true political sagacity, that led Eliot to attack the policy contained in the declaration, as precluding alterations in the religion of the country opposed to its hitherto essentially Protestant character. Laud acquired the large influence which he exercised over Charles because he had the brain to conceive, and the practical qualities requisite to carry out, a scheme for the suppression of Puritan fervour. In his mind secular and ecclesiastical politics were as closely interwoven as web and warp, to the disadvantage of his point of view alike as churchman and politician. His zeal as a churchman dulled his political insight, while the fact that in his government of the Church he never lost sight of political ends rendered him less heedful than he might otherwise have been of moral and spiritual interests. The highest duty of the Church in relation to the State was, in Laud's eyes, to prevent the growth of political division; the highest duty of the State in relation to the Church to enforce the carrying out of ecclesiastical law. National unity was to

be attained by unquestioning obedience to the royal will ; formalism in religion to be used as the means of training men's minds in habits of submission to external rule and order. Free criticism of ministerial acts in Parliament ; free discussion of religious questions in the pulpit ; whatever led to political or religious excitement amongst the people, appeared to Laud to have its origin in purely factious motives. ' Never heretic,' he says, ' rent the bowels of the Church, but he pretended he raked ' them for truth ; never unquiet spirit disorders the union of the ' State, but he pretends some great abuses which his integrity ' would remedy.' Though Laud refused to the laity a voice in the settlement of ecclesiastical affairs, yet he claimed for his own order no right of church government independently of the royal authority ; nor for the Church, as represented by the clergy, any independent position in right of spiritual authority by the side of the State, as represented by the king. ' His counter- ' part in our own times,' Mr. Gardiner writes, ' is to be found ' not in the ecclesiastics who magnify the authority of the ' Church, but in the lawyers, who, substituting the supremacy ' of the House of Commons for the supremacy of the crown, ' strive in vain to reply to all spiritual and moral questionings ' by the simple recommendation to obey the law.' To this, however, it might be observed that the position which Laud in his system assigned to the king was rather that of overseer of the clergy than representative of the laity. The thoroughly practical point of view from which Laud regarded ecclesiastical questions helps in part to explain the large place that he gave to the royal supremacy, as also his inability to understand why he was so hated by the Puritans.

' For speculative thought Laud cared nothing. Not truth but peace was the object which he pursued. The pursuit of peace in preference to the pursuit of truth was certain to be accompanied by an exaggerated estimate of the importance of external influences over the mind. It was characteristic of him to speak of Aristotle, the philosopher who taught that virtue owed its strength to the formation of habits, as his great master *in humanis*. His love of outward observances, of the beauty of holiness, as he fondly calls it, was partly founded on a keen sense of the incongruity of dirt and disorder ; partly upon the recognition of the educative influence of regularity and arrangement. There was in his mind no dim sense of the spiritual depths of life, no reaching forward to ineffable mysteries veiled from the eye of flesh. It was incomprehensible to him why men should trouble themselves about matters which they could not understand. His acts of reverence had nothing in common with the utter self-abnegation of the great Italian, falling as a dead body falls before the revelation of those things which eye had not seen, nor ear heard. If he

is called upon to defend his practice of bowing towards the altar upon entering a church, he founds his arguments not on any high religious theme, but upon the custom of the Order of the Garter. To him a church was not so much the temple of a living spirit as the palace of an invisible king. He had a plain prosaic reason for everything that he did.'

Mr. Gardiner has been careful to draw special attention to the fact that, although the party spirit displayed by the government between 1629 and 1633 awoke a considerable amount of disaffection, it does not appear that during these years the Puritans, as a body, desired either to break from the Church or alter the ecclesiastical institutions of the country. It was not until after Laud's promotion to the archbishopric of Canterbury in 1633 that uniformity was rigorously enforced throughout the whole country, while at the same time changes were introduced in the services of the Church against the wishes at once of ministers and congregations. The most marked innovation, and that which gave deepest offence, was the removal of the communion table from the position which it ordinarily occupied in the centre, to the east end of the church. The compulsory observance by royal and episcopal authority of practices regarded with strong disapproval by the Protestant of that time, because he attached a special meaning to them, was naturally bitterly resented by many besides Puritans. The number of the archbishop's enemies was further largely increased owing to his conception of the position that the Church ought to occupy in relation to the community at large, and the unflagging energy with which he set his hand to reform abuses, correct morals, and raise the position of the parochial clergy by employing them in the civil administration, and giving them a special if not a privileged position apart in the nation. His efforts on this side rendered him exceedingly unpopular with the upper classes, more especially as he carried on his work, causing churches to be repaired, recovering land that had once belonged to the Church from the hands of its lay possessor, calling to account the evil liver, regardless of the rank or social position of those with whom he came in collision.

The means by which Laud sought to win the respect of the laity for the clergy and raise the standard of morality was, like much of his work, dealing with evil on the surface rather than attacking it at the root. In either case he could not do better than secure the services of a high class of men in the ministry. But so little regard did he pay to the scruples of conscience of others, that it was ever becoming more difficult for a really able and conscientious man who did not think with himself to

remain in the Church. Neither on questions of ceremonial, nor of disputed points of doctrine, nor of Church government and discipline, was any expression of opinion whatever allowed unless on the part of supporters of Laud's views. The proceedings against Ward in the High Commission in 1634 show how tightly the rein was drawn, and how closely an influential Puritan was watched. Ward was a Conformist and a man of moderate views, who had won the respect and affection of the people of Ipswich by the virtues of his character and his ability as a preacher. His offence was that he was dissatisfied with the existing system, and in his sermons sought to counteract its tendencies by teaching that religion did not consist in the observance of ceremonies and the repetition of set forms of prayer. Charges were brought against him founded on passages of his sermons preached during a course of four years, related from memory without the context. Ward flatly denied some and explained away others. Yet on this very imperfect and probably malignant evidence he was suspended from the ministry, and, on his refusal to sign a submission drawn up by the court, committed to prison.

'The proceedings against Ward are of special interest, as indicating the limit to which the Court of High Commission was prepared to go. No one who has studied its records will speak of it as a barbarous or even a cruel tribunal. Its chief characteristic was its fixity of aim, and the resoluteness with which disobedience to its orders was overcome, though not without considerable moderation in the treatment of individual offenders who showed an inclination to give way before the pressure put upon them. It now appeared that the court of which Laud was the soul would not be content with obedience. At least in public there must be no criticism of the system which it imposed upon the clergy. Such a result was but the logical consequence of Laud's conception of a Church. If the living spiritual forces moving in the hearts of men were not to be taken into account, a clergyman could no more be permitted to call in question the rules under which he lived than a colonel can be permitted to call in question the regulations of the army in the face of his regiment. It was because this conception was in itself a false one, not because the mode in which it was carried out was harsh and tyrannical, that Laud went astray. His system left no place for the infinite varieties of the human mind, and looked with horror upon the irregular action of individual life. The pulsations of the religious heart of England were too vigorous to be thus controlled. They called for a form of discipline more flexible, and less restricted to the expression of a single mood. Orderly freedom of speech and thought was the only remedy for the disease from which the English Church was suffering, and unfortunately Laud was never able to comprehend that freedom was more than another name for disorder.'

The measures taken by the High Commission to obtain

obedience were assuredly not harsher than requisite for its end. Cruel the court was not, except in so far as there was cruelty in leaving in prison for an indefinite time men whose consciences were too stubborn, or whose purses too scantily filled, to allow them to comply with its orders. Nor yet, so long as it could obtain submission, was the court inexorable; it would always sooner that the drunkard should mend his ways, and, unless in the case of special zeal and ability, the Puritan recant his errors, than suspend either the one or the other from his functions. Mr. Gardiner points out that the whole number of ministers suspended and deprived by the High Commission between February 1634 and May 1636 did not exceed fourteen. But if the court is not to be characterised as a barbarous or even a cruel tribunal, its sentences were none the less exceedingly harsh, exceedingly biassed, and not seldom tyrannical. At least we know not how else to qualify the practice of requiring ministers deprived or suspended to acknowledge, under pain of imprisonment, the truth of the charges on which they were condemned, or, in other words, that they themselves had equivocated or lied. Mr. Gardiner has brought into prominence all that tells in favour of the High Commission; the relief that it gave to injured wives; its refusal to recognise distinction of class; the disorders that it repressed. To perfect the picture he should also have drawn attention to its vexatious and inquisitorial procedure, the character of the evidence that it was willing to receive, the readiness with which it could be made to serve the purposes of private malice, and the large number of cases in which it had a more or less direct interest in finding the accused guilty. It is hard to read its records and not come to the conclusion that its action was mischievous and demoralising, and productive of much more harm than good. The fact, moreover, might be stated that the number of ministers deprived and suspended by the High Commission does not represent the number of those who were made to feel the weight of the Archbishop's hand. Thus when, to insure that in all parts of the country his injunctions were strictly obeyed, Laud forged a new instrument for the exercise of central authority, and revived the practice of his predecessors in pre-Reformation times of holding metropolitical visitations, in seven dioceses alone south of the Trent* his vicar-general, Sir Nathaniel

* Archbishop Neile, a man whom Laud could trust to do his work thoroughly, ruled the northern province. Puritanism was less formidable there than in the south. There was great difficulty, however, in

Brent, suspended seventeen clergymen, nine of whom were Puritans, guilty of not bowing at the name of Jesus, administering the sacrament to persons standing, and other like offences. Eight others, schoolmasters, parish ministers, and lecturers, he threatened with suspension or prosecution in the High Commission; of these six were Puritans. Of five others, inhibited from preaching, three were Puritans, against whom nothing was proved, but they were 'vehemently suspected to be nonconformists.'

There is no doubt that Laud's system of church government was well fitted for obtaining his immediate objects, the enforcement of uniformity and canon law, the reform of abuses, the punishment of sensual sins. But it was not one that would have approved itself to a man with any clear insight into the conditions on which spiritual power is attained. Laud centralised authority in his own hand; in the spirit of a sharp practitioner, made use of the letter of the law to serve his ends; treated bishops and parochial clergy alike as the tools of his will; discouraged private initiative in official and unofficial persons; suffered not the faintest breath of criticism to blow upon his work; took no count of the wounds that he inflicted upon men's consciences or self-esteem, but, were the matter in question small or great, had but one answer to make to all whose sense of right or whose religious convictions led them to dispute his commands: 'Suffer or obey.' By means of such a system the voice of controversy might be unheard, uniformity of services observed, ecclesiastical laws and regulations vigorously carried out, churches repaired, the blasphemer fined, the adulterer forced to confess his sin; but it was all but a whitening of the outside of the sepulchre. How, indeed, could the High Church vicar, who played the part of secret informant against his parishioners, hope to win his way to their hearts? The High Church movement, beneath a forcing system, received a sudden and unnatural expansion, but purchased at the direct loss of moral and spiritual influence. It is to hold a false view of Laud, therefore, to regard him as the leader of a spiritual movement or of a revival of any scheme of faith. He was great neither as a moral reformer nor as a divine. His admirable practical ability and his perfectly honest intention were his strongest points. He was an excellent man of business, of unfailing energy, full of schemes

getting the churchwardens to present persons who came to church to hear the sermon, but kept away during the reading of the service—a proof how unpopular the Prayer Book was becoming.

for the advancement of learning, an administrator who viewed rich and poor with indifferent eye, and to whom corruption was equally obnoxious in high places and in low. Yet it is easy to set too high an estimate on the best side of Laud's character, and the reader of Mr. Gardiner's book is in our opinion led into the error. Laud's sense of honour was far from keen, and the administration of justice under his guidance in the High Commission, if not corrupt in any gross form, yet of a partial character that could not fail to bring justice into as much disrepute as if the judges had been open to receive bribes. What, for instance, are we to think of the integrity of the judge, who regarded the rich man, against whom a handle could be found to bring into the High Commission, as fair game to fleece, because he had not put down his name among the subscribers to the fund for the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral? In a history of Laud's government of the Church the fact should not be left out of sight that men could believe, with a large amount of truth, that the High Commission was a court that better served to win money than administer impartial justice. Even Laud's sense of the equality of all men before the law, which, we should incline to say, sprang merely from the desire to impose a level uniformity of submission before the Church and the king, became dull whenever advantage was to be won for forwarding a favourite scheme. Though none might escape the disgrace of a public performance of penance in his parish church by setting money in Laud's palm, the opportunity was open to him who could contribute several hundred pounds to the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral.*

Correr, the Venetian ambassador in England, aptly described the path that the government was treading, when he wrote of the king: 'With the key of the law he seeks to open the entrance to absolute power.' The responsibility for the action of the government as a whole rests far more with the king than with any other man who took part in it. Charles was not, as heretofore, the nominal but the real ruler of the land.

* For instance, on the petition of the defendant, a young man about to be married, that he should be much disgraced and overthrown in marriage and estate if compelled to do public penance, the Court commuted the penance to a fine, and declared that his estates were able to bear a fine of 1,500*l.*, but left the business to the further pleasure of the Archbishop of Canterbury. (Cal. Dom. Ser. 1635, p. 234.) In another case the penance was commuted into a fine of 300*l.*, to be employed on the repair of the west end of St. Paul's. (Cal. 1635-6, p. 501.)

He exercised a general supervision over every branch of the administration; often himself decided minute questions of detail; and, except as a formality, rarely asked the advice of the united council on broad questions of policy. Nor did any one of his ministers gain a dominant position at the council board. The amount of influence exercised over him by Wentworth and even by Laud during these years is ordinarily exaggerated. Charles had little appreciation of strength in others, nor did the finest moral or intellectual qualities in themselves offer attraction to him. In the government of the Church, indeed, the brain and hand of Laud prevail throughout; in the government of Ireland the brain and hand of Wentworth; but outside their respective spheres, the influence of these two ministers was rivalled or exceeded by men in all respects their inferiors. Foremost amongst these was the Lord Treasurer Weston, the sole aim of whose action was to let England grow rich, in order that material prosperity might induce obedience to the royal will. His policy was purely conservative. He was opposed to reform in the administration, to investigation into the state of the revenue, and, unless very hardly pressed, to resorting to new measures for raising money. In opposition to Weston, Wentworth and Laud were at one in the desire to carry through measures of reform and find resources for paying the debts of the crown and making the revenue meet the expenditure. Weston's policy was not of a high type, but there was much in it suitable to the circumstances of the time. Had it been consistently pursued, there might have been formed a nation within the nation, composed of moneyed, commercial, and official classes, with interests dependent on the existing state of things. On the other hand, the pursuance of the policy advocated by Laud and Wentworth had the advantage of releasing the government from the pressure of financial difficulties, besides giving it a moral claim to the support of the nation. Charles made neither policy his own. His sense of justice was too strong, his idea of duty too high, to allow him to seek support to his government by leaving ill alone; but he had far too little moral or intellectual vigour to carry out reforms at the sacrifice of his personal inclinations or the interests of friends and servants. The outcome of the struggle between the rival influences at the council board was, that the government tacked from one course to the other, with the disastrous result to itself of reaping solely the disadvantages that belonged to either. It harassed all classes and all interests, official and unofficial, without making effective reforms in the administration, or freeing itself from financial

embarrassment. Its poverty may be illustrated by the story that went the round of the court, that the queen directed the shutters of her chamber to be closed, in order that a French lady coming to visit her might not observe the ragged coverlet on her bed. Its corruption by the words with which Charles, when he had to appoint a new treasurer, delivered the white staff of office into the hands of Juxon: 'Among the clergy, my lord of London, I hold you the fittest, because you have no children.'

It was more especially between the years 1634 and 1637 that the council had resort to various new measures for raising money, which, while they created much discontent, only brought a few thousand pounds into the exchequer. These measures have been recounted again and again, nor does Mr. Gardiner's judgment of them differ in any material respect from that of other historians. We therefore propose, in the remaining pages of this article, to let our readers into the secrets of Charles's diplomacy. Owing to Mr. Gardiner's researches at Paris, Brussels, Venice, and Simancas, we are enabled from a new side to gauge the antipathy of feeling between the king and his subjects, and to trace the true origin of the ship-money fleet, a point on which hitherto considerable obscurity has prevailed.

Charles reigned at a time when questions were being fought out in Germany, of which the settlement involved the interests of every country in Europe. On one side was at stake the existence of Protestantism in North Germany, on the other the unity of Germany itself. Was the Protestant to maintain itself on an equality with the Roman Catholic faith, or was Protestantism, and of necessity with Protestantism the principles of toleration, to be brought low? Was German unity to be bought at the price of the establishment of a despotism resting for support on the soldier and Jesuit, or was Germany to be reduced by division to political impotence? Such were the issues involved in the war. In the midst of this great crisis of European history, the director of the foreign policy of England was without any policy at all. In desiring to influence the course of the war, Charles was actuated by a purely personal motive, the recovery of the Palatinates and the electoral vote for his brother-in-law. So long as he gained this end, he was ready to give support to any side or any cause. Neither German interests nor the interests of Protestants nor yet of Catholics, the interests of no country and of no population, engaged his thought or care. Unscrupulousness as to means may often aid a statesman in gaining his end, provided that

it does not render him incapable of seeing what means carry with them a possibility of success. Richelieu, as Mr. Gardiner points out, was a most selfish and unscrupulous politician, but one with a great capacity for making out the winning side and joining himself to it. Charles had no such talent. His thoroughly unsympathetic nature left him as grossly ignorant of the moral forces at work amongst foreign nations as of the potential energies of Puritanism at home. This of itself was likely enough to cause him to build on the sand, there being nothing in diplomacy more fruitful of error than disregard of national feeling. But, in addition to this cause of weakness, Charles was so enveloped in the mantle of his own self-esteem, that he was blind to facts which were fully recognised by men whose intellects were in no way superior to his own. His ministers and courtiers saw clearly that if he wanted to influence the course of events on the Continent, he must be prepared to draw the sword; and that war, in its turn, implied the calling of a parliament and the renunciation of his ecclesiastical policy. Charles perceived that if he went to war, he should have to meet a parliament: but he could not bring himself to acknowledge that, as he was determined not to meet a parliament, his interference was not likely to produce great results, nor yet that if other powers, Catholic or Protestant, were to undertake to restore the Palatinates to his brother-in-law, he must make it their interest to do so. His diplomacy consisted in trying to bind some foreign power down to do his work for him in return for offers that were either inadequate or made without any serious intention of carrying them into effect, and backed by threats that, in case of their rejection, he would join the other side. As Mr. Gardiner most justly observes in his preface, it is impossible to read of the intrigues which Charles carried on alternately with France and Spain, without being reminded of the very similar intrigues which he afterwards carried on with Presbyterians and Independents, with parliament and army.

The man who possessed most influence over the direction of Charles's negotiations with foreign princes was the Lord Treasurer. Weston was a Catholic, though one who for sake of pelf and office reserved for his death-bed an open profession of his faith. Unlike Charles, he had a foreign policy. He was an advocate, in its baldest form, of the doctrine that England ought to abstain completely from interference in foreign politics unless some material interest of hers was endangered. Though this policy was never adopted by Charles, Weston's counsels always had weight with him. To the

obsequiousness of his character the treasurer's influence was largely due. Far from thwarting Charles's projects, he gave him as much rope as he would, confident that, in the end, fear of having to call on the nation for support would cause him to maintain peace. The fact that in their general views there was much in common between king and minister acted as a tie between them. The treasurer's desire to avoid meeting a parliament was one cause of his desire to avoid war. Charles had as little sympathy with Puritanism as Weston with Protestantism, and king and minister were alike afraid of encouraging the national feeling in favour of the German Protestants, lest they should let loose forces too strong for their control. Charles, indeed, was ready to compass the restitution of the Palatinate by any way that offered, but of the two he preferred to act in alliance with Catholic rather than with Protestant powers.

After Buckingham's death and the failure of the attempt to relieve Rochelle, Charles did not again renew hostilities either with France or Spain. Peace with France was concluded shortly after the dissolution of Parliament, and negotiations were already in course which eventually led to peace with Spain. In return for a treaty of peace, Charles hoped to obtain from Spain the restitution of the Palatinates. The Spanish ministers were willing enough to hold out large promises of what they were ready to perform for Frederic and Elizabeth in return for the friendship of England, but very slow to endorse their promises in definite terms. They had indeed neither the will nor the power to perform them. In case of the success of the Imperialists it was highly improbable that Spain would be able to disregard the wishes of her allies or deal with the Palatinates at her pleasure; while before the making of a general peace it was certain that she would not lightly give an advantage to the Protestant side by causing the evacuation of fortresses garrisoned by her troops. At Charles's court the advocates of a war policy, based on a Protestant alliance and parliamentary government at home, outnumbered the supporters of Weston. The opposition, however, that they formed, was merely that of a court faction, whose hope was that war and a parliament together would bring their party into office. The Earl of Holland, their leader, sought, by supporting proposals for a French alliance, to gain interest with the Queen, and make use of her influence over Charles to unseat Weston. His efforts, however, were unavailing. Henrietta Maria had no liking for the parsimonious treasurer; but she had also no

liking for politics, and, unless engaged by some personal interest, could not be brought to take an active part in them. It does not appear that she made any serious effort to prejudice her husband against Weston, and Charles invariably supported his minister against the intrigues of her partisans.

In order to have a support to fall back upon if Spain should fail him, Charles sent Sir Thomas Roe to the Baltic, to mediate peace between Sweden and Poland, with the aim of setting the King of Sweden's hands free for an invasion of Germany. Roe, who was a bold and persistent exponent of the Protestant policy, had already filled with great success two embassies in the East, in India and at Constantinople. A diplomatist of undoubted sagacity and insight, with a thorough knowledge of Continental affairs and a wide and varied experience, he was the one really able man whom Charles employed in his service abroad. As the king did not propose to render Gustavus any material support in invading Germany, Roe did not deceive himself into supposing that his mission would be effective so far as this end was concerned. A treaty of peace between Poland and Sweden, he pointed out, would set the King of Poland free to join the emperor, as well as Gustavus to invade Germany. 'And I think no man can convince me 'with reason why the King of Sweden should marry our 'quarrel for charity and without a dowry.'

The lesson that no power would marry his quarrel for charity and without a dowry was one Charles could not learn. While he was hesitating whether to gain his end through Philip or Gustavus, overtures came from France for an offensive alliance against Spain, to which was added the unwelcome advice that he should summon a parliament, so as to have means to engage in war. Such a proposal, instead of enlightening Charles on what terms alone he could hope to recover the Palatinate, only made him more pliable in the hands of the Spaniards. He consented to what he had before refused, and, without first receiving from Philip any definite engagement to surrender the fortresses held by his troops in the Palatinate, sent an ambassador to Spain to treat for peace. A member of the Privy Council, Sir Francis Cottingdon, was selected for the post: 'a man of the world,' Mr. Gardiner writes, 'without enthusiasm, believing that the Roman Catholic belief was 'the safest to die in, and that Weston's policy ran less risk 'than any other in the immediate present.'

Cottingdon went to Spain in the autumn of 1629. In the summer of the following year, while peace negotiations between England and Spain were still dragging on, Gustavus, who for

months had been biding his time, landed in Pomerania as champion of the Protestant North against the emperor. Charles did not wish to break off his negotiations with Spain, nor yet to lose the chance of regaining the Palatinates through Gustavus. While, therefore, continuing to treat with Spain, he allowed the Marquis of Hamilton to raise 6,000 volunteers, to serve on the same side as the Swedes, under the supposition that thus he should have a claim on the gratitude of Gustavus, and yet offer no offence to Philip or Ferdinand. Meanwhile the long-drawn-out negotiations with Spain resulted in a mere treaty of peace. Instead of the evacuation of the fortresses, Charles had to content himself with a written promise that Philip would do his best for the restitution of the Palatinate. Behind the treaty of peace, however, lay an understanding that in return for the good offices of Philip with the emperor, Charles should mediate a peace between Spain and Holland, and, in case of the refusal of the Dutch to accept mediation, join Philip in making war on them. While Charles, in pursuance of this agreement, made offers of mediation to Holland, he characteristically enough held out hopes that if he should fail to recover the Palatinate by Philip's aid, he would take part with the States against Spain, if they would guarantee its restitution. The Dutch, who set little worth on any help Charles was likely to render them, and who were enjoying a full tide of success against the Spanish arms, persistently refused all offers of mediation. The result was, that in January 1631 a secret treaty was signed by Cottingdon and Olivarez at Madrid, by which Charles and Philip agreed to join in making war on the Independent Netherlands, and to partition the provinces between them. This partition treaty was undoubtedly one of the most immoral of its kind known in history. There were no motives of religion or race, no material interests, no outside pressure, the flattering unction of which Charles could lay upon his soul, to conceal the blackness of the crime. The reversal of England's traditional policy, and the destruction of the dearly won independence of the Dutch, were proposed merely as a means to the advancement of his sister and her family. The best that can be said for Charles is that probably his intention was simply to outreach the Spaniards. He did not himself sign the treaty, or take any steps towards its execution. It was not to be expected, therefore, that he should gain any advantage through it. Neither the Emperor nor Philip had any belief in his power or will to aid them, and let his ambassador pretty clearly understand that there was no

possibility of the restoration of the Palatinate to a Protestant in face of the impending struggle with Gustavus.

Repulsed by the Emperor and by Philip, Charles late in the day sent an ambassador to see what terms could be got from Gustavus. The step was greeted with applause by the nation. The entrance into the war of the Swedish king had revived in full force the old passionate enthusiasm for the cause of the German Protestants. The name of Gustavus was in every mouth, stories concerning him as eagerly repeated, his actions followed with as close an eye, as though he had been a national hero. The news of his victory over Tilly at Breitenfeld sent a thrill of delight through the country, which, penetrating the walls of the Tower, gladdened the short remainder of Eliot's life. 'If at once,' wrote the prisoner, 'the whole world be not deluded, fortune and hope are met.' At court Weston's opponents echoed the cry for a Protestant policy. Save Charles himself, there was none who believed that he could recover the Palatinate without seeking the support of the nation. Rumours went about that a parliament was to be called, and that men high in office were seeking to conciliate Eliot. Charles had no intention of being dragged into a war against his will, no thought of calling a Parliament. A sharp check was given to the reports about Eliot. The prisoner's friends were forbidden access to him, and he was placed in a close confinement which hastened the end of his life. Charles asked the advice of his council on the best means of assisting Gustavus, but, when the council suggested as the only means the calling of a parliament, replied that the very mention of a parliament was derogatory to his authority. Had Charles been able to raise money at his will, it would have been difficult for him and Gustavus to come to terms. Gustavus, who, as Mr. Gardiner observes, was as little to be bargained with as Cromwell, was not prepared to bind himself in any way about the Palatinate unless Charles was prepared to throw in his lot with the Protestant side by breaking with Spain. 'I will let my brother of England know,' he once said, 'that my intention is more generous towards the King of Bohemia than that I should have any mercenary dealing with him.' His final demands were the aid of the English fleet to assure his communications with Sweden, and a contingent of eight regiments of foot and 3,000 horse under his own command. In return he would do his best to restore Frederic to his lands and dignities. Charles would not give ear to such terms for a moment. He wanted Gustavus to do the work, while he avoided the annoyance of

meeting a parliament or the risk of a breach with Spain. He accordingly made him an offer of 10,000*l.* a month, only binding himself, however, to the payment of the first month's contribution—an offer which Gustavus absolutely rejected.

The failure of the negotiations did not disturb Charles's equanimity, for he harboured no doubt that he should yet effect his object by means of a Catholic power. The appearance of Gustavus on the field had been mainly a source of perplexity to him. It had involved him in misunderstandings with Philip and the emperor, and, stifled as the voice of England was, had raised cries for war and a parliament that were displeasing to his ears. Henceforth he was less ready than before to listen to advice from men who supported a Protestant policy. The very applause with which the people, who, in the words of Roe, were 'too hungry' for news, greeted the onward march of the conqueror through Germany, was so much a matter of offence that an order of council was issued forbidding the publication of foreign news. The fact that Roe was a supporter of a purely Protestant policy was an effectual bar to his advancement. He was the candidate of Holland's party for the post of secretary left vacant by Dorchester's death. Charles, however, passed him by and bestowed the office on Windebank, the clerk of the council, a supporter of Weston's policy, and, if a Protestant, yet one who hoped for the union of the Churches of England and Rome. Talent or force of character he was without. Roe, who aspired to office, was bitterly disappointed when he found himself set aside. 'The way to heaven,' he sarcastically remarked, 'is straight and narrow, and in this only is the Court like to it.' To Weston and his followers the failure of the negotiations with Gustavus was a matter of rejoicing, as it relieved their minds from the fear of seeing England involved in war. Not less so was the death of Gustavus, a few months later, on the battle-field at Lutzen, which aroused a mourning amongst their countrymen unparalleled since the death of Prince Henry.

'In their detestation of war there was nothing noble, no preference of higher objects to be gained in peace, no wise conception of international duties. To them material prosperity had become an idol, and the habit of regarding the accumulation of wealth as the sole test of greatness was accompanied by a contemptuous indifference for the trials and sorrows of other nations, of which the hot Protestant partisan of earlier days had never been guilty. Flatterers found their account in praising the skill with which Charles had preserved England from the scourge of war. The low and debased feeling which had been fostered

by men in high places found full expression in the lines in which Carew, himself a royal cupbearer, commented on the death of the Swedish king:—

“Then let the Germans fear, if Cæsar shall
On the united princes rise and fall;
But let us, that in myrtle bowers sit
Under secure shades, use the benefit
Of peace and plenty which the blessed hand
Of our good king gives this obdurate land.

Tourneys, masques, theatres better become
Our halcyon days. What though the German drum
Bellow for freedom and revenge? The noise
Concerns not us, nor should divert our joys.”

Perish Europe, if only England may fiddle in safety! Already the sword was sharpening which should chastise the men by whom such things were said.’

With the death of Gustavus the war in Germany entered on a new phase. France took a more forward part in European politics than she had before done. ‘Assuredly,’ Mr. Gardiner remarks, in comparing the statesmanship of Charles and Richelieu, ‘Charles did not stand alone amongst the ‘rulers of the world in resorting to intrigue. Richelieu was ‘quite as ready to veil his intentions in a cloud of words and ‘to cover his self-seeking with an appearance of disinterestedness. But whilst Charles had absolutely no perception of ‘the facts of the world, Richelieu surpassed all his contemporaries in the skill with which he mastered events by adapting ‘his course to the current of opinion around him.’ He had brought to a close his long struggle with the French aristocracy. He had established internal unity on a basis of toleration. He now directed all his energies to increase the territorial dominion of France at the expense of Spain and the Empire. With this end he allied himself with the Swedes and German princes at war with the emperor, and offered his support to the Dutch in their struggle against Spain. The threatened interference of Richelieu in the Netherlands, and the probability of the formation of an alliance between France and Holland for a partition of the country, brought English interests into question. There was a large amount of commercial jealousy existing between England and the Independent Provinces, while the rapidly increasing naval and military power of France already was cause of alarm to her neighbours. The fortified port of Dunkirk—the Constanti- nople of that day—commanded the Straits, and was the point

whence an invasion of England might be most readily attempted. In the hands of the Spaniards the port was a nest of pirates, but presented no formidable danger to England, as Spain was a decaying power, the population of the Netherlands disaffected, and Madrid, the source whence supplies were drawn, distant. It was a question, however, for the consideration of English statesmen for how long Spain would be able to maintain herself in the provinces. The people of the country would gladly have thrown off the dominion of their foreign masters if at the same time they could have secured their own freedom, but were ready to give them support rather than run risk of becoming subject to France or to Holland. The best solution of the difficulty was the establishment of an independent Belgian State. Charles deserves the credit of having seen this, nor must we fail to notice the one occasion on which, according to Mr. Gardiner, he spoke words worthy of an English king. He informed Richelieu that he was ready to concur in any step for the liberation of the provinces, but that he would not hear of the increase of Dutch or French territory at their expense. Unfortunately, however, neither Charles nor his advisers were competent to propose a settlement able to obtain the approval of other powers by a recognition of their prejudices or interests. The council arrived at the strange resolution to ask Philip to make over to Charles a large part of Flanders, to be held under the Spanish crown, and to offer the help of the English navy to convey the Spanish soldiers home. As well might the present government, before the breaking out of the war between Turkey and Russia, as a solution of the Eastern question, have asked the Porte to evacuate its territories in Europe in favour of English administrators and English troops. Spain would not abandon the Netherlands for the asking. Neither France nor Holland would suffer Flanders to be converted into an English dependency. But no scheme for the liberation of the provinces, however excellent in itself, could thrive in Charles's hands, for the simple reason that he was unable to follow up his words by acts. Negotiations opened with him by the revolutionary party in the Netherlands led to no result but that of strengthening the government at Brussels, to which they were betrayed by Charles's agent, Gerbier, a Catholic, and half a Spaniard by birth. The body of the population stood true to Spain, justly conceiving that in case of their revolt, for any help that Charles could render them, their country must fall under the dominion of Holland or of France.

For the space of a year after the death of Gustavus Charles negotiated both with the Swedes and the French for the restitution of the Palatinate, and with so much of success that in return for an inconsiderable sum of money the Swedes made over the fortresses that they held in the country to the uncle of Charles Lewis, the inheritor of the claims of his father, who died in the course of the previous year. There was no likelihood of Charles and Richelieu coming to terms. For while Charles spoke in strong language against the aggrandisement of France at the expense of the Spanish Netherlands, Richelieu would not stir a finger for the restitution of the Palatinate unless he could bind Charles down to assist him in his meditated attack by cutting off the supplies that reached Brussels from Madrid through Dunkirk. Under such circumstances Charles again took up the thread of his negotiations with Philip in the hope of effecting his object by the exertion of Spanish influence on the counsels of the emperor. Out of negotiations carried on in secret between, on the one side, Nicolalde, the Spanish ambassador, on the other Weston, lately created Earl of Portland, Cottingdon, and Windebank, the momentous project of raising the celebrated ship-money fleet first arose. By an alliance with Spain and the possession of a powerful navy Charles thought to effect two ends at once—recover the Palatinates for his nephew and preserve the Netherlands from falling a prey to France and Holland. Without an actual declaration of war, the Dutch were to be terrified into making peace with Spain, and in return Philip was to obtain from the emperor the restoration of the Lower Palatinate, and some settlement for the ultimate recovery of the Upper Palatinate and the electoral dignity. After weeks spent in discussion, definite terms of a league were sent to Spain for acceptance. A fleet of twenty vessels was to be put to sea by England, five of them at the charge of Philip. This fleet was to keep open the trade between England and Dunkirk, and, Charles's consent being given, convoy into Dunkirk Spanish vessels bearing men and money. Finally, the Partition Treaty of 1631 was to be revived. In such light account was an English alliance at this time held that although a treaty between France and Holland for the partition of the Spanish Netherlands was concluded in January 1635, the Spaniards were in no haste to accept Charles's offers or give a penny towards the equipment of the fleet. They were too well acquainted with his diplomacy to believe that he would suffer himself to be drawn into war with Holland, which was the one material point to them. To keep him

in good humour, however, Olivarez was content that the negotiations should drag on, and instructed Nicolalde on his side to press on the king the immediate signature of the treaty for the partition of Holland.

Meanwhile Charles found a way of raising a fleet without meeting a parliament by following a suggestion of his Attorney-General, Noy, that he should call on the port towns and other places lying along the seacoast to bear the charge. According to former precedents, indeed, the port towns had not been called upon to supply the king with ships except in time of war. England was now at profound peace, and on Charles, therefore, lay the burden of proving that there was some occasion which justified the adoption of such an unusual course. That he should make public his negotiations with Spain was out of the question. Even the desire of securing Dunkirk from falling into the hands of Richelieu could not make a Spanish alliance popular; while, had the nation been aware that the king was meditating to help the Spaniards in destroying the independence of Holland, the unpopularity of the government would have been redoubled, and the levy of ship-money from the first met with open opposition. Even his council Charles dared not let into the secret. 'Except the three ministers who had been treating with Nicolalde, there was probably not a single member of the council who would not have felt outraged by hearing that the proposed fleet was to take the part of Spain against the Dutch.' The ostensible reasons given, therefore, both to council and nation for setting forth the fleet were the suppression of piracy and the maintenance of the old claim of kings of England to the sovereignty of the seas.

Whether or not these grounds could be held to justify the imposition of an unparliamentary tax, there was no doubt that the insecurity of the seas was disgraceful to the government. St. George's and the English Channel were beset by armed vessels of which the crews, if not pirates by profession, made a right of search for contraband of war or letters of marque against the merchants of one nation their pretext for pillaging every bark that fell in their way. From early in June till late in September, privateers from Algiers infested the western coasts, where they waylaid fishing vessels returning from Newfoundland, and merchantmen plying between Bristol and Ireland. Boats found floating on the waves, bereft of sails, cables, goods, and men, first announced their presence, and gave warning to fishermen not to leave sight of land. For guard of the seas, the king maintained afloat during the summer months a

little fleet of six vessels which were badly equipped, and so heavily built that the privateers, if sighted, easily outsailed them. The letters of Sir John Pennington, the admiral in the English Channel, abound with bitter complaints of his stores and of his vessels, 'which were not built as they should be, or 'like the merchant ships.' So little respect was paid to the neutrality of English waters that a fight between two foreign vessels within a harbour was no unfrequent sight.

The new fleet of twenty sail, fitted out at the charge of the port towns, put to sea in the spring of 1635 without any final agreement being come to with Spain, and without Charles having decided in his own mind whether he would maintain or break peace with his neighbours. He was undoubtedly playing a perilous game. His claim to the sovereignty of the seas implied not merely that the waters within any definite distance of the English coasts fell under the jurisdiction of the King of England, but that the entire sea extending from the shores of England to the shores of France and Holland was as completely under his dominion as the soil of England itself. The admiral of the fleet, the Earl of Lindsey, was instructed to permit no hostilities to take place in the narrow seas, and to compel by force, if necessary, all foreign vessels to strike their flags in recognition of Charles's claims. The first action of the fleet was to convoy twelve Spanish vessels laden with men and munitions of war into Dunkirk, the blockade of which Charles refused to recognise on the ground that it was a violation of his own rights. 'No harbours,' said Portland to the Dutch ambassador, 'can be blockaded in the British sea.' Lindsey afterwards sailed west with the object of meeting the combined Dutch and French fleets, which were coming up the Channel to take part in the blockade of Dunkirk. Collision was only avoided by the caution of Richelieu, who ordered their withdrawal to the coast of Spain. In England the desire had naturally been intense to know from what quarter danger was expected. Not merely had Charles put a fleet to sea, but, as though there were probability of invasion, had caused the beacons on the hill-tops to be set in readiness to light at a moment's notice, and the musters to be held in every county. The general feeling at court was disappointment that Lindsey had not met with an enemy. Nothing whatever occurred that could justify the imposition of ship-money in the eyes of the nation. Even piracy was not suppressed. In the immediate neighbourhood of the fleet the sea was safe; elsewhere the pirate vessels drove their trade as boldly as in previous years.

At this time there was no longer any great cause at stake in the war that still raged in Germany. The question, in the settlement of which the interests of England were concerned, had already been decided for good. If at the price of the unity of Germany, yet the independence of the Protestant states had been secured. Henceforth the rival combatants fought merely to gain for themselves material advantages. Charles's motives, however, for interfering in the course of foreign politics were still the same so long as his very natural desire to see his nephew restored to his lands and dignities remained ungratified, while the temptation to interfere was stronger than it had ever been before, now that he had found means of maintaining a navy without seeking for assistance from Parliament. First in 1635, and then again in 1636, the imposition of ship-money was extended over the whole country; and each summer Charles had at his disposal a magnificent fleet of forty sail. We will not detain our readers long over the somewhat wearisome round of Charles's intrigues with one and another state during the years that ship-money was levied on both inland and maritime counties. For twelve months he negotiated at once with Richelieu and the emperor, with the aim of obtaining from one or other of them the restitution of the Palatinate, without entering into hostilities, in the one case with Spain, in the other with France. Eventually various causes induced him to accept terms of alliance with France, calculated to lead to a breach between England and Spain. The Spaniards had repulsed the French attack on the Netherlands in 1635, so that there was no longer any immediate danger of Louis obtaining possession of Dunkirk. When the emperor and the Elector of Saxony concluded a treaty at Prague, no regard had been paid to the claims of Charles's nephew; while the offers that the English ambassador, in his master's name, made at Vienna, received contemptuous rejection. Richelieu was as fully decided as the emperor to give nothing for nothing, but it was worth his while to humour Charles in order to prevent supplies from Madrid passing into Dunkirk under English protection. He now proposed that Charles should undertake to guard the coasts of England and France, lend no aid to Spain directly or indirectly, and put to sea fifteen ships under the command of his nephew. Louis, on his side, was to make no peace without assurance of the restitution of the Palatinate. A conference of the allies of France was to draw up terms of peace, and, in case of their rejection by the emperor, Charles was to enter into an offensive and defensive alliance with France. Charles, confident in the

possession of his fleet, was ready to run the risk of being involved in a maritime war with Spain, but not of meeting a parliament. To assure his position, he obtained the hands of the twelve judges to the celebrated opinion worded by himself, that when the kingdom was in danger, the king, who was sole judge of the danger and how it was to be avoided, could command his subjects to furnish ships, and compel them to do so in case of refusal. This opinion was made known to the country by a public reading in the Star Chamber; and a few days afterwards, in February 1637, Charles accepted the treaty proposed by Richelieu, and returned it to France for final ratification.

The step that Charles had taken was one that he alone was capable of taking. It required no small measure of blindness to the meaning of existing facts for him to suppose that he could take an active part in foreign affairs, and yet continue to make his will prevail at home. It was between the years 1634 and 1637 that Laud was alienating alike the religious and the irreligious mind of England; it was also during the same years that the council was making use of the letter of the law to raise money by means that left no class of society without its sore, while the imposition of ship-money, besides inflicting a heavy increase of taxation, revealed in an unmistakeable manner, which could leave no doubt on the minds even of the most moderate upholders of constitutional forms, that the king's intention henceforth was to rule quit of all responsibility to the country. To understand, however, how great Charles's infatuation was, it is well to go behind the scenes and know by what means the money was raised that enabled him to put to sea the fleet, the possession of which was tempting him on to the verge of war.

When Charles, in the spring of 1635, determined to impose ship-money on the inland counties, there was no question but that his claim to the money would be challenged. He was demanding a war tax in time of peace. He was refusing to take the nation into his counsel. It was no longer possible to suppose, as in the autumn of 1634, when the writs were sent out to the maritime counties, that there was some sudden danger impending over the country which might justify the levy of the money without consent of Parliament. For aught that men could tell, the tax was intended to be permanent.*

* The amount of the tax, about 210,000*l.* a year, or 1,050,000*l.* of our money, was only a few hundred pounds higher than the amount that had occasionally been levied in subsidies in any given year; it was, however, much higher than the ordinary average of taxation.

When the Lord Keeper, Coventry, in his address to the judges before the summer assizes in 1635, gave the first public intimation of the king's intention, no fresh information was vouchsafed, but the demand for the money justified merely on the principle that where the safety of the whole kingdom was concerned, it was just that all should share the burden. Ship-money was assessed on real and personal property. In each county the sheriff, with the chief officers of the corporations, decided what proportion of the whole sum laid upon the county should be borne by each corporation; the remainder was then distributed by the sheriff between the different hundreds. The high and petty constables of each hundred had the further task of apportioning the charge between the different parishes, and afterwards of assessing individuals and collecting the tax. In order to give as little opening to resistance as possible, the wisest course for the government clearly was to strengthen, by all means in its power, the hands of the sheriffs. But Charles, in the hope of lessening discontent, wished to avoid innovation and to assure that the tax should be fairly assessed. While, therefore, making the sheriffs responsible for the collection of the money, he left comparatively little to their discretion. Thus instead of leaving them to divide the charge between the different hundreds according to their own judgment of their capabilities, the council instructed them to apportion it in the same proportion as the hundreds paid to the county rates, and, instead of accepting their decisions as definite, laid itself open to receive complaints against their assessments and those of their subordinates. It soon had work

Mr. Gardiner remarks that it only exceeded by about 70,000*l.* the annual average of the amount levied in subsidies during the first four years of the reign. He should have stated what that average was, and thus let the reader know in what proportion taxation was heavier in 1636 than in 1628. The annual average of the first nine years of the reign (the subsidies collected being 612,387*l.*) was only 68,043*l.*, and this was very far from being exceptionally low, as two subsidies had been granted in 1625, and five subsidies in 1628. In case, therefore, of ship-money taking its place as a permanent tax, the direct taxation of the country would be increased by two-thirds. The amount may not have been more than the country could bear, but it was much more than the country was accustomed to bear. There is no doubt that even during the two years 1635-6, 1636-7, in many counties the tax was found a heavy burden by the lower classes. The cause lay in part in the mode of assessment. There was, moreover, a bad harvest in 1635, and a severe outbreak of plague in 1636 and 1637.

enough on its hands. The proportions paid by different hundreds to county rates were often far from equal. In Durham, for instance, the assessments were made after a book of rates of the time of Elizabeth, admitted to be 'exceedingly defective;' while in Wiltshire lands of equal goodness in different hundreds paid to the county rates two shillings and fourpence in the pound respectively. Sometimes a hundred paid in different proportions to different rates. Sometimes an outlying parish paid one rate with a corporation, another with the county. Such differences gave rise to endless disputes, all of which came before the council for settlement, and very much delayed the assessment and collection of the tax. Corporations claimed justice against the county, hundred against hundred, hamlet against hamlet, individuals against assessors. Without doubt dislike to paying the tax at all lay at the root of many of the complaints of unfairness of assessment; and it sometimes happened that opposition to the sheriff's orders was boldly based on the ground of their illegality. Thus two of the assessors of the parish of Stoke Newington in Oxfordshire informed the sheriff 'that no money had been or could be gathered in their parish until he made known to them 'some law or statute binding them thereto.' In October 1636, of the 3,500*l.* assessed upon the county, 1,600*l.* still remained unpaid. The spirit of opposition undoubtedly ran higher in Oxfordshire than in other counties. Situate in Bloxham Hundred, one of the most refractory, was Banbury, a town of such strong puritanical sentiment that according to the jest of the day men hanged their cats there on Monday for catching mice on Sunday; and about three miles south of Banbury stood Broughton Castle, the seat of the Puritan Lord Say, where, as the story went in after times, Pym, Hampden, Lord Brook, and Lord Say used to meet and conspire against the government. The sheriff of Lancashire paid in the whole sum at which his county was assessed, 3,500*l.*, before the end of December 1635. But if Oxfordshire was exceptionally refractory Lancashire was exceptionally submissive. Mr. Gardiner, we think, rather underestimates the amount of resistance offered. Assuredly in Devon, Essex, Dorset, Gloucestershire, Northamptonshire, Bucks, Warwickshire, and Derbyshire, the sheriff's office was no sinecure, and in numerous cases distresses had to be resorted to in order to get the money in at all.* After the issue of the third writs in

* State Papers, Dom. Cal. 1635, 478, 537, 544; 1635-6, 396, 409; 1636-7, 102, 118, 150, 155.

October 1636, resistance, if it had before been local, threatened to become national. Again no enemy had approached the shores. A few pirate vessels were captured; some two hundred Dutch boats in the North Sea compelled to buy fishing licenses in return for the very doubtful protection guaranteed them against Dunkirk privateers. But such results, contemptible in themselves compared with the size of the fleet and the flourish of trumpets with which it was set forth, were not calculated to make the country the more willing to bear a war expenditure or sacrifice the national liberties. Moderate constitutionalists felt as little at ease in submitting without protest to the new imposition, as partisans of the supremacy of Parliament. Charles himself had to hear unwonted language. The Earl of Danby represented to him that the new levies were repugnant to the fundamental laws of England. The Earl of Warwick, accused of encouraging his tenants to resist payment, replied that if his tenants were slow to pay, it was because they were old men accustomed to the mild government of Queen Elizabeth and King James, who would never bring themselves, at the end of their lives, to consent to so notable a prejudice to the liberties of the kingdom. Throughout the country resistance was more general and more violent than before. Hampden and Lord Say were both seeking to bring the question of the legality of the tax to a trial at law, and there was a general expectation that the tax would be declared illegal, and consequently all those concerned in levying it be liable to have lawsuits brought against them. Constables, beset with this fear, absolutely refused to execute warrants to distrain. It was to lay this uneasy spirit abroad that Charles obtained the declaration of the judges before referred to, which declared that the king had the right of levying the tax and compelling payment in case of refusal. The declaration, Mr. Gardiner observes, had its weight. Within six weeks from the time that it was made 45,000*l.* had been paid in; yet from the reports of the sheriffs it would appear that this was due rather to the active measures taken to break down resistance than to belief on the part of the country that the judges' opinion was good law. The sheriff of Northampton complained that he had as much trouble as before in getting the constables to make assessments. The sheriff of Stafford found himself compelled to make distresses by hundreds, nor was his case an uncommon one.*

* State Papers, Dom. Cal. 1336-7, 406, 471, 493, 501, 510, 526, 566.

Were proof needed of what new growth was absolutism in England, there could be no stronger indication of the fact than this attempt made by the government to raise a largely increased taxation without having a centralised executive and an official class on which it could implicitly rely to carry out its orders. Charles had to employ as his agents country gentlemen and parish officers, who were actuated by exactly the same feelings as their neighbours against whom they had to act. The English sheriff, though the king's nominee, formed but a sorry substitute for the French intendant. And another point highly characteristic of Charles's government is that no single step was taken calculated to convert its agents into servants zealous in its cause. For all the time and trouble they gave to the business, for the expenses it entailed upon them, for the odium they incurred, they got nothing in return whatever. Sixpence out of every pound collected was allowed to those engaged in the assessment and collection of subsidies, to the assessors and collectors of ship-money not a farthing. The sheriff of Salop encouraged his collectors by intimating that they would be allowed sixpence in the pound. The council at once corrected him; no such allowance was to be expected or had been granted in any county. The case of the sheriff was as hard as that of the constable. Even when the county made no difficulty in paying the tax, he had to expend considerable sums in the service; when it was refractory, his expenses might amount to several hundred pounds.* The pecuniary, however, was not the only burden thrown upon him. He had in addition the difficult task of steering clear between two dangers—of incurring, on the one hand, the odium of his friends and acquaintances; on the other, the king's displeasure. The position, indeed, was most invidious. If the sheriff tried to keep fair with the county, he was sharply rebuked by the council because the money was not paid in; if he dealt in a high-handed manner with the county, he was subject to have complaints preferred against him, his decisions overruled, possibly to have to make up deficiencies out of his own pocket, or even see a commission appointed to make public enquiry into his conduct. The office naturally became detested, and all connexion with the ship-money business disliked. The desire of Charles to cause the tax to be equitably assessed can only merit praise; at the same time the little care that he took to interest his officers in the success of his government forms additional evidence of his

* Cal. 1635-6, 168; 1636-7, 128, 157.

incapacity as a ruler and blindness to the danger attending the endeavour to force his will upon the country, in defiance at once of material interests and time-honoured political rights.

No doubt Charles did succeed in breaking the neck of resistance. Defaulters of every kind and rank, sheriffs and mayors held to be slack at their work, constables who would not assess, any who attempted to rescue distresses or used violence towards collectors, were summoned to London, rebuked in the king's presence, possibly by the king in person, and not suffered to leave prison or a messenger's custody until they had paid fees, made a humble submission, and promised conformity for the future. The whole sum demanded, with the exception of a few thousand pounds, was each year gathered in. Yet at this moment of apparent success, when Charles deemed that his authority rested on a sufficiently firm basis for him to engage in foreign wars without fear of a parliament before his eyes, the truth was that his authority rested on no support whatever save some poor remainder of the strong ties which in former times knit together the hearts of king and subjects, and the strong conservative instinct of the country, which made it loth to dispute the king's commands except under legal forms, even when these forms were converted into instruments of the royal will. Of Charles's ministers and courtiers few shared his delusion. Those who desired the meeting of Parliament rejoiced over his acceptance of the French alliance; those who feared its meeting trembled. The isolation of his position may be judged by Mr. Gardiner's statement that alone amongst his subjects Wentworth both foresaw the danger and desired to avert it. In a powerfully written state paper Wentworth laid before him the conditions under which it alone was possible for him to vindicate his throne 'from under the conditions and restraints of 'subjects.' The paper, Mr. Gardiner writes,

'needs no interpreter to explain its meaning. It is the old story of a beneficent despotism—of the monarch who is to cast all personal affections, all dynastic entanglements, aside in order that he may establish a power which he may use for his people's good. . . . It is not likely that with Wentworth's feeling of dislike towards France there was in him any conscious imitation of Richelieu. But there may well have been an unconscious tendency to aim by the same means at the ends at which Richelieu was aiming. England may well be proud of possessing in Wentworth a nobler statesman than Richelieu, of the type to which the great cardinal belonged. He was more solicitous for the internal welfare of his country than Richelieu was, less solicitous for its external greatness. The prosperity of the poor, of the weak, of all who had none to help them, held a larger place in his imagination.'

Mr. Gardiner's judgment of Wentworth's character is singularly favourable for an historian of liberal views to adopt. It appears to us more favourable than is warranted by Wentworth's policy, words, or acts. As Mr. Gardiner shows, there is no doubt that Wentworth, in seeking the establishment of despotic government in England, intended to advance the prosperity of the people, and secure them against being tyrannised over by the nobility and gentry; but this fact by itself does not raise him to the rank of a noble and high-minded statesman, with a claim to the gratitude and respect of posterity. Belief in the virtue of absolute monarchy was not in his case produced by constant witness of oppression of the lower classes, consequent on the political rights of the upper. The place where public spirit was lacking and self-seeking rampant was the king's council, not the Houses of Parliament. Whatever social abuses required reform in 1630 required reform also in 1628, when Wentworth spoke in defence of constitutional liberty; and it would be hard to show that, so far as the suppression of these was concerned, his hands would have been less free had Parliament continued to meet. France may be proud of Richelieu because, as Mr. Gardiner says, he delivered her from the tyranny of a self-seeking nobility, aiming solely at enriching themselves at the public expense. But England has no like cause to be proud of Wentworth who gave her over to be preyed upon at will by the king, without having adequate return to offer. It may fairly be argued, that for Ireland, the only alternatives open were absolute monarchy or anarchy; but here again the judgment we pass on Wentworth's policy can be no less severe, for to it were immediately due the rebellion of 1641 and the subsequent miseries that fell upon the island. He sought to strengthen the royal power and provide for the settlement of the country by an odious system of robbery, fraud, and violence. The standard of political morality was, it is true, low, but before Wentworth, English statesmen had at least required that their measures should carry with them some appearance of moderation and right. With Wentworth falsehood and truth, justice and injustice, were entirely subordinate to political interests, or perhaps it would be truer to say, that, when any interest of the Crown was at stake, he had no perception of any difference between them. It is impossible to arrive at a just estimate of a statesman's character by abstracting from his policy the end put forward to serve as its moral justification, and judging him by this alone. We cannot agree with Mr. Lecky, who, in his last work, applies the epithet 'wicked' to Strafford. We cannot agree with Dr.

Moseley, who, in the eloquent essays which have just been republished, would raise Strafford and Laud to a high pitch of patriotism and statesmanship. Their statesmanship brought them, not unjustly, to the scaffold. Mr. Gardiner takes a middle course. He gives them credit for honourable motives and a mistaken zeal in the service of the Crown; but he does not forget that the lesson of their failure and their fall rendered a lasting service to the liberties of England.

ART. IV.—1. *Tent Work in Palestine. A Record of Discovery and Adventure.* By CLAUDE REGNIER CONDER, R.E., Officer in command of the Survey Expedition. Published for the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. 2 volumes. London: 1878.

2. *The Temples of the Jews and the other Buildings in the Haram Area at Jerusalem.* By JAMES FERGUSSON, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. London: 1878.

THE interest with which Lieutenant Conder's volumes must be read by all who take them up will not be confined to any one class of readers. They are full of information for the historian and the archæologist, for the lovers of natural beauty and the lovers of adventure; and of all such there are few probably who will rise from the perusal of this work without a feeling of gratitude to the scanty band of explorers who have performed with untiring energy a task beset with difficulty and danger. The perils thus faced were caused sometimes by the fanaticism of the people; but those which arose from the climate were both more constant and more formidable. In spite of all hindrances the results achieved are highly satisfactory. In no field of enquiry was there greater reason to dread the multiplication of theories and hypotheses; and by no explorers has the temptation to multiply them been more steadily resisted than by the officers of the surveying expedition sent to Palestine. It is true that in the volumes before us we have simply Lieutenant Conder's personal history of his own work and that of his colleagues. The Exploration Committee wisely decline to be responsible collectively for the conclusions of any of their officers. But their official sanction will be given to the great map exhibiting the complete result of the survey and to the elaborate memoir by which each of its twenty-six sheets will be illustrated. The enterprise which the Palestine Exploration Society has thus

far carried on with signal success is in the highest degree honourable to the members of that body, to the officers they have employed, and to the British nation. It has given a fresh and lively interest to the oldest records and the most sacred traditions of our race, for nothing in history is so astonishing as the influence which the wild inhabitants of these rough valleys and burning plains have had on the religions of the modern world. The books of Samuel and of Kings acquire an intense reality as we trace step by step in Lieutenant Conder's narrative every locality known in the Jewish annals, and the authenticity of the Old and New Testaments is never more fully established than by a comparison with the sites they describe. Readers who have followed Dean Stanley through his chapters on Sinai and Palestine will find here descriptions, scarcely less vivid than his, of many scenes which the Dean could not visit or to which he could give little attention. It is in truth a land the greater part of which may be swept by the eye from its more commanding peaks; and it may be doubted whether the twin ranges of Lebanon can furnish a view so vast in its expanse as that which is spread out before the traveller from the summit of Hermon. Stretching to Carmel and Tabor, eighty miles away, to the south, it displays to the west and north the golden sea and mighty masses of mountains even more majestic than itself, and to the east the brown and desolate plain broken only in the distance by the intense verdure of the oasis of Damascus. Words must fail to do justice to such a scene as this when at sundown it clothes itself with excess of splendour in the transparent air of Syria.

'The sun began to set, a deep ruby flush came over all the scene, and warm purple shadows crept slowly on. The Sea of Galilee was lit up with a delicate greenish-yellow hue, between its dim walls of hill. The flush died out in a few minutes, and a pale steel-coloured shade succeeded, although to us, at a height of 9,150 feet, the sun was still visible, and the rocks around us still ruddy. A long pyramidal shadow slid down to the eastern foot of Hermon and crept across the great plain; Damascus was swallowed up by it, and finally the pointed end of the shadow stood out distinctly against the sky, a dusky cone of dull colour against the flush of the after-glow. It was the shadow of the mountain itself, stretching away for seventy miles across the plain—the most marvellous shadow perhaps to be seen anywhere.' (Vol. i. p. 264.)

At the least it would be not less striking than the solemn veil which the peak of Athos throws across wellnigh fifty miles of sea over the island of Lemnos, or the expanse of dark-

ness which is spread by the mightier mass of Teneriffe upon the solitary ocean. But scenes such as these are not to be met with commonly in Palestine, which, as a whole and in its present state, is not a cheerful-looking country; and Mr. Conder is right in presenting to us both the land and its inhabitants as they are, and not as a picture taken in some highly-favoured spots might lead us to imagine them. There is indeed much to interest us everywhere; but of actual beauty there is commonly a great lack. Not a little of the country is gloomy and repulsive, and Jerusalem is a very ugly city. But none the less the country, its cities, and its villages have a charm which they cannot lose, and which may be heightened if happier times should yet be in store for them. The very hewers of wood and drawers of water furnish subjects for curious speculation, and the scanty remnants of some old communities stir up perplexing questions in the history of the chosen people. Have we still in the Fellahin the descendants of the Canaanitish tribes whom the swords of Joshua and his followers failed to exterminate? and in the Samaritans of Schecchem do we still see the survivors of the ancient stock which set up its schismatical worship on Mount Gerizim? Mr. Conder is inclined to answer both these questions in the affirmative, and he regards the language of the peasantry as still substantially Aramaic with a large infusion of Arabic words. The genuineness of the Samaritan claims he accepts on the grounds partly of the strong physical likeness between Samaritans and Jews, partly of religious usage and belief, and in part also of statements in the Old Testament. The historical books, it is true, are far from giving countenance to the absurd dreams which discover the lost tribes in Irishmen or in North American Indians; but on the other hand they scarcely warrant the conclusion that the great catastrophe in the days of Hoshea left the main bulk of the population untouched, the nobles and chief men only being carried away. This is practically what is said of Judea after the overthrow of the Jewish monarchy by Nebuchadnezzar; but with regard to Samaria the words are explicit that Israel in a body was carried away captive, and a strange population from Babylon and many other cities introduced in their stead. Nor does the story that an Israelitish priest was sent to this motley people to teach them the manner of the God of the land tell much in favour of the notion that his services were needed for those of the Israelites who had not been hurried away from their homes. It would rather be decisive the other way. The strictly local religion which led the Philistines to see in the ark of the

covenant 'the gods that smote the Egyptians with all the 'plagues in the wilderness' led the Syrian newcomers to dread the action of the deity or deities presiding over their new homes, and to ask the ministrations of a priest acquainted with the special method of propitiating them. Still less can we infer with Mr. Conder that the Assyrian conqueror would seem to have left a certain proportion of the Israelites behind him, 'as we find Hezekiah sending messengers through the country of 'Ephraim and 'Manasseh, inviting Israelites to the Passover 'which might not be eaten by strangers, and as some actually attended it.' The fact that this invitation was sent is mentioned only in the books of Chronicles; but we are at the same time told not less carefully that the passover to which they were thus summoned was celebrated in the first year of Hezekiah's reign, and six years therefore before the overthrow of the Israelitish kingdom. Nor can the contempt with which the message was treated be explained on any other supposition than that the people of Samaria had thus far no reason to look with less jealous eyes on the spiritual claims set forth by the priests of the rival kingdom. But although Mr. Conder's conclusion has no direct warrant from the language of the books of Kings or Chronicles, we cannot forget the tendency of the Eastern mind to represent the ruin of many as the ruin of all, and to exaggerate especially the misfortunes of enemies. Hence the chronicler who would be careful to tell us that the countryfolk of Judæa were left in their old homes would for the same reason assure us that from Samaria the whole population had been swept away in a mass. These Anastases, as Herodotus calls them, were probably never effected thus systematically; and we may in this instance fairly note the fact that shortly after the fall of Jerusalem before the hosts of Nebuchadnezzar some fourscore men are said to have come from Samaria, with clothes rent and with offerings and incense in their hands, to bring them to the house of the Lord. This, beyond doubt, is a confession that these men, whoever they were, looked upon themselves as allied in religion and therefore by blood with the subjects of Zedekiah, a confession which stirred up the fanatical wrath of Ishmael, who, having as a patriot murdered the governor appointed by Nebuchadnezzar, showed his religious zeal by treacherously slaying these men also. Nor are we justified in setting aside as worthless the Samaritan tradition that the exiles restored to Palestine by the order of Cyrus were not confined to the house of Judah, that the Israelites and Jews formed themselves into one body at Horan before they crossed the borders of the Holy Land,

that here they quarrelled as to the site of the future temple, and that, while Zerubbabel with his followers went off to Jerusalem, the rest of the congregation, 300,000 in all, were led to Gerizim, where they placed their sanctuary. This resolution, we are further told, was determined by the fact that when the Jews sought the sanction of Darius for rebuilding the temple on Mount Moriah, the Samaritans urged a counter-claim for Gerizim, that in order to settle the question copies of the law made by Sanballat and Zerubbabel were thrown into a large fire, and that while the copy written by the latter was at once burnt, that of the former thrice leaped out unhurt. It would be strange, if true, that this fire-tried manuscript is now the property of a poor widow in Jerusalem, and that it has made the journey to this country, where it failed to obtain the sum asked as its price, 1,000*l*. It is scarcely less surprising to hear that the Samaritan community, which, according to their own records, occupied in the seventh century the whole of Palestine except the Judean hills, and has had its synagogues in Rome, Cairo, and Damascus, should now be confined to the town of Nablous, where Jewish hatred has made the Greek name Neapolis triumph over the ancient Schechem, and that here they have dwindled down almost to nothing. In 1872, we are told, they numbered only 135, eighty of these being males. 'The Moslems say that this number is never exceeded, and 'that one of the eighty dies as soon as a child is born.' (Vol. i. p. 54.) In other towns, Mr. Conder says, they appear to have become extinct about the year 1820 (vol. i. p. 46); but a tradition affirming their simultaneous disappearance from many places would be scarcely less suspicious than the Moslem notion which gets rid of one of eighty males on the birth of every boy. But, whatever be the rate of decay, it seems to be in great part the result of intermarriage and of an exclusiveness which absolutely cuts off all infusion of new blood. Perhaps for this very reason the likeness of Samaritans to Jews is rendered still more striking. Mr. Conder notes the beauty of their priestly family as being especially remarkable, and the contrast of the lean and weedy figures both of Samaritans and Palestinian Jews 'with the obesity of the Turks and the sturdiness of the peasantry.' But during the whole Christian era Jews and Samaritans have probably never intermarried, and the singularly strong likeness still existing between them tells much in favour of the conclusion that both spring from the same stock.

The Samaritans, it would seem, must soon become a people

of the past; and perhaps, before they have altogether disappeared, some controversies relating to places or buildings in Palestine may have been set at rest. But, for the present, Mr. Conder's chapter on the temple at Jerusalem is far more important than his account of Gerizim and its sanctuary. Here we cannot too strongly approve his method of procedure, in which actual observation and measurement of sites and buildings, as they exist, precede all reference to tradition and the statements of ancient writers. To these he applies a canon on which we laid great stress when speaking of the topography of Jerusalem eighteen years ago.* The measurements of Josephus are only approximate; and at Cæsarea, for instance, they are for some parts inaccurate, and in one case impossible. These, however, are matters in which a truthful man may be mistaken, and in a multitude of figures numbers may even unwittingly be altered by a copyist; but Mr. Conder is unquestionably right in saying that 'general position and arrangement we must accept, unless we condemn the author as thoroughly 'untrustworthy.' Now, Josephus (and here the Talmudic writers are in accord with him) asserts that the Temple stood on the top of the hill on which it was built, and that this summit was at first scarcely large enough for the Holy House and the Altar. The enlargement of the space and the multiplication of buildings around the sanctuary were the result of scarping and levelling carried on for many generations. It is, therefore, absurd to suppose that when the temple of Solomon was first built any portion of the hill-top remained unoccupied. Consequently no level was higher than that of the altar and the sanctuary; and therefore this statement of Josephus is 'the proper starting-point for any reconstructive plan of the 'Temple and its courts' (vol. i. p. 357). But the top of the Temple hill is, beyond question, the Sakhrah rock, from which the mountain slopes down on all sides. At the Sakhrah, therefore, adds Mr. Conder, Josephus places the Holy House; and here also, if it were needful to note the fact, it is placed by Jewish, Christian, and Mohammedan tradition. The first step, therefore, must be to ascertain the several levels, as they are found now, and then to compare them with the levels as described or given in Josephus and the Talmudic Middoth. This task is, indeed, of crucial importance. Restorations of the Temple and its site have been attempted without these precautions, and the result has been only to let out the waters of strife. Starting from the statement of Josephus, that Solo-

* No. ccxxviii. October 1860, p. 424.

mon's building was on the very summit of the hill, we reach conclusions which, in Mr. Conder's words, are not merely satisfactory but exact:—'The various levels of the courts we know from the writings of Maimonides; they agree to a foot with those of the rock round the Sakhrāh; but only in this position is it possible to make them agree; in any other, we are obliged to suppose gigantic masonry foundations which are not mentioned by the writer who says the Temple was built on the highest part of the hill, and of which not a trace has been found inside the Haram.' (Vol. i. p. 359.)

The level of the top of the Sakhrāh above that of the Mediterranean is 2,440 feet. If this be taken as the level of the floor of the Holy House, the level of the Altar Court should be 2,432 feet, the cubit being taken at 16 inches. The length of the cubit is, indeed, a disputed point; but the reasons which Mr. Conder gives for regarding the cubit of 16 inches as the standard of measurement adopted by Solomon (vol. i. p. 358) seem to be not merely forcible, but conclusive. It surely cannot be accidental that the Court of the Women should by this standard be on a level of 2,418·6, and that the rock, as it is now, should be lower than 2,419 over a considerable area. By this measurement the gates north and south of the Temple led down to a level about 2,425, the level actually exhibited by the rock in their immediate neighbourhood. Mr. Conder gives other examples, and then confesses that lack of space forbids his going into further detail. We have even less space at our command; but we may say with him that these facts speak for themselves.

'We see the Holy House in its natural and traditional position on the top of the mountain; we see the courts descending on either side according to the present slopes of the hill; we find the great rock-galleries dropping naturally into their right places; and finally we see the Temple, by the immutability of Oriental custom, still a temple, and the site of the great altar still consecrated by the beautiful little Chapel of the Chain. Push the Temple a little to the north or south, and the levels cease to agree; lengthen the cubit to the Egyptian standard of twenty-one inches, and the exactitude of the adaptation is at once destroyed.' (Conder, vol. i. p. 361.)

Unless all these facts and the conclusions drawn from them are to be swept aside summarily as worthless, it is simply incredible that the Sakhrāh should lie far beyond the original area of Solomon's temple; that it should be, indeed, the very spot where his body was laid, the place which David chose as his sepulchre, and which was used as the burying-place of his successors; that in the course of ages its ancient purpose was

forgotten, and the rock became a place for the burying, not of kings, but of malefactors; that the area of the rock was converted into a place of execution; that here the body of Christ himself reposed after the crucifixion, and that over it, therefore, was raised the magnificent structure which attested the piety of Constantine. In other words, no room is left for any one of the positions advanced by Mr. Fergusson more than thirty years ago in his 'Ancient Topography of Jerusalem,' and put forward again in his article 'Jerusalem' in the 'Dictionary of the Bible,' in his little work on the Holy Sepulchre and the Temple at Jerusalem in 1865, and lastly in the sumptuous volume in which he now delivers his final verdict after a personal examination of the site and the structures raised upon it.

We have carefully considered these theories long ago in an article to which we have already made reference; and so satisfied are we of the correctness of the facts there stated and the arguments based upon them, that we feel as little called upon to scrutinise his present volume as we were to answer his 'Notes on the Holy Sepulchre,' which were designed to be a complete and humiliating refutation of all that we had said. As an architectural critic, Mr. Fergusson has won himself a great name: we are far from wishing to tarnish it or to dim its brightness. But except on the hypothesis that he is altogether right, and that all who differ from him must be wholly wrong, no course is left open to those who are not prepared to submit to his dictation except to protest against both his method and its results. In such a case as this compliments and eulogies are out of place, and assuredly Mr. Fergusson needs neither from us. In his reply to our reasons for declining to allow that the building called the Mosque of Omar is the actual structure raised by Constantine over the sepulchre of Christ, Mr. Fergusson spoke of us as absolutely incompetent to pronounce any opinion in matters connected with architectural and historical evidence; and he may therefore regret that his 'History of Architecture' nowhere met with a warmer appreciation than that which it received at our hands. To be praised by one whose judgment is beneath contempt may well be thought a greater trial than the deliberate censure of a judge whose wisdom cannot be questioned; but, without wasting more words, we may say at once that we have a simple task before us, and that we purpose to perform this task without attempting to depreciate Mr. Fergusson's worth, or to propitiate him with eulogies on his genius, which has never been called into question, or on the learning which no one has ever denied to

him. But the history of the world has not shown thus far that men of genius and learning are to be implicitly trusted and blindly followed, especially when they move aside out of the region within which they have acquired their well-deserved reputation; and the title on which Mr. Fergusson demands not merely our attention, but our assent, is one which we cannot admit without forfeiting our freedom both of thought and speech. He has examined so many buildings in so many countries, and he is so impressed with the orderly and unbroken growth which seems to have marked the sequence of styles in all of them, that he looks on the knowledge so acquired as an instrument enabling him to dispense with those aids on which he has been obliged in earlier days more or less to rely. In judging of styles generally he has been helped by the vast stores of information on all kindred subjects brought together by historians; and with regard to many, especially in the most important countries of the ancient and modern world, he has had the benefit of a huge mass of documentary evidence often of the minutest kind, determining not merely the date of a building, but the names of the architects and the costs of its erection. He has at the same time learned by a strictly historical process, that in these countries, down to a comparatively recent age, there has been no merely imitative work; that the annals of architecture exhibit only a natural development, not the adoption of arbitrary and fanciful forms. Having advanced thus far, he has been carried away by the confidence naturally awakened by the possession of an immense apparatus, and he sees no reason why he should not lay claim to a dictatorship to which no one can advance a title more legitimate than his own. Until men made a muddle of everything after the Renaissance, the architecture of all countries showed, he thinks, only the phases rendered necessary by the systematic working out of general laws and principles. What is, therefore, to hinder him from determining the age and the purpose of any structure? Without a shadow of misgiving that, though his position may be generally true, such calculations may yet be vitiated by some rare exceptions, he looks upon any who may urge the need of caution with mingled feelings of indignation and contempt. To these feelings he has all along given a pretty free utterance; and we have already felt bound to say that they are absolutely without justification. We all know what came of that semi-divining power which Niebuhr thought that he had attained after years spent in the most laborious historical research. The complicated fabric which he raised with infinite pains soon fell, and fell merely

because his theories rested on materials obtained from untrustworthy sources. From a mass of non-contemporary documents he felt himself warranted in reconstructing a genuine contemporary history. Mr. Fergusson claims to give his judgment in matters trenching on history without any documents at all, or in the teeth of such documents as may still be found; nor does he hesitate to ascribe culpable heedlessness or wilful fraud to writers with whose statements he cannot conveniently deal. Is he not bound to do so when he knows that he is right, and that therefore they must be wrong? There is nothing mysterious about the matter. If other men's eyes were open as his own, they would see the things which with him blaze as in the light of noonday. They need, in fact, nothing more than that power of discriminating styles which is possessed now by 'any well-educated school girl,' and this power may be exercised without the least hesitation in the case of any building not erected since the Reformation in Europe, because before that event the world had never seen any of those imitative or 'monkey styles' which have set all law at defiance. The proving of a negative is usually held to be no easy task; and before his position can be made good, Mr. Fergusson would have to deal with some facts duly noticed in his own 'History of Architecture.' No one knows better than himself that the genuine Roman style was that of the round arch, but that Romans also ran after foreign fashions, and in their idolatry of Greek forms either discarded their own, or jumbled together the architecture of the arch and the entablature. It would be a rash thing to say that this interrupted growth and these abnormal changes would carry with them no difficulty, if the works of all Greek and Roman historians, and indeed if all Greek and Roman literature, had perished utterly. Mr. Fergusson is thus rash or bold, and has no doubt that if all the books and records of the United Kingdom were lost irretrievably, thousands or hundreds would still be able to determine, within twenty or at the least fifty years, 'the age of any part of any of our great churches, with absolute certainty, and no one would dispute the conclusions so arrived at.' This is, perhaps, going much too fast. We have an uncomfortable feeling that things are not quite so plain and easy as Mr. Fergusson takes them to be, and that there is by no means this absolute harmony amongst students of architecture and archæology as to the dates even of English, French, or German buildings, where the documentary evidence either is lacking or seems to lie open to suspicion. But Mr. Fergusson can brook no opposition. If he sees cause for asserting that a building

exists which a chronicler says has been destroyed, so much the worse for the chronicler. He must be some lying monk, and lying monks were always ready to say that a building had been burnt or levelled with the ground, and 'rebuilt in the next few years by some abbot or prior without money or means of any sort.'

The way is thus cleared for dealing with one at least of the celebrated churches of the Holy Land. The evidence of his eyes convinced Mr. Fergusson in a moment, when more than thirty years ago he first saw the drawings of Mr. Catherwood, that Constantine had no more to do with the church which now passes as that of the Holy Sepulchre than he had with the building of Westminster Abbey, and that the Dome of the Rock, more familiarly known as the Mosque of Omar, is the very church built by the pious emperor over the scene of the entombment and the resurrection. It follows of necessity that our written histories tell us only lies when they say that the Church of the Sepulchre has undergone not merely defacement but destruction, for is not that edifice still before us virtually uninjured? The lying chroniclers, according to Mr. Fergusson, assure us that after the entire destruction of the churches of Constantine and Justinian by the Persian Khosru 'a monk, Modestus, without money or means, in a time of the deepest depression of the Church of Jerusalem, rebuilt and restored to their original splendour, in a very short time, what had taken all the power and all the wealth of these great emperors to accomplish during many years of continuous prosperity.' We cannot say that we have found this story or anything like it in any histories or chronicles which we have ever come across; but, whatever the tale may be, it must be set aside, because the architecture of the place leads Mr. Fergusson to a very different conclusion, and would bring all others to the same goal, if they were not ignorant, or interested, or disingenuous, or knowingly false. Thus we are told that when his theories were first propounded 'in a language of which the rest of his countrymen were ignorant,' they were opposed by some 'who unfortunately were deeply interested in discrediting both the interpretation and its author.' He was assailed, as he will have it, in this Review and elsewhere, by would-be critics who were wholly incompetent for the task; and unluckily he was opposed also by the only man who, in this country, 'was qualified, both by his knowledge of architecture and of the authorities, to give a decided opinion on the subject.' This solitary judge was Professor Willis; but Professor Willis 'had committed himself publicly to the

‘authenticity of the Sepulchre in the town before my theory was published, and it would be demanding a little too much ‘from human nature to ask anyone in his position to confess ‘the error of his ways and to admit the success of his rival.’ Mr. Lewin, again, was on the other side; but then Mr. Lewin, though fairly acquainted with Greek and Latin literature, knew nothing whatever of architecture. Count de Vogüé was at home in both; but either ‘his opinions are ‘biased by sincere devotion to his infallible Church,’ or he reasons after a fashion which to Mr. Fergusson is wholly unintelligible. From Dr. Robinson he expected better things; but Dr. Robinson was among the first to ‘turn upon’ him, and even the Protestant feeling of his countrymen, especially of those north of the Tweed, would not be evoked by ‘the ‘clamour of the High Church party in defence of the traditions ‘invalidated by these new discoveries.’

This is all sadly inconclusive and very unworthy of Mr. Fergusson. Opposition so general might almost have led him to think that possibly all was not quite right with his theory; but direct imputations of dishonourable motives (and the wilful suppression of known facts is strictly dishonourable) should not be made without good warrant and the production of ample evidence. Dr. Williams may believe that Constantine laid the foundations of the present Church of the Sepulchre over the spot where the body of Christ was laid; but his history of the edifice is wholly unaffected by this belief, and has in fact nothing to do with it. Nor do we see why, if the evidence for Mr. Fergusson’s notions be so overwhelming, Professor Willis should not have been expected to acknowledge himself candidly in the wrong. As we were ready eighteen years ago, so we are ready still to admit our error, when, instead of dwelling only on the difficulties of the other side, Mr. Fergusson shall have dealt with and removed the more gigantic difficulties which beset his own. That we have done him any injustice, or that we have treated him with any lack of respect and consideration, we altogether deny; but we have never thought, nor do we think now, of owning ourselves in the wrong until Mr. Fergusson has grappled with these difficulties severally and laid aside all pretence of deciding the question by appeals to evidence which he holds that we are incapable of discerning, or by the plea that he is speaking ‘to those who fail to understand the language in which they are addressed.’

If we cannot see by what road Mr. Fergusson would have us advance, or if we fail to perceive that there is any road, we cannot shut our eyes to the extreme clearness of his conclu-

sions. Constantine, he maintains, built his Basilica, which has been destroyed, and the Anastasis (or the Church of the Resurrection) close to and over the Sakhrah. Of this there is no doubt; and all the stories of Khosru, Modestus, and others are mere falsehoods. The real blow was dealt, not by the Persian king, but by the Egyptian caliph, Hakem, in the eleventh century; and when the Crusaders entered Jerusalem not many years later, they were led to a sepulchre on another hill without the faintest suspicion that they were being cheated into belief of a lie. Between the departure of Hakem and the entry of Godfrey and his crusaders into the sacred city, the Christian priests had agreed to build a new church over a new sepulchre. They could not, it would seem, help themselves, although Mr. Fergusson has little hope that the history of the transaction will ever be elucidated (Preface, p. x.). It is, however, a matter of not the least consequence. If Constantine built the Dome of the Rock, the fact of the transfer is beyond question, and the motive is scarcely less clear. 'It was done because it had become absolutely necessary from the position of the Christians in Jerusalem in the eleventh century. They were forcibly dispossessed of their own church on the eastern hill, and they of necessity erected one on the only available site of the western hill, and there, in consequence, we now find it. It may be unfortunate that this should be so, but I can see no reason why the fact should not be acknowledged if it can be proved.'

This is all very wonderful, but there are more wonders behind. The body of the Redeemer had been laid in the sepulchre of the Jewish kings; but, however it may have been in the days of the Apostles, the Christians of Constantine's age had imbibed so violent a dislike of all associations connected with the Old Testament that they resolved on transferring the site of the royal tombs to the western hill, where, it is implied, some graves existed already. This transference was as successfully accomplished as the later one, and Jews and Mohammedans were alike convinced that the bones of the great kings of Judah reposed on the hill to which, by the irony of fate, the Christians themselves were constrained to resort in the day of their trouble. If we ask why we are to believe all this, Mr. Fergusson placidly repeats his claim to our credence because he has no doubt that the Khubbet-es-Sakhrah is the work of Constantine, and he must be right since he knows so much about architecture. Our only rejoinder to this can be that we feel a natural repugnance to taking leaps in the dark, and that assuredly we cannot do so unless we have thorough confi-

dence in our guide. It is scarcely more difficult to believe that Constantine built the Mosque of Omar than to believe that Stonehenge and Silbury are the work of the age which intervened between the withdrawal of the Roman legions from Britain and the landing of Cerdic and his followers. On this point we have nothing to add to what we have already said* in our remarks on Mr. Fergusson's 'Rude Stone Monuments;' but the pertinacity with which he reoccupies positions from which in all eyes but his own he would seem to have been dislodged compels us to insist once more on the enormous strain which he puts upon our powers of faith without any apparent consciousness that he is taxing them at all.

It would be ungracious and even churlish thus to stir up the slumbering ashes of buried paradoxes and absurdities, were it not that we are again invited by Mr. Fergusson to accept on his authority alone not a few statements as strange and as startling as his theory of the Buddhists and the palæolithic monuments. We frankly confess ourselves to be amongst the number of his readers 'who fail to understand the language in which they 'are addressed;' and as it is impossible for us to follow him unless we feel that we can trust him as a guide, we have no option but to test his claim, as best we may, by all that we may know of him in the past. Briefly, then, we have first Mr. Fergusson's theory that the so-called Mosque of Omar is the round church or building raised by Constantine over the Holy Sepulchre which had been unearthed by his orders; that this sepulchre immediately adjoined the place of public execution, and was, in fact, included in it; that the place thus devoted to the burial of malefactors was also the burying-place of David and his successors; that the Temple, therefore, as standing on the same hill which contained this sepulchre, is the veritable Sion or City of David, and that this name was never applied to the western hill until the Christians, in their hatred of Jewish associations, asserted that the kings of Judah had been buried on the western hill, and were blindly believed by the Jews. This being his theory, we have next Mr. Fergusson's assertion that it is in perfect agreement with the records of the Old Testament and the New, and, in fact, explains them all, while every other theory must be more or less at variance with them. This is a statement which may surely be tested by a reference to the Gospels and to the historical books of the Old Testament; and it is obvious that if we are incompetent to judge whether between those records and the words of Mr. Fer-

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. cclxxxi. July 1873.

gusson there is or is not a manifest contradiction, all discussion is useless, and human speech has no more significance than the inarticulate mutterings of beasts. We take, then, the following sentences as crucial:—

‘At such a distance of time, and in a place which has undergone such vicissitudes, any tradition that may attach to any particular locality must be received with extreme caution; but it is curious to find that Solomon’s sepulchre is still pointed out under the Dome of the Rock on the north side of the Sakhra, and is so marked on the Ordnance Survey. If the sepulchre of Solomon, however, is found here, *a fortiori* we ought to expect to find that of David also. Fortunately, however, as just pointed out, the Bible is too explicit about the identity of Zion and the city of David, and it is equally emphatic that his sepulchre was in the City of David. All this, indeed, was so well known that it became indispensable, when the name Zion was in Christian times transferred to the western hill, that the sepulchres should go there also. In a more critical age the sepulchres of the other kings would have gone with that of David; but as the evidence is not so direct that Solomon and his successors were buried in Zion, their tombs were left where, as I have just pointed out, I believe they are now to be found.’ (P. 57.)

When Mr. Fergusson is wishing to disprove the genuineness of a particular site, he sets very little store on the names by which it may chance to be known; but here, where his purpose is to show that the Jewish kings were buried at or in the Sakhrah, he at once accepts the tomb of Solomon as genuine merely because it is so called. The tradition is worthless, and the Ordnance Survey cannot be cited as sanctioning it, as the reader might be led to suppose that it does. Mr. Fergusson, then, will have it that the Sakhrah was the burying-place of the Jewish kings, and that this burying-place and the Temple were both on Mount Zion, because the records say that David was buried in the city which bears his name, and the Sakhrah is unquestionably on the same hill with the Temple of Solomon and of Herod. But if the Books of Kings are to be trusted at all, they must be believed when they tell us that the Temple was not in the City of David. We should have thought that the statement of this fact could be scarcely called for; but when Mr. Fergusson insists that the Temple was in the City of David, we are thrown back on the passages which say that it was not so. In 1 Kings iii. 1, the distinction is sharply drawn between the City of David and the king’s house with the house of the Lord; nor is it less emphasized in 1 Kings viii. 1, where we are told that for its transference to the Temple it was necessary to ‘bring up the ark of the covenant of the Lord out of ‘the City of David, which is Zion;’ and, again, before she

could enter the house which Solomon had built for her, the daughter of Pharaoh had to come up out of the City of David, 1 Kings ix. 24. While, then, it is thus made certain that the Temple was not in the City of David, and consequently not on Zion, we are also told expressly that the altar was placed on the spot where David had offered sacrifice hard by the threshing floor of Ornan the Jébusite, 1 Chron. xxii. 1, and that this spot was on Mount Moriah, 2 Chron. iii. 1. It is quite unnecessary to discuss the relative value of the books of Kings and of Chronicles. Whatever may have been the priestly prejudices of the men who compiled the latter, it is simply incredible that the identity of Moriah and Zion should be unknown to them, and that without the slightest motive they should distinguish between them unless they knew that they were separate eminences. Here, then, we have a plain contradiction between Mr. Fergusson's statements and those of books in the Old Testament, and his assertion that the name Zion was transferred to the western hill in Christian times has nothing to rest upon. The Temple hill was the mountain of Moriah, the traditional scene of the offering of Isaac, and thus, as not being Zion, was never within the compass of the City of David. What Mr. Fergusson may mean by saying that 'the evidence is not so direct that Solomon and his successors were buried on Zion,' it is beyond our power to imagine. Whatever may be its value, the evidence for their burial on this hill is precisely that which we have for the burial of David, neither more nor less. As Josephus says of them and of David simply that they were buried in Jerusalem, his authority cannot be appealed to as deciding the question. But the language of the Books of Kings is clear. David sleeps with his fathers and is buried in his own city, 1 Kings ii. 10; the body of Solomon is laid in the city of David, his father, 1 Kings xi. 43. There also were buried Rehoboam (1 Kings xiv. 31), Abijam (xv. 8), Asa (xv. 24), Jehoshaphat (xxii. 50), Joram (2 Kings viii. 24), Ahaziah (ix. 28). In these and in other instances the phrase used differs in no respect from that which tells us of the burial of David.

From the Old Testament we may now turn to the New; and here again we find Mr. Fergusson not merely rejecting other theories because they cannot be reconciled with the language of the Gospel narratives, but claiming acceptance for his own as being in complete accordance with it. Having carried the reader through an elaborate account of the Dome of the Rock, Mr. Fergusson informs him that

nothing has been said in the preceding pages regarding the so-called

Holy Sepulchre in the town, for the simple reason that if I am right in supposing it proved that the four great churches of Jerusalem originally stood in the Haram area, this church is a convicted forgery. This has, indeed, been suspected by many of the best topographers of Jerusalem, from the days of Korte downwards, owing to the impossibility of reconciling the situation with the facts as narrated by the Evangelists; but the argument has hitherto generally failed to carry conviction to most minds from the inability of those who maintained it to provide a substitute. Now, however, that it can be proved to demonstration that the Dome of the Rock was the building which Constantine built over what he, at all events, believed to be the sepulchre of Christ—*cadit questio*. Constantine did not build two sepulchres in Jerusalem. A choice must consequently be made; and when the subject is honestly and fairly approached, there is little doubt that most people will select that one which accords with every word of the Bible narrative, in preference to the other, with which the events of the Passion, as narrated by the Evangelists, cannot possibly be reconciled.' (P. 258.)

This is said on behalf of a theory which, even according to his own plan (and the Survey seems to show that it is an impossible plan), places the sepulchre of Jesus within 500 feet of the Holy of Holies, which avers that the spot where former generations had revered the resting-places of the most illustrious of the Jewish kings had become a scene of public executions, and which includes the spot so used within the circuit of the walls of Herod. On this point the explorations of the Survey Expedition leave no room for doubt, and thus a contradiction is given by Mr. Fergusson's theory to the clear statement in the Epistle to the Hebrews (xiii. 12) that Jesus suffered beyond the walls of the city, a statement founded on a reason the force of which is indisputable. So, again, we are told that the body was laid in the ancient burying-place of the Jewish kings, whereas in the Gospels we hear of the new tomb which Joseph of Arimathea had hewn out of the rock (Matth. xxvii. 60, Mark xv. 46), and more particularly in the third Gospel (xxiii. 53) of the sepulchre hewn in stone wherein never man before was laid. It may be open to Mr. Fergusson, as to anyone else, to question the accuracy of these statements; but it is simply absurd to pretend that his theory is in exact accordance with them. If the situation of the present church cannot in its turn be reconciled with every phrase in the Gospel narratives, the objection is not to the point, unless it be contended that the site must be genuine because Constantine built his church over it. The inference is by no means necessary, and this is probably all that is meant by those topographers who lay stress on the discrepancies which must, on this supposition,

be dealt with. Among these is Mr. Conder, who, although he feels assured that the present church stands on the very site chosen by Constantine for his edifice (vol. i. p. 327), is not less sure that its spuriousness is determined by that passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews which we have seen to be fatal to the position assigned to it by Mr. Fergusson (i. 371). To this conclusion he is guided by other considerations also; and Mr. Fergusson would do well to take to heart the lesson that some, at least, who maintain that Constantine here built his church are not impelled by secondary and unworthy motives to declare that he built it over the very spot where Joseph of Arimathea had excavated his grave. With this result Mr. Conder thinks that no one needs to be disappointed, since with the memory 'of the yearly Pandemonium which disgraces the ancient walls, and of scenes which lower the Christian faith in the eyes of the Moslem,' none can 'wish to believe that the place thus annually desecrated is the tomb of Christ.'

This is a question of feeling to which even devout and religious men may give different answers. But what are we to say of the Biblical grounds on which Mr. Fergusson claims our acceptance of his propositions, except that they are absolutely worthless? We can but protest against all his methods of proof and the results to which they lead, although the necessity of repeating this is singularly wearisome. But as the labour spent at the outset must in this case render further toil superfluous, it may be well to show the nature of the foundations on which Mr. Fergusson rears what we must be forgiven for calling his imposing fabric of fiction. To invent a transfer, whether of theological systems (as in the case of the Turanian Buddhists) or of a geographical site, and then to moralise upon it, is no profitable task; but by so doing he compels us to challenge his reasoning, if so it may be called, at every step. Thus, having convinced himself of the transfer of the royal sepulchres in the fourth century from the eastern to the western hill, Mr. Fergusson declares it to be

'not only curious but interesting to observe by what a strange stroke of the irony of fate, though one singularly characteristic of the place, the two principal tombs of Jerusalem—those of David and of Christ—should both, after existing for centuries on the eastern hill, have been transferred to the western, where they are now supposed to exist. It does not, however, seem difficult to perceive how the transfer of the first took place. It was simply that when the Christians first became aware that the eastern hill was the scene of the ministration and passion of their Founder, with that hatred of Jewish tradition and localities which characterised all they did at Jerusalem, they determined to clear,

as far as possible, their holy places from all connexion with those of the previous dispensation. The Temple and its ruins they could not displace, but by calling the western hill Zion they got rid of the sepulchres of the kings, and of all the associations that made that name so sweet and musical to Jewish ears, and left the new Jerusalem as far as possible dissociated from the old. It was not then, however, nor probably till long afterwards—most likely in Moslem times—that this change of name led to its logical sequence, and a new tomb of David was erected on the new Zion, because everyone who had access to the ancient scriptures of the Jews knew that David was buried on Zion, which was identical with the City of David.' (P. 58.)

We do not charge Mr. Fergusson with a conscious wish to throw dust into the eyes of his readers. The process is not a pleasant one for those who undergo it; but its blinding effects must follow on those who can read this paragraph with unquestioning assent. At what time did the Christians first become aware that the eastern hill was the scene of the Passion? It cannot have been after the time of Constantine, for the narrative of Eusebius clearly represents him as free from all doubt on the subject. Whether it be on the eastern or the western hill, the Emperor chooses one fixed spot, and there the sepulchre is found, but under conditions with which Mr. Fergusson's theory is as much at variance as it is with the narratives of the Gospels. A temple of Venus, we are told, stood on it; and not only was this destroyed, but the ground on which it had been built was removed to a great depth.* The Sakhrah is the naked rock on the summit of the hill, and on it this mass of soil could never have accumulated. If, then, the spot was so well known to Constantine, what reason have we for supposing that the tradition had been lost at any time during the preceding generations? We do not say that it was not lost; but we must insist on the folly of assuming, without clear documentary evidence, either the interruption of traditions or changes of popular feeling. We have seen that no such evidence is forthcoming for the transference of the royal sepulchres in the fourth century; and we may ask, therefore, for the evidence which attests the hatred of Jewish traditions and localities which marked all that the Christians did at Jerusalem. For them Jesus was pre-eminently the son of David; and, if the Temple was in their minds associated with the memory of a yoke too heavy to be borne, this feeling could scarcely have extended to the tomb of the royal psalmist in whose city of Bethlehem the Saviour had been born. But why, if we are to take Mr. Fergusson at his word, should the

* Euseb. Vit. Constant. 28.

Christians wish to get rid of the associations connected with kingly sepulchres when these were dead already? The place had come to be a spot on which malefactors were executed; and this wonderful change had been effected before the time of the crucifixion. The sepulchre of David, St. Peter tells the multitudes assembled at the feast of Pentecost, 'is with us 'unto this day,' Acts ii. 29; and if Mr. Fergusson's view be correct, he might have added that their reverence for him might be measured by the desecration to which it had been subjected. But, again, if the transfer of the name to the western hill led ultimately to its logical sequence, why did not this effect follow at once? The erection of the new tomb of David seems to be attributed to the reading of the Old Testament—whether by Jews or by Mohammedans is not quite clear; but why they should not have read, or why they should not have been moved by, the old records in the fourth century as well as in the sixth or the tenth, it is hard indeed to understand. The subject is one on which we care little to speculate. The genuineness of the Holy Sepulchre is a point wholly distinct from the genuineness of the site of the church of Constantine; and it is altogether more likely that his choice may have been determined by the royal tombs, when he should have gone further, to some spot beyond the walls in the days of Pontius Pilate, for the scene of the Saviour's sufferings and burial. In any case, it is simply incredible that both Jews and Moslems should have believed a lie designedly made by the Christians to discredit ancient Jewish traditions, and that they should act upon it at some time or other in a series of centuries during all of which the Christians were an oppressed and persecuted minority. How again, or why, if the tombs of David and of Solomon's successors were transferred, was that of Solomon allowed to remain? and if this was transferred also, how came it to find its way back again to the Sakhras hill before the Latin conquest of the city? The truth is, that the reasonings and arguments of Mr. Fergusson involve us in a labyrinth of absurdities and contradictions. Speaking of the Holy Sepulchre, the pilgrim Arculfus tells us that in the round cabin cut out in a single piece of rock there is room enough for nine men to stand and pray. The interior of the rock under the Khubbet-es-Sakhras exhibits, according to Mr. Fergusson, a quadrangular chamber measuring 23 by 24 feet; but Arculfus, nevertheless, is regarded as maintaining the Mosque of Omar to be the work of Constantine.

We come now to the far more important transference of site which, in Mr. Fergusson's belief, marked the eleventh cen-

ture. Down to the time of the mad Fatimite caliph Hakem the church actually built by Constantine, whatever it may have been, was, he allows, acknowledged by the Christians as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. In other words, he holds that up to this time the so-called Mosque of Omar was held to be the work of the first Christian emperor. The history of the change which now ensued we must give in his own words:—

‘He [Hakem] in A.D. 1009 destroyed the Basilica of Constantine—*“solo coequavit”*—and appropriated the tomb of Christ to the purposes of his own religion, as is abundantly confirmed by the Kufic inscription afterwards added in mosaic on its walls by one of his successors. At the time that El-Hakim committed this outrage on their holy places, he expelled the Christian inhabitants from Jerusalem and allowed them no access to the place during his lifetime. When they crept back after his death, they naturally built for their own purposes a church in their own quarter of the town, and erected therein a sepulchre at which the Easter rites might be performed. As time wore on, this became, as a matter of course, the sepulchre of Christ at Jerusalem, and pilgrims made their offerings, and had their faith strengthened by worshipping at this shrine. Besides being securely situated in their own quarter of the town, the spot selected for the new church had the further advantage of being in the immediate proximity of a group of ancient Jewish graves still existing there, which gave apparent authenticity to the tradition that the “Tegurium,” they had erected was really nigh to the place of a skull.’

It possessed also some other advantages which, in Mr. Fergusson’s belief, sufficiently explain the fact

‘that the Christian inhabitants of Jerusalem willingly accommodated themselves to the new locality, and that pilgrims in the eleventh century were easily persuaded that the localities pointed out to them were really those in which the scenes of the Passion had actually been enacted. Ninety years had elapsed since the destruction of Constantine’s Basilica by El-Hakim before these Western pilgrims came back, with arms in their hands, to rescue from the hands of the infidels the sepulchre where they had worshipped. At that time no one was living in Jerusalem who could have remembered the buildings in the Haram being in the possession of the Christians, and they and their fathers had always worshipped in the church in the town. In the illiterate East, memory soon fades, and the growth of tradition is much more rapid than in the soberer West. The time was, therefore, ample for the obliteration of the knowledge of the true facts of the case, in so far as the general public were concerned; nor should we feel surprised or indignant at the conduct of the priests, or of those who knew the truth, on this occasion. They acted in precisely the same manner, and were actuated by the same motives, as nine-tenths of those who have taken up the controversy in the nineteenth century, and who think that the

faith of the multitude must be protected against the inopportune suggestions of scientific investigations.' (P. 259.)

We cannot read these words without a sense of humiliation and shame. That an English writer should charge nine-tenths of those who differ from him on a question of mere archæological fact with raising a tumult of objections which they know to be false is beyond measure amazing; but, without further comment, we may say that the history here given to us has now been written for the first time. If this be true, then the records from which Gibbon gleaned his narrative are all false. From beginning to end the passage implies that the depression of the Christians which began with the furious onslaught of Hakem lasted without a break until the banners of the Crusaders waved victoriously from the walls of Jerusalem. It implies that during this whole time (which, however, covers no more than three generations) the Christians were never allowed to approach the building which for some seven centuries they had regarded as the sanctuary built by Constantine; and their asserted resignation would further show that they had no hopes of ever turning the tables against their persecutors. Now what are the facts? However terrible may have been the devastations of the Egyptian caliph, he was assassinated within twelve years of the time when he laid his sacrilegious hands on the Holy Sepulchre and the Church of the Resurrection; but before his death his mandate had been sealed for the restitution of the churches. His orders were obeyed. In Gibbon's words, 'the succeeding caliphs resumed the maxims of religion and policy; a free toleration was again granted; with the pious aid of the Emperor of Constantinople the Holy Sepulchre arose from its ruins; and after a short abstinence the pilgrims returned with an increase of appetite to the spiritual feast.' The truth is, that during fifty years or more which followed the death of Hakem the condition of the Christians in Palestine was pretty much what it had been from the days of Omar onwards, the only difference perhaps being that a toll was now levied on each pilgrim before he was allowed to enter the gates of the Holy City. The number of pilgrims was greater probably than it had ever been. The awful suspense with which Christendom generally had expected the end of all things with the close of the first millennium was now ended, and the impulse to visit the holy places was felt with infinitely greater force. The enterprise had still its difficulties and dangers; but these were as much smoothed down as in a rude and ill-governed age they well could be, and they arose not so much

from the hardships imposed on pilgrims at Jerusalem as from the enmity of the peoples through whose lands they had to pass. The tempest which burst upon Palestine towards the close of the eleventh century was excited not by the Egyptian sovereign, but by the marauding Turk. In the year 1076, twenty-three years only before the conquest of the city by Godfrey, Jerusalem fell into the hands of the Seljukian Toucoush, and the Christians soon found that the happier days of pilgrimage had passed away. The sufferings that were inflicted on them may have been exaggerated. Gibbon thinks but little of them. 'The pathetic tale,' he says, 'excited the millions of the West to march under the standard of the cross to the relief of the Holy Land; and yet how trifling is the sum of these accumulated evils if compared with the single act of the sacrilege of Hakem, which had been so patiently endured by the Latin Christians. A slighter provocation inflamed the more irascible temper of their descendants; a new spirit had arisen of religious chivalry and papal dominion; a nerve was touched of exquisite feeling, and the sensation vibrated to the heart of Europe.' If it be as Gibbon represents it, the facts tell more fatally against Mr. Fergusson's theory than would the darker picture which might be drawn of them. It comes then to this, that the twelve years of Hakem's persecution, however fearful they may have been, would serve only to kindle and to keep alive the burning resentment which would be fostered by all who came from Europe to offer their prayers at the holy shrine, and to stir up a more passionate longing for condign retribution on the enemies of the Cross. For the succeeding half-century the feelings of strength and confidence would be excited by the very multitude of pilgrims—princes, bishops, knights, peasants—which showed that little was needed to fan the enthusiasm of Christendom into devouring flame. What then could the oppressions and cruelties of the Seljukian Turks effect, even if they had been fiercer than Gibbon supposes them to have been? There is not the slightest warrant for thinking that there was any voluntary abandonment of the ancient sanctuaries, and it is ludicrously absurd to say that there was ample time for obliterating the tradition that they had once possessed them. It is not to the purpose to speak of the rapidity with which memory fades in the illiterate East. The pilgrims belonged chiefly to Latin and Teutonic Christendom; they were not illiterate; and their devotion to the land of the Saviour's ministrations was strengthened by the most powerful motives which can brace the human heart to resolute action. We reach, indeed, an acme

of absurdity if we suppose that the impassioned pleadings of Peter the Hermit and the grave eloquence of Urban II. called the nations of Europe to do battle for the recovery of a site known to be false, and that the crusading hosts accepted this false site as the true one, although the Mosque of Omar, the true church of Constantine, was as completely in their hands as was the miserable collection of edifices which had arisen on the ground covered by that 'convicted forgery,' the present Church of the Sepulchre. Nay, even this is not a complete picture of the strong delusion which had paralysed the minds of the victorious crusaders. The splendid Dome of the Rock became the church of the Knights Templars, and was by them believed to stand on the spot where, according to David's vow, the altar of the Lord arose hard by the threshing floor of Araunah. Of these Templars not a few, as having made the pilgrimage, must have been familiar with that magnificent structure; all surely must have heard it described in minute detail by those who longed to convert it into a Christian sanctuary. If any can think that not one would be found to expose the falsehood of the men who had transferred the sepulchre to another site, we can only say that his powers of belief must be without bounds. Men of little more than middle age might turn indignantly on the craven priests and still more craven laymen who could deliberately fabricate and maintain a wanton and purposeless lie, and might say: 'With our own eyes we have seen the holy sacrifice offered up under this mighty dome; we know it to be the church raised over the grave of the Redeemer; how, then, can any dare to cheat us into the belief that, in so thinking, we have been utterly mistaken?' During twelve years only of the lifetime of Hakem were the Christians deprived of their churches in Jerusalem; and if, as Mr. Fergusson will have it, the Khubbet-es-Sakhrah was the work of Constantine, then for twelve years only had this structure been diverted to the worship of Islam, and for the succeeding half-century it became again, what it had always been, the centre of Christian devotion. Nay, even after the Seljukian conquest, we are not told that the Christians were expelled from the Church of the Sepulchre; and, if they had not the use of the Dome of the Rock, this proves only that that edifice had never been a Christian church at all. If we look to the evidence of history, Mr. Fergusson's second transference of site becomes, even more than the first, an event in the annals of cloudland.

There remains only the architectural evidence, with regard to which Mr. Fergusson virtually claims the sole right of

giving judgment. Professor Willis is dead. Count de Vogüé, who has the needful knowledge, is the bond-slave of the Church of Rome, and cannot afford to decide rightly even if he would ; and except on purely literary questions the opinion of Mr. Lewin, if he were still living, would be worthless.

‘ Besides these three,’ Mr. Fergusson adds, ‘ I could name some four or five persons whose knowledge of art is sufficient to enable them to judge if they would take the trouble of looking into the special evidence bearing on the question. They have not, however, so far as I know, done so, and, wisely perhaps, decline to mix themselves up with a controversy where matters of faith are allowed at times to supersede the processes of pure reason. In so far as my own personal experience goes, I have met no one during these thirty years able or willing to discuss the matter, while, if there is anyone in this country who has taken the trouble to master the subject in all its bearings, I can only say that I am not acquainted with his name. Such controversies as have taken place in periodicals have generally hinged on some collateral points. No one, so far as I know, has, in print at least, grasped the really vital points at issue and tried to argue either for or against them.’ (P. viii.)

We were, and still are, under the impression, that we had at least endeavoured to do so many years ago : and if, as seems likely, Mr. Fergusson regards the evidence of history as a ‘ collateral point’ not much worth thinking of, we protest emphatically against a notion which we hold to be a perennial fountain of blunders and delusions. Two things apparently are needed before we can be said to be converted to the honest and true view of the matter. The one is that we should be ready to cast aside all historical evidence, which, indeed, is only the babble of lying chroniclers, if it is found or supposed to be in conflict with the evidence of architecture. To fulfil the other condition, we must admit the force of the following syllogism. All round buildings are structures raised over tombs : the Dome of the Rock is a round building ; therefore it is an edifice built over a sepulchre. Having been brought into this frame of mind, we should no longer have any difficulty in acknowledging to be the Sakhrâh the building erected by Constantine over the grave of the Redeemer. We deny the truth of the premisses, and we refuse to admit the consequence ; but we have no intention of wearying our readers by going again over ground which we have carefully traversed already. We assert still, as we asserted eighteen years ago, that the architectural evidence is as completely opposed to Mr. Fergusson’s theory as is the evidence of history ; and the results of the Palestine Survey Expedition tend

only, as we confidently expected that they would, to confirm our conclusions. Mr. Fergusson lays special stress on the genuine Byzantine character of the shafts with their capitals supporting the cupola of the Sakhrab. That they have this character is necessarily admitted by Mr. Conder, who adds that 'they appear to have been torn from some other building or buildings, probably from Christian churches, just as in the case of the mosque of 'Amru at Cairo, or like the pillars which Jezzar Pasha at Acre collected for his mosque. Of every capital in the place I made a careful sketch, as shown in the illustration: of those under the dome only three are alike. . . . The bases differ as much as the capitals, as we saw when the marble slabs were removed in 1875. The shafts are also of various heights and diameters, and one at least is upside down, with the capital of another pillar placed on its base end.' (Vol. i. p. 324.) This is proof conclusive indeed, and it fully justifies us in declining to examine further the elaborate arguments on which Mr. Fergusson's learning and ingenuity are alike thrown away.

From a controversy, which ought never to have been raised, it is refreshing to turn to the remarkably interesting chapters in which Mr. Conder describes the present condition and the prospects of the Holy Land and its people. The old associations connected with almost every spot in this wonderful country may tempt many to keep their eyes fixed only on the past; and we are apt to forget that it is still the abode of human beings whose welfare and happiness have a prior title to our consideration. The land is desolate; the people are impoverished. Is this the result of physical changes? If it be, can nothing be done to counteract them? And if it be not so, can we remove the other causes which have brought about and perpetuate the mischief? These questions Mr. Conder answers with the utmost clearness; and all that he says tends to the one conclusion to which thinkers on all sides seem to be rapidly hastening. There has for some time been a tendency in certain quarters to think that the Mohammedan regimen, although an intolerable burden for a Christian population, is well suited to Mohammedans, and that conversion to the faith of the Prophet is productive of far more good than harm to inferior races. The results of recent examinations, which from various causes have been extended over almost the whole Mohammedan world, give no encouragement to this view, which nowhere, perhaps, meets with a sadder and more thorough refutation than in Palestine. The physical conditions of the country are what they were in the days of the Judges and the Kings. The character of the water supply is unchanged, and

there is every reason for believing that the distribution of the springs was the same then as now. There is no difference in the character of the seasons or of the vegetation generally. The parts anciently forest are forest still; the richer regions retain their old fertility, and if many districts once perfectly healthy are now almost deadly, the sole cause is misgovernment, continued and systematic. The land is impoverished for lack of water; but 'were the old cisterns cleaned and 'mended and the beautiful tanks and aqueducts repaired, the 'ordinary fall would be quite sufficient for the wants of the 'inhabitants and for irrigation' (ii. 320). The lowlands are hotbeds of fever, and the reason is want of drainage. 'The splendid 'works of the Romans are in ruins; the great rock cuttings, 'which let out to the sea the water now soaking in the marshes 'of Sharon, are filled up with earth; Herod's aqueducts, 'which irrigated the plains of Jericho, are destroyed, and no 'attempt is ever made to enforce sanitary regulations or to 'promote public drainage or irrigation works.' The country is in truth under a curse, but it is the curse of Turkish tyranny. With the change of the Waly at Damascus (and this happens generally twice a year), a new set of harpies are let loose on the land: the value of the produce of the fields is often found to fall short of the tax to be collected on it; and the conscription frequently takes away the whole male population. Such rule as this is not likely to improve the character of the peasantry.

'They have no inducement to industry, and, indeed, as one of the better class said to me, "What is the use of my trying to get money, when the soldiers and the Kuimakam would eat it all?" There is only one way of becoming rich in this unhappy land, namely, by extortion. If in the time of Christ the country suffered as much as it does now from unjust judges and tyrannical rulers, what wonder that to be rich was thought synonymous with being wicked, or that it should be Lazarus only who was considered fit for Abraham's bosom?' (Vol. ii. p. 267.)

The baneful working of this system is seen much more among the Mohammedan than among the Christian inhabitants.

'Christian villages thrive and grow, while the Moslem ones fall into decay; and this difference, though due perhaps in part to the foreign protection which the native Christians enjoy, is yet unmistakably connected with the listlessness of those who believe that no exertions of their own can make them richer or better, that an iron destiny decides all things, without reference to any personal quality higher than that of submission to fate, and that God will help those who have lost the will to help themselves.' (Vol. ii. p. 235.)

The contrast between the two religions is greatly heightened when we turn to the German colonies which have fixed them-

selves near Jaffa and Carmel. Exposed to constant difficulties arising partly from the impossibility of securing a title for the lands which they have bought, partly from the effects of a climate which probably must, even under the best conditions, remain unsuited to European constitutions, but still more from the passive opposition or the active enmity of the natives, they have yet formed communities of bright and happy folk which furnish a pleasant sight for the traveller. These Teutonic colonists work under another condition which, it might have been thought, would not foster steady industry. They have sought a home in Palestine, because they believe that the glorious hopes of the old prophets will be realised, not in the persons of the physical descendants of Abraham, but in the true Israel which shall be found in the country, and which, it seems, shall be 'composed of any other nationality except 'the Jews.' The battle of Armageddon, they feel sure, will be soon fought, and the Millennium will begin. In the meantime, they retain a keen eye for business, make the best use of the soil, flourish as mechanics and tradesmen, and on Sundays march to the meeting-house, 'where they are comforted with 'the assurance that the end will soon come, and the Temple 'colony be acknowledged, by God and man, to be the example 'of the whole world, and the true heir of the Holy Land and 'of Jerusalem' (ii. 314). On the whole, Mr. Conder is inclined to think their experiment a mistake. He is convinced that there is one cause only for the ruined state of the country — 'the corrupt and inefficient system of government' — and that under a different system Palestine 'might become a rival in 'fertility even to the most fruitful parts of southern Italy, to 'which, in the character of its productions and cultivation, it is 'very similar' (ii. 339); but he is not less sure that any attempts to bring about this improvement by means of European and especially of English or German labour must end in disappointment and failure. English enterprise may direct and English capital further the works which, under an upright administration, cannot fail to bring back the old prosperity of the country; but the hands employed in carrying out these works must be those of the Fellahin, who ask the English traveller when his countrymen are coming to make them rich and happy. Mr. Conder does not scruple to express his conviction that the general aspect of things must continue as it is until the country is occupied by some strong European power capable of seeing the value of its natural resources and resolved to turn them to the best uses. 'Until some such change occurs, the good land must remain a desolation' (ii. 332).

ART. V.—*Tacitus and Bracciolini: The Annals forged in the Fifteenth Century.* 8vo. London: 1878.

THE Jesuit father, Hardouin, published a couple of learned works to prove that all the Greek and Latin classics, with seven exceptions, were forgeries of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Homer and Herodotus, Plautus, Pliny the elder, portions of Cicero, the 'Georgics' of Virgil, and the 'Satires' and 'Epistles' of Horace are due to their putative authors; the rest are the glory and the shame of Benedictine monks. The author of '*Tacitus and Bracciolini*' emulates his reverend predecessor's courage in detecting literary imposture; but he is content, for the present at all events, to strip off the false plumes from the '*Annals*' of Tacitus. He grieves at the duty much learning has cast upon him. His generosity is pained at the necessity of fastening upon a man whose moral character has already blots upon it a new imputation of dishonesty. But knowledge, like *noblesse*, obliges; the charge is 'substantiated by irresistible evidence;' he has no choice but to demonstrate that, so far as the '*Annals*' are concerned, Tacitus is Poggio and Poggio is Tacitus. It may be a pity that for the last four hundred years scholars and schoolboys should have been wasting such brains as they possess upon a Florentine counterfeit of Roman history. At the same time, that centuries of toil and ingenuity have been misapplied, is no argument for letting future centuries go astray. 'If,' says the writer, 'it should be agreed that the theory in this book is without a flaw, I conceive that I shall have done not a small but a considerable service to the cause of true history.' It would be captious to deny the claim if the important qualification which introduces it be satisfied.

No author's name appears on the title-page; but as the volume is dedicated to a gentleman described as the writer's brother and named Ross, it would be gratuitous to treat the work as anonymous. Mr. Ross, then, as we may take leave to style him, lays siege in form to the authenticity of the '*Annals*.' He produces numerous reasons why Tacitus could not have written them, whoever else did. It is only after he has elaborated this negative side of the position that he points the finger at the counterfeit Roman classic, the Tuscan forger. The argument is an elaborate chain composed of many links, but we shall attempt, so far as we can in our space, to reproduce it.

Tacitus himself in his '*Histories*' had explained his motive

for beginning his work with the accession of Galba. The eight hundred and twenty previous years of Roman history had been, he says, adequately described by many historians. Any leisure and energy he might find hereafter he purposed to devote to the history of the reigns of Nerva and Trajan. No record remains that he ever wrote the lives of those emperors. It is, argues Mr. Ross, not very likely in itself that he would recant his original purpose, and cover ground already, according to his own testimony, well occupied by others. Yet more unlikely is it that he would undertake such a work before completing what he had proposed. Time, however, for chronicling as well the reigns of Nerva and Trajan, as also those of the emperors before Galba, he had not. The younger Pliny, who was born A.D. 61, refers to himself and Tacitus as 'ætate propemodum æquales,' although sufficiently junior to look up to the latter with reverence. It has consequently been conjectured that Tacitus may have been ten or eleven years Pliny's senior, being born probably about A.D. 52. If so, at the death of Trajan he would have been sixty-five, and might then have begun the history of Nerva and Trajan with a fair chance of finishing that work in time to retrace his steps and write the 'Annals.' Mr. Ross, however, argues from the ages the law prescribed for tenure of the quaestorship, ædileship, prætorship, and consulate, that Tacitus could not have been born before A.D. 44. A Roman might not be nominated ædile before he was thirty-six. But Tacitus, who appears to have been ædile in the reign of Titus, would, if born A.D. 52, have held the office at the age of twenty-nine. That being virtually impossible, the alternative is that he was born A.D. 44, and was seventy-three at the death of Trajan. At the probable rate of his historical labours upon the reign of that emperor and his predecessor, he would be eighty, if not ninety, before the 'Annals' could have been begun, and the terseness and vigour of that work, authentic or unauthentic, is utterly inconsistent with the hypothesis that it may have been commenced in extreme old age. What, in Mr. Ross's judgment, is still more conclusive is that *no clear and definite allusion to the 'Annals' can, he declares, be found until the first half of the fifteenth century.* Then the author of the 'Annals' was hailed immediately as 'inter historicos unicus;' books were written to indicate the sagacity of his reflections and the beauties of his diction; and the admiration he excited provokes simple 'stupor at such a miraculous instance of perpetuated 'inanity' as the incapacity of the forty preceding generations to understand the treasure they had consigned to neglected

shelves in semi-barbarous monasteries. It is not as if Tacitus in none of his works had hit the taste of the thirteen or fourteen intervening centuries; fairly frequent allusions can be found to his other writings, but none to that which is supremely the favourite of modern Europe.

'We may now,' says Mr. Ross, 'after close research advance this with extreme caution and certainty: No support can be derived from citations or statements made by any writer till the fifteenth century, that Tacitus wrote a number of books of the "*Annals*." Should any one extensively read know authors, living between the second and fifteenth century, besides those mentioned, who quote Tacitus, it will be found that their quotations are from the '*History*,' the '*Germany*,' or the '*Agricola*;' and this can be predicted with just as much confidence as an astronomer predicts eclipses of the sun and the moon, and for their verification needs not wait to see the actual obscuration of those heavenly bodies.' (1p. 26-7.)

Various manuscripts of the '*Annals*' are in existence; and more than one of them are said to date back far beyond the time of Poggio. If their commonly assigned age can be substantiated, the connexion of the authorship of the '*Annals*' with Poggio would be at once disposed of. But Mr. Ross discusses the claims of each manuscript, and concludes that not one can be traced beyond the first half of the fifteenth century.

Mr. Ross has thus cleared the ground by showing that no one seems to have known the existence of any part of the '*Annals*' before the second quarter of the fifteenth century, and that no copy of the work can be traced further back than the same period. He goes on to prove by internal evidence that Tacitus could not have written it. If it be a forgery, 'it cannot be as invulnerable as walls of adamant.' The testimony of scholars in its favour is worthless. They have always assumed the '*Annals*' of Tacitus to be the '*Annals*' of Tacitus, and have not looked about for signs that they were not. Such evidence is not scattered about on the surface. On the contrary, 'the forgery is anything but plain and palpable; nay, it is wonderfully obscure and monstrously difficult.' Yet Mr. Ross does not arrogate any remarkable merit, except in having suspected imposture. Once on the track, detection was forced upon him. Like all forged documents, 'occasionally it is clumsily, awkwardly, grossly, ridiculously blundered.'

For example, it is a 'monstrous' and impossible error in an historian, lawyer, statesman, like Tacitus, to have declared that the Twelve Tables first fixed interest at one per cent. per annum, when the law to that effect was first passed 104 years after the Twelve Tables. It is very little less strange in a

Roman, who must have remembered that the *Lex Canuleia* legalised the intermarriage of patricians and plebeians, and that the *Leges Liciniæ* equalised the right of both orders to the offices of state, to declare that the same Twelve Tables were 'finis æqui juris.' Tacitus must have known the contents of the Emperor Claudius's speech on the petition from Transalpine Gaul as well as ourselves who possess the text which was dug up at Lyons A.D. 1528. But the author of the 'Annals' has confused its contents altogether. The author of the 'Annals' seems to have imagined that the Dictator Camillus had a son who attained, like himself, the great offices of state. He has, however, mistaken the grandson of Camillus for the son. The blunder is 'comparable to the extreme case of an Englishman being supposed to take such very little interest in Queen Victoria as to mistake her for a daughter of William IV.' The 'Annals' also confound, as Tacitus could not have done, Brutus's life senators with the senators *minorum gentium* created by Tarquinius Priscus. A writer of the fifteenth century might imagine it was possible for Germanicus to consult whether to take in Germany a long road which was likely to be left unguarded, or a short one which the enemy would probably be besetting. To a Roman of the age of Tacitus Germany was still a land of wildernesses and morasses, with no choice of roads, long or short. The 'Annals' make another strange mistake, according to Mr. Ross, in attributing, as no military Roman could have done, the possession of the standards called 'vexilla' to maniples of legions raised in Pannonia (i. 20). A single century after Julius Cæsar had found the Britons a race of barbarians living in their wild forests, the author of the 'Annals,' as if fresh from the spectacle of London in the reign of Henry VI., describes it as 'copiâ negotiatorum et comætatuum maximè celebre.' The author of the 'Annals' was ignorant, Mr. Ross contends, of matters which must have been commonplaces to Tacitus, but not to an Italian of the fifteenth century. On the other hand, he affects to know more about Romans of an earlier generation than did their own contemporaries. Labeo Antistius had been represented by Horace as a typical madman.

'Labeone insanior inter
Sanos dicatur?'*

In the 'Annals' he is a typical patriot, 'incompactâ libertate celebrator.' It is inconceivable that the author of the 'Germania' should not have known that the Germans had no

* Sat. i. iii. 82.

Penates, or household gods, but only gods of the groves and woods. It was impossible that Roman troops in the reign of Claudius should have captured Nineveh, as is asserted in the 'Annals;' for Nineveh, it is known from Strabo and Lucian, was at the time a mere name. The 'Annals' speak of Augustus before he was emperor as Octavianus, and not as Octavius; but Tacitus must have been aware that the termination *-ianus* was reserved for cases where an inheritance had fallen to a man through descent on the female side. Augustus as son of Octavius was Octavius also, and not Octavianus. Mr. Ross is the more distressed to have to point out this proof of forgery in the 'Annals,' that it convicts of credulity Dr. William Smith and the Keeper of Antiquities in the British Museum. Both these authorities have innocently followed a fifteenth century forger in describing Augustus Cæsar as Octavianus. It is declared in the 'Annals' that a gift was offered for the recovery of the Empress Livia, who, by the way, Mr. Ross asserts, is miscalled by the appellation of Augusta 'which no Roman would have used.' The offering was to be presented to Equestrian Fortune, and therefore had to be made at Antium, there being, the author of the 'Annals' states, no temple so dedicated at Rome. An Italian of the fifteenth century might have fallen into this error; but Tacitus must have been aware that a temple of Equestrian Fortune had existed at Rome for two centuries. So, again, the author of the 'Annals' could not, had he been Tacitus, have forgotten that the Roman *pomærium* was enlarged by Julius Cæsar as well as by Sylla, Augustus, and Claudius. The 'Annals' speak of Julia, the wife of Tiberius, having been banished for her adulteries by her father Augustus, and as having died in the first year of the reign of Tiberius. On the contrary, a coin in the Louvre, struck in the fourth year of that reign, proves the entire statement to be 'a pure figment of history.' The superscription which the coin bears of 'Julia' indicates that Julia was alive three years after the 'Annals' pronounce her dead, and that she must have been held by the Emperor 'in uncommon esteem.' Again, the 'Annals' make Caius Cæcilius Cornutus governor of Paphlagonia in the reign of Tiberius, but another coin 'lays bare a very gross error,' showing Cornutus to have ruled at Amisus, the capital of Paphlagonia, in the reigns of Galba and Otho. It is of a piece with such mistakes that, whereas the 'Annals' speak of twelve cities of Asia as destroyed in one night by an earthquake, a monument at Puteoli shows the period of their ruin to have been not one night but seven years.

Even the diction and construction of the 'Histories' and the 'Annals' differ, Mr. Ross maintains, so radically that it is inconceivable they should have come from the same pen. He instances, among other peculiarities, archaisms in the 'Annals' like 'composivère,' the use of the genitive after 'apiscor,' which governs an accusative, and of an accusative instead of a dative after 'præsideo,' the use of 'copia' for 'copiæ,' of the masculine plural of 'locus,' 'loci,' instead of 'loca,' for seats in a theatre, the coupling, after the manner of Ovid, of 'nec' and 'aut,' 'the neglect of indispensable attraction,' in 'non medicinam aliud,' and 'non enim preces sunt istud,' the employment of 'sua' for 'ejus' in 'adeo facinora atque flagitia sua ipsi quoque in supplicium verterant,' and the confusion of 'ubi' with 'quo' in 'Responde, Blæse, ubi (=quo) cadaver abjeceris.' Tacitus would never have written 'celebris' for 'celeber,' nor used 'exauctorare' in the sense of putting out of the ranks and into the reserve, nor employed 'an' as equivalent to 'vel,' nor 'bona facta' for 'benè facta,' nor 'destinari' as meaning to be elected, nor 'intolerantior' for 'intolerabilior,' nor 'imperator' in the early sense of a general. Some expressions and words are perfectly correct, only, Mr. Ross argues, they are never used by Tacitus. Thus the author of the 'Annals' uses 'distinctus' and 'codicillus' in senses later than the age of Tacitus; 'properus' is used with the genitive; the words 'totiens' and 'toties' are peculiar to the 'Annals'; Tacitus in his 'Histories,' 'Germania,' and 'Agricola,' never employs the word 'addubitare' and only once the word 'exititre.' Again, he always uses 'dies' in the masculine; but in the 'Annals' it is used, as by Livy, in the feminine. 'Here,' exclaims Mr. Ross, 'let me pause for a moment to glance at a prodigious thing that has been done to Tacitus; it really has no parallel in literature; a number of foreigners have impugned his knowledge of his native tongue.' The explanation is that 'the Tacitus universally proclaimed not to be a competent master of his own tongue, is not the Tacitus of the "Histories"; it is the Tacitus of the "Annals."'

Every considerable author has a rhythm of his own. The 'Histories' 'have a rhythm, and stately and harmonious it is.' By varying the accents Tacitus manages to please the ear even when ending sentences with ugly polysyllabic words. The author of the 'Annals,' on the contrary, is 'the very prince of rugged writers.' The author of the 'Histories' employed alliteration like a master; the author of the 'Annals' appears to have thought all kinds of alliteration good, though he had a particular delight in the juxtaposition of words begin-

ning with 'p' or 'l,' and generally in what Mr. Ross describes as the 'tit-up-a-tit-up style.' Mr. Ross adduces some examples of the diversity of the two works in this respect, and concludes: 'After this overwhelming proof of forgery I need not 'press another syllable upon the reader.' It is needless to add that Mr. Ross, later on in his volume, repents of his vow of silence, and presses a good many more syllables on his readers.

The author of the 'Annals' knew how impossible it is to imitate exactly any work of genius. Consequently he chose ground where exact imitation would not be necessary. His special gift was the description of scenes of cruelty, severity, and bloodshed. The peaceable virtuous reigns of Nerva and Trajan would not have furnished the materials he loved to work upon. Therefore he betook himself to retracing the course of imperial history backwards, and recorded the foul crimes of imperial malefactors. The 'Annals' are biography, the 'Histories' are history. The 'Histories' instruct in policy, and give images; the 'Annals' instruct in human nature, and convey impressions of social phenomena. The author of the one work particularises, of the other generalises. A tone of melancholy overspreads the 'Annals' which is wanting in the 'Histories,' and which Mr. Ross declares not justified by the very prosperous life of Tacitus. Indeed, while Tacitus lived, there seemed no cause why a Roman should despair of his country. Hence, though wit and sarcasm mark both the 'Annals' and the 'Histories,' they are 'sprightly and amusing' in the 'Histories,' ungracious and actually cruel in the 'Annals.' The 'Histories' bring out any virtues or redeeming characteristics in Roman nobles and princes; the 'Annals' are one succession of revolting crimes. 'We may be as certain that such a character as that of the awful tyrant Tiberius never existed as we may be assured that the wise maxims never were uttered which the author of the "Annals" tells us passed the lips in private of emperors and ministers of state.' The plans of the two works are too entirely different to make it probable that both proceeded from one brain. In the 'Annals' each year's transactions are given in chronological order; in the 'Histories' events find their proper place according to their nature, whether before or after the time of their occurrence. The author of the 'Annals' had taken the greatest care to imbue himself with Tacitus's peculiarities, the conciseness combined with lofty diction, the Greek and unusual constructions, and the unexpected turns of expression. 'Yet, notwithstanding all this care and diligence, he was utterly

‘incapable of approaching in language and style so close to the great original he pretended to be as to be confounded with him.’

Mr. Ross has accumulated a multitude of reasons which satisfy himself that Tacitus could not have written the ‘Annals.’ *A priori* he thinks it unlikely a work which, the moment it was discovered in its German retreat, was welcomed with enthusiasm by the whole community of scholars, should have been suffered to lie absolutely dormant for a vast number of centuries. It is, he urges, an especially unlikely fate for the ‘Annals,’ if a work of Tacitus, to have thus died away. History records that the author’s descendant, the Emperor Tacitus, had provided especially for the survival of his works by commanding that a copy of them should be placed in every public library of the empire, and ten fresh copies be transcribed year by year. Scrutinising the ‘Annals,’ he finds them full of blunders in history and diction, which no contemporary writer, least of all a statesman and soldier like Tacitus, could have perpetrated. They are, moreover, utterly unlike, in plan, style, and spirit, the ‘Histories,’ which are beyond dispute authentic. But for such an imposture, if an imposture it be, no ordinary intellect would have sufficed. Though not written by Tacitus, the production is in many respects of as high quality as his genuine writings, and the world of letters has produced very few periods and very few men capable of such a master creation.

Mr. Ross has discovered the time and man to father the founding. The Tuscan Poggio Bracciolini’s life of seventy-nine years, from 1380 to 1459, coincided with the dawn of modern literary intelligence. The fifteenth century was distinguished as well by intellect as by its contempt of morality. Learning was reviving, and an appetite for letters was roused, which the budding literature of the age could not satisfy. Men suddenly awoke to a consciousness of the world of refinement and experience which lay buried in monastic libraries. Popes and princes were eager for classical treasure-trove, and rewarded the discovery of a Latin poet or historian more richly than an original work. Poggio began his career at a time when Italy had already been ransacked; but the less civilised lands were still to be explored. He and a band of friends, commanding among them talents and learning of the most various kinds, made a profession of the search in the Transalpine countries after classical authors. Poggio and his friend Niccolo Niccoli erected the process of exploration into a science. Their learning has to thank for

the rescue in whole or part, according to Poggio's own account as quoted by Mr. Ross, from the certain destruction to which ignorance and apathy had condemned them, of Lactantius, Vitruvius, Priscian's famous Grammar, Valerius Flaccus's 'Argonauts,' Tertullian, Lucretius, Silius Italicus, Ammianus Marcellinus, Manilius's poem on Astronomy, and many other works, including those of Aulus Gellius, Petronius Arbiter, Statius, and Plautus, and treatises of Cicero. These works of genius were found, not in Italy, but in Germany, Switzerland, and even England; not on the shelves of libraries, but in forgotten lumber-rooms and cellars. Quintilian Poggio came upon in a dark dungeon, sound and safe though damp and dirty. In his quests his fellow-conspirator, the receiver who had to pass off the stolen goods, was Niccolo Niccoli, who has had the reputation among many generations of scholars for a munificent love of classical literature, but who, we are now to understand, dealt in literary garbage. All, according to Mr. Ross, was fish that came to the net of these two worthies, whether prose or poetry, philosophy or history. It had, however, to be Latin; for Mr. Ross cites a remark from Poggio that Niccoli 'in Græcis literis plurimum insudavit.' We are not to suppose this to mean that he was an earnest student of Greek. Mr. Ross draws a perfectly different and original inference. Niccoli, he infers, was a tiro in Greek. He 'got into a 'considerable sweat when he read Greek, *but*' ranged over every department of literature in Latin.* His various tastes, though confined to Latin, were fed in his Florence library by Poggio's energy abroad. Wherever it was most unlikely literary masterpieces would be discovered, there they were. A prince or prelate had only to express an ardent wish for a particular classic, and Poggio despatched to Niccoli from the fens and woods of Germany or even England the required manuscript.

Poggio, as secretary to Pope John XXIII., was present at the Council of Constance, and saw John Huss and Jerome of Prague burnt. On the dispersion of the Council in 1418 he accompanied Cardinal Beaufort to England. In England, and chiefly in London, he stayed till 1422. In that year his fellow-Tuscan, Piero Lamberteschi, made him an offer of employment which would bring him some 500 gold sequins in three years. Mr.

* Mr. Ross need not have been so misled by this expression if he had remembered the well-known lines of Horace:

'Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam
Multa tulit fecitque puer *sudavit* et alsit.'

Ross reckons this as equivalent in modern money to a moderate fortune of from 8,000*l.* to 10,000*l.* Poggio would have to go into Hungary; but with what object is nowhere stated openly in the correspondence which passed on the subject between Poggio and his friends, Niccolo Niccoli and Piero Lamberteschi. It has been conjectured that the employment was to consist of a professorship. As, however, no university existed in Hungary before 1465, Mr. Ross denies that this could have been the proposed vocation. Mr. Ross supposes that he accepted the offer, whatever it may have been. In default of any better hypothesis, he assumes the contemplated task was the composition of a history. Writing to Niccoli from London, in June 1422, Poggio says: 'Give me leisure for writing that history;' and again: 'When I reflect on the merit of the ancient writers of history, I recoil with fear from the undertaking.' He returned from England to Italy in the summer of 1422, and accepted the post of principal secretary to the Pope. In the spring of the following year correspondence begins between him and Niccoli at Florence, on the subject of some literary enterprise he has on foot. He complains in October to Niccoli that 'what the ancients did pleasantly, quickly, and easily, was to him troublesome, tedious, and burdensome.' Such a remark Mr. Ross considers that Poggio clearly could not have made unless he were attempting something in the way of the ancients. In November he asks Niccoli to send him some map of Ptolemy's 'Geography,' Suetonius also, and other historians, and, above all, Plutarch's 'Lives of Illustrious Men.' The borrowing of these works is, to Mr. Ross, conclusive that Poggio was commencing an historical work. His 'History of Florence' is the only history he ever wrote under his own name, and that could scarcely have been begun in 1423, as it is carried down as late as the year 1455. Suetonius, and Plutarch, and Ptolemy's map would not have been of service in its composition.

The work Poggio was meditating was, in short, a forgery of missing writings of Tacitus. Mr. Ross supposes the original intention was to continue the 'Histories,' as Tacitus had himself intimated his intention of continuing them, by narrating the reign of Nerva. But the materials were probably insufficient. Mr. Ross might also have suggested that, in fabricating a book which Tacitus had declared it his purpose some time or other to compose, there was the danger that a rival book-finder might light upon the genuine work and expose the fraud. In any case the final project was shaped into a plot among these three learned persons, Poggio, Lamberteschi, and Niccoli, to

forge the name of Tacitus to an earlier instalment of Roman history, part of that, in fact, which Tacitus had repudiated in his 'Historics' any design of attempting. But Poggio's genius and inclinations were so unlike those of Tacitus that he found even this lighter task, according to Mr. Ross, very repellent. Two months after he had written for Suetonius and other materials, he endeavoured, we are told, to evade the undertaking by a bold suggestion to Niccoli that he knew a learned Goth who could put the conspirators, for a round sum of money, in possession of the Ten Decades of Livy. They were at the Cistercian monastery of Sora, near Lübeck, 'in two large oblong volumes 'in Lombard characters.' The learned Goth was not altogether trustworthy, but, writes Poggio, 'facit assertio sua, et constans vultus, ut credam aliquid. Melius est enim peccare in hanc partem, ex quâ tantum lucrum fieri posset, quam esse omnino incredulus.' Mr. Ross translates this last sentence with a freedom all his own: 'For it is a very good thing to be misled 'in a matter of this kind, out of which coin can be made to such 'an amount as to be absolutely incredible'! Cosmo de' Medici was expected to pay the 'altogether incredible' price of such a treasure, and Mr. Ross supposes that, had the bait been taken, Poggio would forthwith have set about composing the two large oblong volumes, putting off Cosmo meanwhile with tales about some mistake of the learned Goth as to their hiding-place. However, the gang of book-finders—and the terms, book-finder and forger, are, says Mr. Ross, naturally enough, considering his experience, 'synonymous'—discovered that Cosmo cared for Tacitus and did not care for Livy. So the learned Goth, the two oblong volumes, and, alas! the missing Decades vanished into space; and Poggio had to brace himself for a task not consonant with his special tastes.

The whole business, to Mr. Ross's imagination, embarrassed and infinitely obscure at first, becomes delightfully clear when the work itself and the alleged author's correspondence are pieced together. Poggio had quitted Cardinal Beaufort's palace in the Savoy, and the chances of a career in the English Church, for the purpose, as Mr. Ross thinks is almost necessarily to be inferred, of accepting Lamberteschi's offer. He is found, it is to be presumed, in pursuance of the same scheme, engaged in writing history at Rome. The materials he has collected by the help of Niccoli would be of use not for Florentine but for Roman history. Mr. Ross boldly concludes: 'In fact, the most acute ingenuity cannot rescue 'Bracciolini from the charge that in October 1423 he, then 'resident in Rome, began to forge a work with the intention of

‘palming it off upon the world as written by an ancient Roman.’ The leap is an abrupt one from the intimations in the correspondence with Niccoli to such an inference; but Mr. Ross is in the secret, and he soon proceeds to explain himself. For three years and a half the correspondence between Poggio and Niccoli contains no reference to the work, whatever it might be said to have been, concocted between them and Lamberteschi. ‘There was silence and secrecy, as the case always ‘is where mischief is brewing.’ Then the ‘low and hidden ‘rumblings of the volcano were again heard.’ Once more ‘vague and mysterious utterances’ passed between the two principal conspirators, so vague and mysterious indeed that Mr. Ross spares us any quotations from them. Nearly two years more, and at last the explosion—a hitherto thoroughly unknown MS. of Tacitus, said by Bracciolini to have been brought to him by a monk from the far-distant abbey of Fulda, which he eccentrically describes as ‘a town in Saxony at the ‘farthest eastern extremity of that country, on the borders of ‘Bohemia, named Hirschfeldt, formerly the capital of Hesse-Cassel.’ ‘On the borders of Bohemia, the reader will be ‘pleased to remark,’ says Mr. Ross, ‘not Hungary—as originally fixed by the band of forgers—although the country ‘adjacent to it.’ Now, in the first place we may observe in passing that Fulda and Hirschfeldt, which are different places, are, both of them, not at the eastern extremity of Saxony, and on the borders of Bohemia, but in Hesse-Cassel, to the west of Saxony, and separated from Bohemia by the whole of the Saxon duchies and a large portion of the kingdom of Saxony. That, however, is a mere piece of geographical detail, for which we must apologise to Mr. Ross. Bohemia, from the time of Shakespeare, has always been a variable geographical quantity. Whether Fulda be in Hesse-Cassel or in Saxony, what can be more manifest than that the last six books of the ‘Annals,’ brought from Germany to Rome, had only journeyed from Rome to Germany to improve their flavour? Poggio was learned. Poggio wanted money; he had told his friend he should like to be able to spend four or five hundred gold sequins a year. Poggio was active-minded, and his office of principal secretary to the Pope gave him, according to Mr. Ross, ‘little ‘or nothing to do.’ He was an industrious author, yet published nothing considerable in the seven years from 1422 to 1429. In 1429 the ‘Annals,’ so called, of Tacitus were given to Cosmo de’ Medici and the world through the well-remunerated agency of Poggio. The clear conclusion, according to Mr. Ross, is that, if the ‘Annals’ were forged by any one,

Poggio is infinitely more likely to be the criminal than anyone else.

Poggio stands revealed to Mr. Ross by his own correspondence with Niccoli and Lamberteschi as the forger of the last six books of the 'Annals.' The authorship of the first six is not brought home to him by his own confession. He is nowhere seen in the act of fabricating them, yet internal evidence convicts him of them as well as of the rest. It was a posthumous crime. Not till fifty-six years after Poggio's death, and eighty-six after the appearance of the last six books, did Pope Leo X.'s receiver or steward, Arcimboldi, stimulated by an offer of 500 gold sequins, discover the first six in the Westphalian monastery of Corvey. Poggio's fourth son was at the time Papal secretary, as his father had been. Mr. Ross's theory is that Poggio, though very wealthy through the money he had received from Cosmo de' Medici for the MS. of the last six books, and busy on works under his own name, coveted the larger gains he expected from the completion of his old forgery, and was engaged on the fabrication of the first six books up to the time of his death. They were then finished, all but the three years between the imprisonment of Drusus and the fall of Sejanus, and his son had to share the spoils of Pope Leo's credulity with Arcimboldi because Arcimboldi was a better Latinist than himself, and could revise Poggio's draft for transcription more skilfully than he could. Mr. Ross, with unaccustomed meekness, admits that this part of his theory may be true or false, but he is positive that neither Tacitus can be the author of the first six books, nor Arcimboldi, nor any man in the universe, unless the same who forged the last six. The workmanship in them is superior, as Mr. Ross thinks might be anticipated from the greater maturity in general of a writer's powers after fifty; but the general spirit and tone are identical in the two halves. The same spirit of detraction colours both, the same sense of universal folly or universal inhumanity, the same 'monotony,' the same form and *raison d'être* given to every subject, and 'that form policy.' Even the defects and excellences in the first six books bear the closest possible affinity to the merits and demerits of the last six.

Mr. Ross is so satisfied with his ability to demonstrate out of the work itself the forgery of the 'Annals,' the earlier books as well as the later, and to bring it home by irrefragable internal testimony to Poggio, that the evidence of the correspondence with Niccoli and Lamberteschi seems almost superfluous. He finds Poggio and his Popes and his Florence everywhere in the lives of the earlier Emperors. Intercourse

with the 'unsociable, disdainful, avaricious, treacherous, murderous, and, in spite of immoderate riches, inordinately 'mean' Cardinal Beaufort, suggested to him Imperial statecraft. In describing the indignant silence of Hortalus at the refusal of his petition for help, he was describing his own repressed wrath at being left by his patron to subsist upon a miserable English benefice of 200 florins a year. 'He was silent 'from fear of the power possessed by Beaufort, or from retaining, even in his contracted fortunes, the politeness he had 'inherited from his noble forefathers. "Egere alii grates; "siluit Hortalus, pavore an avitæ nobilitatis, etiam inter "angustias fortunæ, retinens." Lipsius criticised the veracity of Hortalus's boast of his family grandeur; he did not suspect that 'Bracciolini forged the "Annals," and playfully interspersed his fabrication occasionally with fanciful 'characters and fictitious events.' Considered as a statement by Tacitus that London in the time of Nero was a 'great centre of trade, the passage in the 'Annals' is 'utterly unfounded—'nothing more nor less than outrageously absurd; the picture, 'however, is quite true if London be considered at the time 'when Bracciolini was here.' He even refers to the English Constitution as he saw it in the reign of Henry VI. 'Cunctas nationes et urbes populus, aut primores, aut singuli 'regunt: delecta ex his et consociata reipublicæ forma laudari facilius quam evenire; vel si evenit, haud diuturna esse 'potesť (iv. 33.) It may be objected that the passage does not mention the name of Britain. But it must refer to the English Constitution, for, argues Mr. Ross, there was no ancient Constitution to which the description could apply. It was very reasonable as a foreigner's account of the mixed constitution of King, Lords, and Commons, which Poggio saw with surprise, but fancied could not last. Poggio is described by Politian as 'hominum maledicentissimus.' Works published in his own name, such as 'De Infelicitate Principum,' testify to his biting tongue and harsh view of human nature, more particularly as exemplified in the great. Precisely the same temperament is traced by Mr. Ross in 'the invariable disparagement' in the 'Annals' of every character. 'There is scarcely such a 'thing as a good man.' Suetonius's history of the same period, and Tacitus's own history of a somewhat later one, show this charge not to have been true of Imperial Rome; but, though Poggio's own spitefulness may have deepened the shades, it was true in the main of mediæval Italy and particularly of Papal Rome in the fifteenth century.

Mr. Ross discovers, and braves the 'Index Expurgatorius'

of the modern Vatican by revealing, that Claudius and Nero in the last six books, and Tiberius in the first six,

'are intended to be representatives or personifications of the Church of Rome in the fifteenth century. Hence it is that Claudius, Nero, and Tiberius are depicted as superhuman in monstrosities, colossal in crime, perpetrators of enormities that never yet met, and never will meet, in combination in any single man.' Each is in fact a fiend and not a human being. It was thus only that Bracciolini could show us in its true light the Church of Rome as it was in his day. In the language of Wickliffe it was "the synagogue of Satan." . . . When we read in the "Annals" of men who, in spite of their nobility, innocence, and virtues, were put to death by the sword of the executioner or the poisoned bowl, we must not think that we are reading of real Romans who thus actually suffered; the whole is a fabrication placing before us fictitious pictures, meant to be life-like, of what the dominating power can do in society; they are not pictures intended to show with truthfulness monstrosities positively done by Emperors of Rome in the first century. They are pictures that reflect with fidelity the atrocities that stained the Church of Rome in the beginning of the fifteenth century.' (Pp. 261-3.)

Nero and Tiberius are counterparts of the Spanish Inquisitor Torquemada, who burnt his 6,000 victims at the stake. Poggio was afraid at times, Mr. Ross finds, that his portraiture might be so faithful as to let the thin disguise be penetrated at the cost of very disagreeable consequences to himself. He cannot hurry, for 'it is necessary,' he writes to Niccoli, 'that I should be on my guard with respect to the inclinations of princes, that their susceptibilities be not offended.' Proof sufficient, in Mr. Ross's opinion, that 'there were no such emperors and persons in high places during the opening period of the Christian era,' is afforded by the very different colour of the 'Histories.' If he wrote the 'Annals,' it is almost incredible to Mr. Ross that he should have written the 'Histories,' for there, when he speaks of the great, 'his views are, if not favourable, lenient or apologetic; they do not seem to have had the vices and faults of most men.' Nothing, indeed, can more completely disprove the authenticity of the 'Annals' than the view of Imperial Rome given by the 'Histories.'

'Tacitus makes us see the movements of mighty events, their vicissitudes, relations, causes, and issues; the Empire in its elements of strength and weakness; the capital in its distracted and fluctuating state; all political phenomena that marked the dreary reality of dominion in the declining days of the Roman Commonwealth. Bracciolini puts before us nothing like this; only incongruous, unimaginable, and un-Romanlike personages—people who gibber at us, as idiots in

their asylums, as that unfortunate simpleton, the Emperor Claudius; murderous criminals who glower and scowl upon us, as those two monsters of iniquity, Tiberius and Nero; pimps and parasites beyond number, who plague us with their perpetual presence.' (Pp. 349-50.)

Not the characters and selection of incidents alone, but the historical insight and mode of thought in the '*Annals*,' Mr. Ross considers far more suggestive of Poggio than they are of Tacitus. Poggio's supreme favourites among historians, as we find by his habit of borrowing phrases from them, were, not Tacitus, but Sallust and Livy. While Tacitus in the '*Histories*' simply clubs Livy and Fabius Rusticus together as '*eloquentissimi auctores*,' the '*Annals*' distinguish the former as '*præclarus in primis*,' which Mr. Ross renders as '*famous above others*.' It is indeed a notable difference! So alien was Poggio's general habit of mind from Tacitus that Mr. Ross discovers, as we have seen, in the correspondence with Niccoli, a very elaborate plot for manufacturing, instead of the '*Annals*,' all the missing decades of Livy. His desire for 500 gold sequins forced him to simulate Tacitus, when he would have preferred to borrow the pen of Sallust and Livy. His success, all things considered, Mr. Ross holds to be extraordinary, '*the most phenomenal thing ever known to have been done in history*.' He tells us he was perpetually thrown off the track in his efforts to detect this imposture of the '*Annals*' by the marvellous ability Poggio has shown in mimicking a manner not his own. Yet, the moment the forger stands convicted, we find innumerable tokens of the essential differences between him and his original. Poggio had, Mr. Ross considers, in Italian courts a better field for studying the intricacies of human character than Tacitus; and he employs his skill in the '*Annals*,' as in his acknowledged works, with a force Tacitus never equals. But it is the Renaissance transplanted to the first century. Everything is in miniature; we have a species of psychological autopsy of individual Romans, where Tacitus, as is plain from his '*Histories*,' would have presented a birdseye view of the Roman Empire. The '*Annals*' present us with motives which the author can have only guessed at, where the '*Histories*' draw political lessons from actual facts.

In style, again, and diction the '*Annals*' recall Poggio more vividly than they do Tacitus. Tacitus is rhetorically and poetically inclined. But what in the '*Histories*' takes the form of '*boldness, spontaneity, and novelty*,' in the '*Annals*' betrays the '*timid, forced, and elaborately close and cramped*' hand of the imitator. Poggio was himself rhetorical and poetical in his own way; but his rhetoric was florid, and his poetic

tendencies land his prose not rarely in a bastard rhythm which is neither good prose nor good verse. Mr. Ross quotes from the 'Annals' the description of the great storm in which Germanicus nearly lost his whole fleet of a thousand ships side by side with the famous scene in the 'Histories' where Vitellius visits the field of Bedriacum. His object is to point the contrast of the unreality of Poggio's *cento*, compiled from all the tales of shipwreck he had ever read, with the power by which Tacitus conjures up the whole battle-field by selecting a few real facts out of a multitude. The real Tacitus displays, with all his curtness, a wonderful 'concinnity and clearness of expression, as well as perspicuity and consecutiveness of idea.' When he digresses he does it opportunely and with a reason. The pseudo-Tacitus digresses because he feels no more interest in the subject he is discussing than in any stray topic which suggests itself. He cannot speak of a law without going off on the theme of laws in general.

Even the structure of the sentences is made by Mr. Ross to betray Poggio. In the 'Annals,' as in his own private correspondence, he is always falling into metre. There is metre, Mr. Ross points out, in the narrative of the orgies of Messalina; there is metre again in the scene where Cæcina, beset by Herminius, sees and hears Quinctilius Varus imploring aid. Just in the same way, according to Mr. Ross, does the real Poggio slip into verse when writing to a friend, and we are furnished with a couple of specimens of Poggio's unconscious hexameters. And very strange hexameters they are.

With this genius for poetry which Mr. Ross detects in the 'Annals,' and in their author's favourite models of style, it is natural the author of the 'Annals' should fall into the use of poetic words and expressions. We find in effect 'pessum dare,' which, though used also by Sallust, and in a fragment of Cicero quoted by Quintilian, Mr. Ross seems to think a sufficient sample of the passion of the author of the 'Annals' for poetic diction. From the same habit of mind issued the fondness for alliteration. But to this we have already adverted. It is enough now to say that it even betrays so accurate a grammarian as Poggio, the student of Priscian, into what Mr. Ross lays down is a violation of 'an elementary principle in Latin composition.' Seduced by the insidious delights of a couple of words beginning with 'n,' Poggio positively writes in the 'Annals' (xi. 30) 'nec nunc adulteria objecturum,' whereas 'a Roman historian could not have fallen into the error of failing to define time with reference to himself when ascribing words to persons.' In short, Mr. Ross discovers

Poggio has actually made Tacitus break the rule for the *oratio obliqua*. His neglect of the rule, to which on all other occasions he adheres, 'is as strong a proof as any that can be advanced of his forgery. It makes that forgery the more obvious, the slip not being accidental but intentional; it is a deliberate violation of a rule that must never be infringed.'

We have now put forward Mr. Ross's indictment against the 'Annals' as fully and forcibly as was possible in our space. The theory may be admitted at once to be a pretty one, neatly put together, and able to walk alone, so long as Mr. Ross's facts be accepted. Mr. Ross, however, claims as a matter of right and justice that his facts should be subjected to the most severe and merciless inquisition. He himself only succumbed to disbelief in the book's authenticity when he found his suspicion 'substantiated by irresistible evidence.' He will refuse any word of praise unless 'on examination it should be found that the theory is without a flaw.' A critic who 'struggles to raise only a single valid objection against what is advanced, if successful, at once destroys the whole of the theory, which becomes one more added to the list of those that are apocryphal.' He is confident, however, that no valid objection will be found, and that he has said quite enough in his volume 'for the spuriousness of the "Annals" never to be hereafter argued as a moot-point, but accepted as an established fact.' We will take Mr. Ross's various conclusions in order.

Mr. Ross, it will be remembered, argues against the possibility that Tacitus, after declaring his intention not to write accounts of the emperors before Galba, should have changed his mind. If he did change his mind, it is yet very unlikely that he should have begun upon those earlier reigns before describing, as he had promised, the reigns of Nerva and Trajan. But he could not well begin to narrate the reign of Trajan while that prince was alive. He must, therefore, have waited till the death of Trajan to commence upon the reigns of Nerva and Trajan, and till he had done with them he could not touch the reigns of Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, or Nero. At his rate of writing, this would imply the practical absurdity of the fire, however lurid, of the 'Annals' flowing from the pen of a man of eighty or ninety. We might remark, by the way, that Mr. Ross, who takes it for granted that Tacitus in advanced old age could not have written the 'Annals,' sees no difficulty in his own hypothesis that a Florentine of seventy-nine was engaged on their composition up to the time of his death. But, in fact, without adverting to Poggio, there is a link wanting in Mr. Ross's argument about Tacitus. It is a

sort of dilemma: ' Tacitus would have gone on with that continuation to his " Histories "—the reigns of Nerva and Trajan—in preference to writing the " Annals;" and he would not have written that continuation till after the death of the Emperor Trajan.' The answer seems obvious. Tacitus might have preferred writing of Trajan to writing of Tiberius; but he could not write of Trajan in the reign of Trajan; accordingly, in the reign of Trajan he wrote of Tiberius. Nothing, as indeed Niebuhr has suggested, can be more natural than that, having proved his historical genius, he should betake himself to the only work open to him meanwhile. Thus, the production of the ' Annals ' would be assigned to a period of life not too advanced, according to Mr. Ross himself, for vigorous historical authorship by an ancient Roman as well as by a medieval Tuscan.

Mr. Ross's next important position is the extreme improbability, if the ' Annals ' be genuine, that literature from the time of the discovery of the manuscripts which he attributes to Poggio should be full of allusions to them, but that no single reference to them should be found till after the middle of the fifteenth century. We wonder how many references Mr. Ross could discover to any but some half-dozen popular classics in the Middle Ages before the Renaissance period. Cicero, Virgil, Horace, and Ovid are continually quoted, for example, by Petrarch: but not the Latin historians. Mr. Ross's argument from the silence on the ' Annals ' would not be convincing if his facts were correct. But they are themselves doubtful. Mr. Ross says: ' Pliny does not say a word about the " Annals." ' Pliny the Younger, writing to his friend Tacitus, speaks of ' *historias tuas*, ' *scriptorum tuorum*, ' and ' *libri tui*. ' From these passages, says Mr. Ross, ' it would seem that the works of Tacitus were at the most three. ' Now the proper title of the work commonly styled the ' History ' is not ' *Historia*, ' but ' *Historiæ*. ' So the use of that word in the plural would not necessarily imply that Pliny was thinking of more than one work. ' *Scripta* ' and ' *libri* ' would scarcely, as a matter of course, indicate more than one work. But in any case, if several works were meant, why does it ' seem ' that the number was ' at least three, ' rather than a dozen or four-score? Again, if only three, why does ' everything point in preference to the Books of the History, the treatise on German, and the life of his father-in-law, Agricola ' ? If the ' Annals ' had been written at the date of Pliny's letter, they indeed might perfectly well have been meant to be included by Pliny under the term ' *historiæ tuæ*. ' The description of the

work as 'Annales' is of modern date; and a contemporary of Tacitus would have known them as 'Historiæ,' and thought of them as part of the work which goes more commonly by that appellation. Vopiscus speaks of Tacitus's 'single book' treating of the Cæsars. Mr. Ross says 'this must have been the "History." Why must it have been the 'History,' as now so styled, and not the 'Histories' and 'Annals' together—the earlier work and its later supplement?

St. Jerome is assumed by Mr. Ross to have never referred to the 'Annals,' though he did to the 'Histories.' But St. Jerome states that Tacitus 'post Augustum usque ad mortem Domitiani vitas Cæsarum triginta voluminibus exaravit.' Mr. Ross alleges the passage to be an interpolation, on account mainly of the use of the poetical word 'exaravit.' He, moreover, thinks it 'strange for the passage to have come from the 'most learned of the Latin fathers with the loose expression, "post Augustum," to denote a history that began with Galba, and where Tacitus, who confined his attention to affairs of state, to the utter disregard of biographical details of the emperors, is spoken of as writing "vitas Cæsarum." It might have been strange had St. Jerome been referring solely to the 'Historiæ' which began with Galba; there is nothing strange in the expression if he is referring to the 'Annals' as well, which begin with Tiberius. The phrase 'vitæ Cæsarum' is particularly correct, even from Mr. Ross's own point of view, as applied to a work treating biographically, as do the 'Annals,' of Augustus's four successors. But then the sentence is convicted of being a clumsy interpolation because 'the crafty knave' who forged it 'did not know Latin well enough to make St. Jerome write it as a bishop would have written it in the fourth century.' The interpolator has made, it would seem, two monstrous blunders. He has made 'the most learned father of the Church use "volumen" in an unusual acceptance, not as a whole work, nor a part of a literary composition rolled into a scroll among the ancients, or separately bound among ourselves, but a division of a subject in the same volume.' He has also, in employing 'exarare,' which signifies to plough letters out of the wax, with 'volumen,' out-Jeromed Jerome, making the saint write bad Latin from a motive that never led St. Jerome astray, 'a desire to be poetic.' Unfortunately, however, for Mr. Ross's hypothesis, it appears that 'the unusual acceptance' of 'volumen' which he decries is its usual sense. Facciolati explains 'volumina': 'Partes in quas opus aliquod dividitur sæpius volumina appellantur quam libri;' and he cites nine passages in which the word is so

used. For instance, Horace speaks of the ‘*annosa volumina vatum*’ (Ep. ii. 2). The use of ‘*volumen*’ to signify an entire work, Facciolati states, is less usual. As for ‘*exarare*,’ there can scarcely be anything so specially poetical in the word as to disgrace poor St. Jerome, when at least three passages can be quoted from Cicero’s ‘*Epistles*’ in which it is found. That St. Jerome uses it with ‘*volumen*’ when it is more strictly used of a composition on a wax writing tablet, is, after all, a venial offence, even in ‘a bishop of the fourth century.’

In the twelfth century John of Salisbury says that Tacitus is one of the historians ‘*qui tyrannorum atrocitates et exitus miseros plenius scribunt.*’ The natural supposition would be that John of Salisbury was alluding to the barbarities and fall of Caligula and Nero in the ‘*Annals.*’ But no; the reference is to the ‘*Histories*;’ for ‘in his completed history Tacitus must have expatiated pretty freely on the atrocious tyranny of Domitian and the unfortunate termination of the lives of tyrants.’ Tacitus, however, whose ‘*dignitas*’ was ‘a Domitiano longius provecta,’ is not very likely to have dwelt on the wickednesses of one of his Flavian patrons. Besides, there is no vestige of evidence that John of Salisbury, in the twelfth century, had ever seen a copy of the ‘completed history.’ The doctrine of interpolations is very convenient for such a theory as Mr. Ross’s. It occurs to him that ‘identical passages are found in the “*Annals*” ascribed to Tacitus and in the “*Sacred History*” of Sulpicius Severus.’ He cites several of these passages, and there can be little question that one author imitated the other. Hitherto the belief has been that Sulpicius plagiarised from Tacitus. The converse Mr. Ross believes to be truer. Poggio, he maintains, took the passages from Sulpicius Severus’s ‘*Historia Sacra.*’ Indeed, Sulpicius’s Latin is superior, we are assured, to that of the ‘*Annals.*’ Several passages are compared. One is that famous account from the ‘*Annals*’ of the tortured Christians: ‘*Et pereuntibus addita ludibria, ut ferarum tergis contexti, laniatu canum interirent, aut crucibus affixi, aut flammandi, atque, ubi defecisset dies, in usum nocturni luminis urerentur.*’ (Ann. xv. 44.) Here is Mr. Ross’s ‘original’ from Sulpicius (v. 21): ‘*Quin et novæ mortes excogitatæ, ut ferarum tergis contexti laniatu canum interirent. Multi crucibus affixi, aut flammâusti. Plerique in id reservati, ut, cum defecisset dies, in usum nocturni luminis urerentur.*’ We should have supposed there could not be much doubt which was the copyist. Mr. Ross knows it must be the author of the ‘*Annals*’ from his marring ‘the grammatical correctness by substituting for “*cum*,”

‘ which strictly signifies “ when,” “ ubi,” which strictly ‘ signifies “ where.” ’ Mr. Ross does not seem to be aware that scores of passages might be cited from the best Latin authors, Terence, Cicero, Livy, Sallust, Cæsar, in which ‘ ubi ’ signifies ‘ when.’

Mr. Ross informs his readers that ‘ there is nothing to contradict his theory in the age of any of the known MSS. ‘ containing a part or the whole of the “ Annals ; ” but, on the ‘ contrary, to verify it, from the age of the oldest being limited ‘ to the fifteenth century.’ The curious thing is that though opinions differ on the age of several of the MSS., no opinion of all the learned persons who have examined them agrees with Mr. Ross in assigning them so recent a date as the second quarter of the fifteenth century. When the question is between Mr. Ross and scholars like Ernesti and Gronovius, and others who have made the antiquity of MSS. their study, Mr. Ross must forgive us for preferring the authority of experts. Where the character in a MS. is older, according to him, than the character used in the fifteenth century, he requires evidence to be produced that the ancient character was not employed in the deliberate intention to deceive. He surely cannot expect that transcribers, if they were not forgers, should have foreseen that it was well to lay up in a MS. positive evidence that the public credulity was not being imposed on by a set of knaves.

Mr. Ross thinks it a ‘ monstrous ’ error in this pseudo-Tacitus to declare that ‘ the Twelve Tables first fixed interest ‘ for usury at an uncia or twelfth part of an as per hundred ‘ asses per month, or one per cent. per annum.’ The truth is, according to Mr. Ross, that this was not made law till a hundred and four years later. Considering that M. Ortolan, in his great commentary on the ‘ Institutes,’ assumes that the Twelve Tables declared ‘ unciarium fenus ’ to be the legal interest, the author of the ‘ Annals ’ has, at all events, good company in his ‘ blunder into which a schoolboy could not fall.’ Mr. Ross supposes Tacitus to be alleging that the Twelve Tables reduced interest to ‘ one per cent.’ The fact, however, probably is that the Twelve Tables, while they fixed a maximum of interest, fixed it not at one per cent., but at what Dr. Mommsen reckons at about eight and one third per cent. per year of twelve months, and other authorities at that rate for the old Roman year of ten months, which would give ten per cent. for the civil year of twelve months. This is what is likely to be meant by ‘ unciarium fenus.’ On another point the Twelve Tables are, in Mr. Ross’s judgment, ‘ most fatal ‘ for the author of the “ Annals ; ” they bring out his imposture

‘so clearly to the broad light of noonday.’ We read on, and we discover the new mortal error consists in describing the Tables as ‘*finis æqui juris*,’ the laws which followed being carried ‘*sæpius dissensione ordinum, et apiscendi illicitos honores*’ (iii. 27). Mr. Ross asks what is to be thought, for instance, of the subsequent Lex Canuleia which allowed the intermarriage of plebeians and patricians, and of the Leges Liciniæ which put both orders on a par as to the right of holding public offices. What Tacitus meant by ‘*æqui juris*’ is sufficiently clear. The Twelve Tables were, as Professor Mommsen says, ‘a compromise between parties.’ The Lex Canuleia and the Leges Liciniæ, in which the plebeians carried their demands, were doubtless beneficial measures; but they were a complete defeat of the patrician order, and not of a nature to be described by the aristocrat Tacitus at all events as ‘*æqui juris*.’ Mr. Ross is convinced no Roman of the age of Tacitus would have talked of Germany as fully equipped with roads, among which Germanicus had to choose. The Germans, he says, ‘were mere savages, who knew no more of such arts of warfare as watching roads and sending out scouts than Red Indians, Maories, and Hottentots of the present time. Each tribe in that enormous wilderness of wood and morass was approached, as the present people of Dahomey, Ashantee, and Timbuctoo, by a single path.’ We can only wonder if Mr. Ross has ever read Tacitus’s own description of the population which he likens to Hottentots and the tribes of Ashantee. In another place he thinks he has convicted the author of the ‘Annals’ of forgery, in that he, who claimed to be the author of the ‘*Germania*,’ speaks (xi. 16) of the ancient Germans as worshipping Penates. ‘Into this mistake Tacitus could not possibly have fallen. He knew that people had only one set of gods whom they worshipped publicly in sacred groves and woods, but none corresponding to the Roman *Dei Penetrales* privately worshipped at home.’ Now, in the first place, a Roman, even if he had written a ‘*Germania*,’ was exceedingly apt to translate foreign customs into Roman analogies, and, in the second place, there were public as well as private Penates. Rome and other Latin towns had their public chapel of the town Penates in the town’s centre, and Tacitus would not improperly refer to the German gods, who were strictly national gods, as *Di Penates*. Mr. Ross is as sceptical of the description of London as a wealthy mart, as he is of roads in Germany. Tacitus very probably exaggerated the importance of London; but so does Mr. Ross its unimportance. Secure in the fact that a century before Cæsar had found that a village which subsequently

grew to be the metropolis of England, Mr. Ross hazards the dogmatic statement that London, in the reign of Nero, was a place 'of no repute, utterly insignificant.' The allusions Mr. Ross has discovered in the 'Annals' to Poggio's observation of the English Constitution are, as need scarcely be suggested to any who have studied Aristotle's 'Politics' or Cicero's 'De Re Publicâ,' mere references to the 'mixed' polity on the possibility of which the ancients were always speculating. Could any reader of 'Tacitus and Bracciolini' have possibly suspected, from the flourish of trumpets which heralds this supposed evidence of the English experiences of Poggio, that in the passage of the 'Annals' in question there is not the most distant reference to England, except what Mr. Ross's ingenuity has detected in the words we have quoted?

Mr. Ross accuses the author of the 'Annals' of affecting knowledge he did not possess about distinguished Romans, because he praises for independence Labeo Aëtistius, whom Horace is supposed to refer to as a type of madness. A very little enquiry would have shown Mr. Ross that Labeo, whom he seems to regard as especially obscure, was one of the greatest of all Roman jurists. That independence of spirit which Tacitus lauds brought Labeo into a position of antagonism to Augustus, whence doubtless Horace's sneer. Mr. Ross has further discovered that no 'well-informed, well-bred' Roman could possibly have perpetrated the offence of styling Augustus Octavianus, instead of simple Octavius. He is quite right in his belief that marriage with an heiress was a way of obtaining that suffix to a family name. But a family name was so changed also when its bearer had been adopted into another house. Augustus was Octavius, as his father had been, until on the death of Julius Cæsar he found his uncle had made him his heir, and adopted him into the Gens Julia. Thenceforward he was Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus. His sister, of course, remained Octavia. Exactly in the same way the son of Lucius Æmilius Paulus, being adopted by Publius Scipio, became Publius Cornelius Scipio Æmilianus. Mr. Ross would have saved himself much perturbation of spirit had he looked more into books than into his own inner consciousness. In the present instance, his compassion might have expended itself nearer home than on 'the authorities of 'the British Museum' and Dr. William Smith, for being led astray 'by the glaring forgery of a bungling medieval European Grammaticus.'

Several statements made by the 'Annals' are, it may be allowed, not consistent on their face with statements to be

found in other authors. Tacitus does not mention the fact recorded by Dion Cassius and Aulus Gellius, that Julius Cæsar, as well as Augustus, extended the city boundary called the *pomœrium*. Mr. Ross thinks such ignorance, which Justus Lipsius does not defend, proof that the author of the 'Annals' was no ancient Roman. Mr. John Henry Parker is very far from being a Lipsius; but he writes with the advantage of archæological information Lipsius did not possess; and he thinks Tacitus's ignorance excusable. Julius Cæsar advanced the *pomœrium* to take in his new Forum, which had been outside. Augustus extended this Forum; and one half, the western, went by the name of the Forum of Julius Cæsar, the other, the eastern, by that of Augustus. 'If,' says Mr. Parker,* 'the *pomœrium* was advanced to enclose these, it is not difficult to understand how the extension should be attributed sometimes to one, sometimes to another.' Again, the 'Annals' mention that the class of senators '*minorum gentium*' was created by Brutus, whereas other writers declare the distinction to be due to Tarquinius Priscus. It is possible that the 'Annals' are wrong, and that Tacitus either roughly grouped together Tarquinius Priscus's and Brutus's senators under one description, or that he simply made a mistake. But to have taken a wrong side in an archæological question is no proof that a writer is a forger, unless it be assumed that Tacitus was not only a great genius, but also infallible. As though he were not satisfied with his previous and tremendous revelations, Mr. Ross caps them with 'one more example' which, he modestly says, 'almost' seems to bring home the forgery to Bracciolini. The 'Annals' speak of a capture of Nineveh, while Lucian and Strabo speak of Nineveh as long vanished. But, on the other hand, Ammianus Marcellinus, a native of Antioch, and whose accuracy is praised by Gibbon, refers to Nineveh as existing in the time of the Empire. A Roman colony is known by coins to have occupied the site or the immediate vicinity. A critic who should treat Lucian as Mr. Ross treats the 'Annals' might argue that Lucian's 'Dialogues' are a forgery, because he talks of Nineveh as vanished, without an allusion to the flourishing town which occupied its site. Again, the 'Annals' intimate that there was no temple of *Fortuna Equestris* in Rome A.D. 22, whereas, objects Mr. Ross, Livy mentions the dedication of a temple under that name, B.C. 177, and Vitruvius, who wrote, it is supposed, in the reign of Augustus, alludes to it. A natural

* Archæology of Rome, vol. i. pp. 96, 97.

conclusion would be that the temple had meanwhile been destroyed in the course of the architectural revolution which altered the face of Rome in the early years of the empire. Mr. Ross's 'had existed at Rome for two centuries' is not necessarily identical with 'had been built at Rome two centuries previously.' Mr. Ross takes it for granted that the temple was standing in the days of Tacitus, though not in the days of Poggio; that Tacitus must have known of its existence; but that Poggio-Tacitus had the temerity to assert quite gratuitously that Antium possessed such a temple, and that ancient Rome did not. Where the 'Annals' use an expression in a sense new to Mr. Ross, he assumes it to be a blunder of Poggio's. Thus he asserts that the 'Annals' 'exhibit extraordinary ignorance' in implying that maniples of legions raised in Paunonia carried the sort of standard called 'vexillum.' Only the Socii, or Romans marching under arms to a colony, according to Mr. Ross, carried 'vexilla.' The fact is that the manipuli of every Roman legion had vexilla. There is no ground for belief that the manipuli of legions raised in the provinces were an exception to the rule.

Mr. Ross accuses the author of the 'Annals' of having mixed up the son and the grandson of Camillus, the second founder of Rome. It is as impossible a blunder, he thinks, for an educated Roman to have perpetrated as for an educated Englishman to suppose Queen Victoria to be daughter instead of niece to William IV. 'The renowned and noble-minded Lucius Furius Camillus,' says Mr. Ross, had no illustrious son, but he had an illustrious grandson, who was Consul and Dictator like himself. 'A modern European writing Roman history' was, however, deceived by the circumstance that 'the famous Marcus Furius Camillus was Consul only eleven years after his grandfather, which makes it look as if it was the son who succeeded, and not the grandson.' Now these are the facts:—The great Camillus, who delivered Rome from the Gauls, was not Lucius Furius at all, but Marcus Furius. He was never Consul, that office having for some time been suspended, but at various periods Consular Tribune and Dictator. He died B.C. 365. He had a son, Spurius Furius, who was comparatively obscure; but he had another son, Lucius Furius, who was Dictator B.C. 350, and Consul B.C. 349, sixteen years after his great father's death, when he won a famous victory over the Gauls. His brother, the obscure Spurius Furius Camillus, had a son, not Marcus Furius, but Lucius Furius, who was never Dictator, but was Consul B.C. 338, eleven years after his uncle's Consulate, and

twenty-seven years after his grandfather's death. Mr. Ross has confounded Lucius Furius, the son, with his father, Marcus Furius, the conqueror of Brennus; and then, finding a second Lucius Furius, who was Consul eleven years after his uncle, the first Lucius Furius, rechristens him Marcus Furius, and placidly assumes that he was Consul eleven years after the conqueror of Brennus, who had died seven-and-twenty years previously. More mistakes could not have been packed into a paragraph.

Another 'pure figment of history' Mr. Ross, it will be remembered, has detected by the aid of an obscure coin in the Louvre. From it he discovered that the 'Annals' had grievously blundered in declaring that Tiberius's wife, Julia, died miserably in exile in the first year of his reign. The coin in the Louvre, being struck in the fourth year of Tiberius in Julia's honour, refutes, we are told, this idle tale. Unfortunately for Mr. Ross's theory, there were two Julias, one Augustus's daughter and Tiberius's wife, another Augustus's wife and Tiberius's mother, Livia, who, being adopted by the will of Augustus, together with her son, into the Julia Gens, received the names of Julia Augusta. Examination of the series of the coins of Judæa would have shown Mr. Ross that coins with the joint names of Tiberius and Julia were struck till the sixteenth year of Tiberius, when Livia died. Mr. Ross might have availed himself of the same opportunity to ascertain that there was nothing improper in the designation of the empress in the 'Annals' by the name of 'Augusta,' an 'appellation which,' says Mr. Ross, 'no Roman 'would have used.' But Mr. Ross is particularly unlucky in his corrections of the 'Annals' in the matter of Livia. Thus, at an earlier period of his volume, he gives a foretaste of his pledge to find 'no end of little trips in the "Annals"' in the astonishing discovery of an irreconcilable contradiction between the statement of the 'Histories' that Augustus had raised to the rank next highest to his own, first Marcellus, then Agrippa, then his grandsons, and lastly his stepson, Tiberius, and the statement of the 'Annals' that Augustus's will nominated Tiberius and Livia his heirs. Had Mr. Ross but known that Marcellus, Agrippa, and the grandsons were dead before Augustus made his will, he would not have asserted that a passage naming Tiberius and Livia as Augustus's selected heirs 'could not have been written by Tacitus.' Another coin has revealed to Mr. Ross a further 'very gross error' of the annalist in representing Caius Cæcilius Cornutus as governor of Paphlagonia in the reign of Tiberius, whereas he was

striking coins at Amisus in the reigns of Galba and Otho. Here again Mr. Ross's researches in numismatology have played him false. He will perceive, if he care to refer to Borghesi (*Œuvres Complètes*, i. 463), that the coin in question was struck by a Caius Cæcilius Cornutus, it is true, but by one who was pro-quæstor in Bithynia, B.C. 57, and not by the annalist's governor of Paphlagonia. As for the contradiction between the account in the '*Annals*' of the earthquake which destroyed twelve cities of Asia in a night, and the monumental record of the destruction of certain cities by a series of earthquakes in the reign of Tiberius, it is enough to say that Pliny states the catastrophe in the same way as the '*Annals*': 'Maximus terræ, memoriâ mortalium, extitit motus Tiberii Cæsaris principatu, duodecim urbibus Asiæ unâ nocte prostratis.' Does Mr. Ross mean to say that Poggio forged the passage in Pliny to corroborate his forged '*Annals*'?

We have no space to go through the list of mistakes Mr. Ross thinks he has discovered in the use of words in the '*Annals*.' Every path along which we have been at the pains to follow him has ended in a mare's nest. It may, however, be remarked that '*destinari*,' in the sense of 'to be elected,' is used also by Justin, who very probably borrowed the word from the '*Annals*;' that Florus, Aulus Gellius, and apparently Livy use '*intolerantior*' in the sense of '*intolerabilior*;' that, as appears from Appian i. 2, *Bell. Civ.*, the old habit of granting the title of Imperator to a successful general never fell into entire disuse even after the head of the state assumed the title as his right; and that the assertion that the testamentary sense of '*codicilli*' is later than the age of Tacitus is absolutely unsupported. Codicils to wills originated with Lucius Cornelius Lentulus, who, dying in Africa, charged the Emperor Augustus with certain trusts by codicils to his will. The jurisconsults whose advice the Emperor asked gave an opinion in their favour, and thenceforward the practice became recognised as legal. Mr. Ross will find an account of the matter in Justinian's '*Institutes*' and Ulpian's '*Digest*.' To argue that because other Latin classics between the reigns of Augustus and Trajan do not use a technical law term, the '*Annals*' are a forgery because they do use it, is something like arguing that '*Pickwick*' is a forgery because the expression 'to pray a *tales*' is not to be found in '*The Idylls of the King*,' or '*The Last of the Barons*.' What Mr. Ross means by asserting that the use of the common words '*toties*' and '*totiens*' is '*peculiar*' to the '*Annals*,' we cannot pretend to understand. '*Toties*' is common in all Latin authors,

and whether it be written 'totiens' or 'toties' is a question with which the transcriber has more to do than the author. The same remark may be made of the archaic form *composivêre*.

We have observed how liberal is Mr. Ross in discovering poetical propensities alike in Poggio, in the 'Annals,' in Sallust, and Livy, at the expense of their credit for prosody. Yet elsewhere he assigns a monopoly of the habit to Poggio. 'It is a mistake of which he is repeatedly guilty, and which a Roman carefully avoided—using the rhythm of the hexameter in prose.' Mr. Ross proves the charge by the following mellifluous hexameter, in which, he warns his readers, 'the Greek quantity with "ceteris" must be taken':—

'Pennarum a ceteris avibus diversum.'

If this, or

'Labris nostris omni rerum strepitu vacuus,'

be an hexameter, then there is no saying where we shall not meet with hexameters in Latin prose. In reference to a somewhat analogous subject, it is fair also to vindicate the author of the 'Annals' from Mr. Ross's charge of being beguiled by the intoxication of alliteration into breaking the rule of the *oratio obliqua* in 'Nec nunc adulteria objecturum' (xi. 30). Even had the word 'nunc' never been coined, and had the author of the 'Annals' thus escaped what Mr. Ross considers the irresistible fascination of the double *n*, he would have doubtless felt himself obliged to write 'jam' instead of 'tunc,' and have thought that in so doing with the future participle 'objecturum,' he was observing instead of violating the rule of the *oratio obliqua*.

Mr. Ross bestows great labour on an attempt to demonstrate that the rhythm of the 'Histories' is essentially different from that of the 'Annals.' If the reader is 'not convinced by this,' he will be convinced by nothing.' We have already seen what kind of ear Mr. Ross possesses in regard to poetical rhythm, and we grieve to say we are 'not convinced.' On the contrary, we must persist in thinking that, as 'the "Histories" have a rhythm, and stately and harmonious it is,' so the 'Annals' have a rhythm, and stately and harmonious it is.' The rhythm in both is artificial and rhetorical; but it fits and clothes the sense, which shares the same qualities.

With much of Mr. Ross's views on the distinctions between the characteristics of the 'Histories' and the 'Annals' we entirely agree. As he says, the 'Histories' are history and generalise; the 'Annals' are biography and particularise. The 'Annals' have throughout a tragic hue which is absent

from the 'Histories.' The difference proves not that distinct hands were employed on the two works, but that Tacitus, writing far on in the virtuous reign of Trajan and past middle age, surveyed with a severe eye fashions and tendencies which he had viewed more tolerantly as exhibited on a stage on which he was himself all but an actor.

Mr. Ross's arguments from probability are a good deal more ingenious than when he has to rely upon facts. We must except his plea of the utter unlikelihood that this particular author should have fallen into desuetude in view of the fact that his Imperial descendant ordered that his works should be placed in every public library of the empire, and that ten fresh copies should be transcribed every year. People who repeat this well-known story, told by an obscure author, do not always remember how long the Emperor Tacitus reigned. It was just two months. We wonder how many copies were made in that time, and to what extent the Imperial decree was acted upon after its author's death. The improbability, on which Mr. Ross lays so much stress, that a work should have been unknown and forgotten for forty generations, and then be hailed with rapture as the prince of histories, is, on its face, as startling in reference to a dozen other great classics as to Tacitus's 'Annals.' Mr. Ross is surprised that works of splendid genius, if discovered anywhere, should be discovered not in Italy, but in semi-barbarous lands like Germany. But Italy had been ransacked before Poggio's explorations for classical MSS. began. Perhaps, too, in Italy, which still had a literature, the value of parchment as writing-paper may account for the dearth in Poggio's day of contributions of classical manuscripts from that country.

Mr. Ross believes he has discovered in Poggio's own correspondence a history of the forgery of the 'Annals.' In the whole elaborate story of the offer by Lamberteschi and its acceptance by Poggio, there is just this amount of truth, that an offer was made to Poggio of lucrative employment, and that he intimated his willingness to accept the offer. Whether Poggio finally acted on the offer we do not know, or what the offer really was. It may have been connected with his future history of Florence. It may have come to anything or nothing. We should strongly surmise the latter was the result. So utter an absence has seldom appeared of necessary connexion between facts and theory as in Mr. Ross's inference that, because Poggio was at work at Rome in 1423, and produced the last six books of the 'Annals' to Cosmo de' Medici in 1429, he must have been busy forging those six books in the interval.

The thinness of the premisses is almost as conspicuous as in the marvellous tale Mr. Ross has concocted of Poggio's abortive plot to cheat Cosmo into buying the missing decades of Livy. Poggio would have had to weave out of his own brain the multitude of facts those decades must have contained; yet Mr. Ross supposes him to have been ready to undertake the work if only he could sell it in advance. Mr. Ross praises Poggio for his great abilities. They would have been miraculously wide and comprehensive to suffice for the tasks Mr. Ross lays upon him. His duties, on the other hand, as principal secretary to the Pope must, according to Mr. Ross, have sat with extraordinary lightness upon him. Those who are bold enough to defy Mr. Ross's demonstration may conjecture that, when a man is principal Papal secretary, it is not necessary to infer that because he publishes nothing with his name in a certain period of seven years he must obviously be engaged in forging a great classic.

The circumstance that the first six books of the 'Annals' were obviously written by the same hand as the last six, but that they were not published, and that even the MS. containing them did not come into Italy from Corvey, till after Poggio's death, would make most critics pause. Mr. Ross is satisfied that Poggio, as he composed the one set of books, must have composed the other. Some persons might have reversed the reasoning, and inferred that, as he clearly did not compose the first portion, he could not have composed the second. From Mr. Ross's own description of Poggio it might seem that he was one of the most greedy and grasping of scholars. Yet Mr. Ross is not startled at the fact that this avaricious personage takes no step in his lifetime towards selling his second venture. He leaves it unsold at his death, and a stranger finally reaps the main advantage from its sale.

Mr. Ross traces an exact resemblance between Imperial Rome as portrayed in the 'Annals' and the period of Italian and pontifical history when Poggio flourished. He is quite sure that no such tyranny or utter dissoluteness of manners ever existed as what the 'Annals' attribute to the early Empire. Does Mr. Ross ever study Juvenal? Does he remember, for instance, the description of the fall of Sejanus? Were the 'Satires of Juvenal' satires by some Florentine contemporary of Papal Alexanders and Johns? It is enough to instance the allusion Mr. Ross has discovered in the story of Hortalus to the case of Poggio himself in Cardinal Beaufort's palace to observe how a lively imagination may always find what it is seeking. There is some difficulty in treating se-

riously arguments that Poggio was satirising Torquemada under the guise of Tiberius and Nero.

'Tacitus and Bracciolini' is a very amusing book, interesting less, perhaps, for its theory than for the various fragments of curious information it contains. Its extraordinary blunders show that the author's classical education cannot have been very complete. The greater is the admiration we must feel at the enthusiasm which embarked him on an enquiry thorny enough to embarrass a Porson. With more thorough knowledge the courage would perhaps have been less. The book is crowded with multifarious details, and it would take a volume as bulky as itself to trace the unsoundness of each link in the argument. But prick the reasoning anywhere, and it crumples up. Yet deeper learning, though it might have diminished the number of assailable points, could have given no real strength to the main position. The critic is struck less by the rashness of the particular assertions than by the general inadequacy of the theory to prove the author's conclusion. Mr. Ross lays it down that this or that phrase could not have been used by Tacitus. A moment's search shows that Mr. Ross must have dictionaries written specially for himself. But without the search into details there are the '*Annals*' themselves, and the blows aimed at them make no impression, not even the slightest. It and the '*Historics*' are works all by themselves, and the one and the other as utterly incapable of being a counterfeit as Mr. Ross very appropriately remarks that one man of genius is incapable, try as he may, of counterfeiting the genius of another man. If indeed the '*Annals*' could have been deliberately fabricated by Poggio, we should have to suppose him the greatest of all novelists. Never had such a miracle of fiction been created since the masterpieces of De Foe and Cervantes.

We have examined this curious volume in considerable detail, not because we are at all convinced by it, or that we doubt the authenticity of the '*Annals*' of Tacitus, but because it exemplifies in a striking manner the sceptical tendency of the age to attack the authenticity of ancient writers. In our judgment, the argument of Mr. Ross against the proper authorship of Tacitus is at least as plausible and ingenious as any of the recent attempts which have been made to shake the authority of the Fourth Gospel; and if a similar *catena* of objections could be urged against any of the books of the canon of Scripture, we should probably be told that criticism had achieved a signal triumph over theological traditions. The truth is, that in such questions the great probability lies on the side of long tradition, and it requires stronger evidence than this volume contains to shake it.

- ART. VI.—1. *Edmund Campion: a Biography.* By RICHARD SIMPSON. London: 1867.
2. *One Generation of a Norfolk House: a Contribution to Elizabethan History.* By AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D., Head Master of King Edward VI.'s School, Norwich, &c. Norwich: 1878.
3. *Letters of Father Henry Walpole, S.J.* From the original MSS. at Stonyhurst College. Edited, with Notes, by AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D. Norwich: 1873. (Fifty copies printed for private circulation.)
4. *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus.* By HENRY FOLEY, S.J. London: 1877–78.

IT is but of late years that the history of the Jesuit mission which began its operations in this country with the landing of Campion and Parsons at Dover in 1580, and the lives and characters of its principal leaders, have received anything like impartial examination. The histories and biographies from the Roman side, which closely followed the so-called ‘martyrdoms’ in England—the bombast of Bombinus and the ‘historia particular’ of Yepes—are no more impartial and no more to be trusted than the ‘Book of Martyrs’ of the often picturesque but certainly unscrupulous John Foxe. The research of a Maitland was hardly needed to point out the extravagant one-sidedness of the old Jesuit hagiologies. To any reader who is not utterly prejudiced they convey their own antidote. But the task, not of criticising but of reconstructing, of tracing the history of the religious struggle (so it may safely be called) in England through the later decades of the sixteenth century, and of placing in a full and fair light the actions of those who, carrying their lives in their hands, attempted to bring back the country to what in their eyes was the one true faith, was one which demanded not only considerable labour, but most of all an impartiality and a severe love of truth not often to be met with among those to whom such subjects are chiefly attractive. It is not easy for the writer who undertakes such a work, be he Romanist or Anglican, to hold the balance quite evenly; and if he succeed in doing so he is pretty sure of receiving ‘some of the unpleasantest words’ from those on either side who hold it to be so much the worse for truth when it does not fall in with their party feeling. We suspect that this may have been the case with the late Mr. Simpson, whose excellent life of Edmund Campion we have placed at the head of the present article. Mr. Simpson writes

like a devoted son of the Church to which he belonged, but by no means with bigotry. He can distinguish political action from religious; and he can afford to smile at those enthusiasts of our own day (we hope there are not many of them) who, so that mass might be sung in St. Paul's, would not object to the accompaniment of a guard of French bayonets. His book is that of an impartial seeker for historical truth; and he has collected all that is known, and all, we believe, that is likely to be known, about the first and the most interesting of the Jesuit 'martyrs.' Mr. Simpson has been followed by Dr. Jessopp, who, in his 'One Generation of a Norfolk House,' gives us the story of Henry Walpole, who was present at Campion's execution, and who was so greatly affected by the sight that he forthwith devoted himself to the Jesuit cause, and suffered at York on a charge of treason, with all the horrible accompaniments of such a conviction, in 1595. Dr. Jessopp, head master of the venerable grammar school at Norwich, is of course an Anglican, with small sympathy for Jesuit teaching. But, no less than Mr. Simpson, he has an earnest sympathy for self-devotion and for old English courage, with whatever faith or whatever schools these may be found allied. It was natural that, closely connected with the county, and bound in ties of intimacy with members of the house of Walpole, he should have been attracted by a life of which the particulars were little known, although to set it forth fully and effectively demanded an amount of laborious research hardly to be estimated by even the very numerous references to manuscript and printed authorities which occur in the notes appended to his chapters. The work has been done, however, once for all. No one is likely to go over the same ground; nor will it be necessary, since in Dr. Jessopp's pages Henry Walpole becomes as much a reality as those of his family with whose doings and likings, throughout the last century, we are all so well acquainted. Dr. Jessopp's book has been published by subscription, and none but subscribers' copies have been printed. It is almost, therefore, in the condition of a private volume, and we propose to make it the principal subject of our article, but we shall be surprised if a work of such extreme interest is not soon given to the public.

In order to understand the career of Walpole it is necessary to give some attention to that of his predecessor Campion, and to the circumstances under which the Jesuit mission was first despatched to England. These subjects are treated at some length by Dr. Jessopp; but we shall here depend for the most part on Mr. Simpson's elaborate life of Campion. We may say

at once that this is the true spelling of the name. Campian, the more usual form, has been adopted from the Latinised 'Campianus.' From the accession of Elizabeth in 1559 to the promulgation (Feb. 25, 1570) of the bull of Pope Pius V. excommunicating the queen, and depriving her 'of all dominion, dignity, and privilege whatsoever,' it had been possible for those who held by the 'old religion' (to use a term which was then common) to keep up some sort of conformity with the regulations of the State. A very large proportion of the English gentry were indeed recusants, as those were called who refused to swear allegiance to the queen in a form of oath which declared her to be supreme 'as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical 'things or causes as temporal.' A clause in the first Act of Parliament passed in the reign of Elizabeth directed the taking of this oath; and whosoever refused to take it forfeited at once any office or preferment he might hold, and debarred himself from all places of emolument and from all public position. Otherwise he was not disturbed; and although it was also enacted that any person not resorting to his parish church on Sundays and holy days was to forfeit twelvepence for every offence, these fines were rarely enforced, and where they were they could be paid without any great inconvenience. This condition of things was entirely changed by the appearance of the bull of excommunication, which, on the morning of May 15, 1570, was found nailed to the door of the Bishop of London's palace. It was a distinct declaration of war on the part of Rome. Henceforth the Pope and Philip of Spain appear as the two great enemies of England; and it became almost impossible, in legislating for the protection of this country, to distinguish between the papal religion and the papal politics. Accordingly, within a few weeks after the excommunication, an Act of Parliament was passed 'against the bringing in and 'putting in execution bulls, writings or instruments, and other 'superstitious things from the see of Rome.' Persons who should 'use or put in use in any place within the realm' any such bulls or instruments, were to 'suffer pains of death,' and to forfeit all lands and goods, as in cases of high treason. Another clause provided that the same penalties should be incurred by such Catholic priests as, admitted to their orders on the other side of the Channel, ventured to exercise their functions in England; and also by those, whoever they might be, who dared to receive absolution at their hands. The fine for not attending at church remained as before.

This Act was the reply to the bull of excommunication. At first the queen's ministers proceeded with some moderation

against the recusants; and it is probable that for the next four or five years the position of the Romanising gentry was not greatly changed. But events, all rendering plain the position taken by the Pope, and all inducing Burghley and Walsingham to keep a stricter watch on the recusants, came crowding on each other. The Duke of Norfolk was beheaded in June 1571. In 1572 occurred the massacre of St. Bartholomew; after which Elizabeth, when at last she consented to receive the French ambassador, did so attired, with all the ladies of her court, in the deepest mourning. The struggle was still in progress in the Low Countries, and at last (1573) came the horrible sack of Antwerp. As yet no seminary priests had appeared in England, or perhaps it would be safer to say that none had been discovered. The English College had been founded at Douay by Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Allen in 1568; and to it had flocked numbers of the most promising students from both the English Universities. These formed a part, and but a small part, of the great body of Englishmen, including many of the higher clergy, bishops, deans, canons, besides fifteen heads of colleges, who took refuge in banishment rather than accept the oath of allegiance tendered on the accession of Elizabeth. In many cases the sons of the discontented gentry accompanied them as their pupils. It was intended that priests strongly impregnated with the Ultramontane sentiment should proceed from Douay to 'labour in the English vineyard.' The first of these apprehended was Cuthbert Mayne, who had been a Fellow of St. John's, Oxford, and who was taken in the summer of 1577 in the house of a Cornish gentleman, Francis Tregian. Mayne suffered all the horrible penalties of high treason at Launceston, and Tregian's estate was forfeited. In the following spring two more seminarists were executed at Tyburn. The English government was, in fact, thoroughly alarmed. It was known that an armed attack on this country was in contemplation: and in the summer of 1578, during a royal progress through the eastern counties, more than one recusant was summarily dealt with and committed to gaol. The most remarkable of these was Edward Rookwood, who had himself lodged the queen at his house of Euston. When she left it, Elizabeth thanked him for his hospitality, and gave him 'her fayre hand to kisse.' 'But my Lo. Chamberlain' (the account is from a letter written by the notorious informer, Topcliffe) 'noblye and gravely understandinge that Rooke-woode was excommunicated for Papistrie, cawled him before him; demanded of him how he durst presume to attempt her reall (royal) presence, he, unfytt to accompany any Chrystyan

‘ person ; forthwith sayd he was fyttter for a payre of stocks ;
 ‘ commanded hym out of the Coort, and yet to attende her
 ‘ Counsell’s pleasure ; and at Norwyche he was comyttd.’
 Grave and ominous incidents like this occurred in the midst of
 royal festivities, shows, and devices, including messages from
 the gods at the hands of Mercury, delivered to the queen in the
 green yard of Norwich Cathedral ; and welcomings from Gurgunt,
 King of England, ‘ which built the Castle of Norwich
 ‘ called Blaunche flower.’

The seminary priests were active, but the Jesuits were as yet unknown in England. It was evident, however, that although the excommunication of Elizabeth had produced among the townsfolk and the great mass of the people an effect directly contrary to that which had been intended, there was much perplexity in the Universities and among the more highly educated of the English youth. It was determined to take all advantage of this perplexity, and to open fresh parallels against the state of England, religious and political. The Pope had for some time been preparing an attack on Ireland ; and the famous expedition to which Dr. Sanders was attached reached the Irish coast about the same time as the first Jesuits landed in England. There was undoubtedly a certain connexion between the two events ; and the English Government can hardly be blamed if it insisted in seeing an almost equal danger in both. The Society of Jesus had been confirmed in 1540. St. Ignatius died in 1556. The only Englishman admitted to the society during his lifetime was a certain Thomas Lith, a Londoner, of whom nothing is known but the name. But after the accession of Elizabeth many Englishmen were received ; and in 1579 the society was everywhere attracting to itself the most powerful intellects on the side of Rome. In that year Dr. Allen, head of the college at Douay, was sent for to Rome on account of serious quarrels prevailing in the English College there. His mediation was effectual. He was fully acquainted with the plans for the invasion of Ireland ; and he arrived at the conviction that it would be well to make simultaneously an effort on a large scale for ‘ recovering the English people from their lapse into heresy ‘ and schism.’ The new Irish crusade, as it was called, was blessed by Pope Gregory XIII., who gave plenary indulgence to all who should join or assist it. It was now determined that the Society of Jesus should take its part in a mission to England ; and this expedition started from Rome on April 18, 1580. The Irish crusade, and the part which the Roman government took in it, were no secrets to the diplomatic body of

Europe, least of all to the counsellors of Elizabeth; and the spies of Walsingham made regular reports to their master concerning the organisation and approach of the English mission.

The company which started from Rome was fourteen in number, and the nominal leader was Thomas Goldwell, the deprived Bishop of St. Asaph. But he and the elder priests found that the work was too laborious for them, and the real missionaries were the Jesuit fathers and certain young priests from Dr. Allen's colleges, associated with them as fellow-workers. The two Jesuits were Parsons and Campion—famous names, which figure in all histories of this country. The life of Parsons has yet to be written. Mr. Simpson has done all that is possible for that of Campion. It is evident that in the choice of these men the society had been guided by the same principles which afterwards ruled all their important missions. An active, clear-headed man of the world was supplied with a companion whose aims were more entirely religious. It would be hard to say that Parsons was not a man of deep and earnest religion. All that we know of him proves the reverse. But he was essentially the political Jesuit; and the best proof of the difference between the two men is afforded by the fact that Parsons was fully acquainted with the design and progress of the Irish expedition, and of the part borne in it by Dr. Allen, whilst Campion seems to have had no further knowledge of it than what was open to the world. His sole aim was, as he insisted on his trial, and as is proved by his whole career, to bring back to the papal fold all whom he could influence. Parsons was to sound the loyalty and the religious feeling of the country, and to see how far the English recusants were ready to sympathise with a foreign invader.

It is the life and the fate of Campion which belong more especially to our present subject. His father was a bookseller and citizen of London. Edmund, the future Jesuit, who had given early promise of remarkable ability, was sent to Oxford, became Fellow of St. John's, and won for himself the reputation of the most brilliant scholar in the University. He was distinguished as an orator; and in 1560, when the funeral of Amy Robsart, the luckless wife of Lord Robert Dudley, was celebrated at St. Mary's, Campion was chosen to pronounce a funeral oration in her honour. Five years later he did the same for the founder of his college, Sir Thomas White; and in 1566, when Elizabeth visited Oxford, he was one of those appointed to dispute before the queen. The impression which he then made was especially favourable. Leicester showed him much kindness, and Cecil, we are told, greatly admired

him. But his position at Oxford became at last untenable. He took the oath of allegiance, and was afterwards so troubled in conscience that he left the University and crossed to Ireland under the protection of the Lord Deputy, Sir Henry Sidney. There he wrote his brief but curious 'History of Ireland.'* But he was a marked man. The pursuivants were let loose on him, and after one or two narrow escapes he succeeded in crossing to Calais in the summer of 1571. Thence he made his way to Douay, where he remained for a year, then set out for Rome, and with little delay offered himself for the Society of Jesus, and was at once accepted. For the next four years he laboured in Bohemia, and was made Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Prague, which the emperor was endeavouring to revive, and mainly through the instrumentality of the Jesuits. At Prague Campion won for himself on all sides admiration and affection. Many young Englishmen visited him there, among the rest Sir Philip Sidney, who had been sent by Elizabeth to congratulate the Emperor Rudolph on his accession. 'He had much conversation with me,' wrote Campion to Bavand; 'I hope not in vain, for to all appearance he was most eager.' Sidney, however, was not to be 'converted,' and in December 1579 Campion was summoned to Rome, where it had been determined that he should be attached to the English mission.

We have seen that this expedition left Rome in April 1580. The members of it were received at Milan by Carlo Borromeo, the sainted archbishop, who kept them for eight days in his house. They first disguised themselves at Geneva, where Campion played the part of an Irish servant very naturally and with much humour. They nevertheless professed themselves to be Catholics, and insisted on visiting Beza, whom they bearded in his study. He 'came forth in his long black gown and round cap, with ruffs about his neck, and a fair long beard,' saluted them courteously, but did not invite them into his house, or to sit down. He declined all controversy, 'for he was busy;' and the ardent Jesuits were at length got rid of by the help of his wife. At Rheims, to which place the establishment at Douay had been removed, but where its prosperity continued unabated, they were earnestly welcomed by Allen. They reached St. Omer in June, and there learned that the Queen of England had particular information of their

* First published by Richard Stanihurst in Holinshed's 'Chronicles,' 1587; then by Sir James Ware, in his 'History of Ireland' (Dublin, 1633, fol.).

movements, and had issued proclamations especially directed against them and their plans. The Bishop of St. Asaph and the elder priests found themselves unable to proceed farther. The mission fell virtually into the hands of Parsons and Campion, and Parsons became its head.

It was no wonder that the English Government was on the alert, or that the proceedings of the Jesuit mission were well watched. The armed expedition in which Sanders appeared as the Papal Legate, and towards which Pope Gregory had contributed 230,000 scudi, had landed in Ireland, at Dingle, in July 1579. The rebellion of the Earl of Desmond and of the Geraldines immediately followed. The whole country had been in violent disturbance for nearly twelve months; and it was not until the November of 1580 that the fort of Smerwick was taken, and that the rebellion became virtually at an end. It was still raging, therefore, when Parsons and Campion reached Calais in June. We entirely agree with Mr. Froude that it is impossible to suppose either of them to have been ignorant of what had been done and was doing in Ireland. The proceedings of Sanders on his landing were notorious. Allen had spared no hard words about Elizabeth; and the Papal pretensions, since the promulgation of the bull of deposition, had been plain. It is true that the bull had been so far modified that English Catholics were allowed to continue their submission to the queen 'during the present condition of things:' that is, in Mr. Froude's words, they were 'free to profess themselves loyal until circumstances would allow the sentence to be executed. Catholic English gentlemen, that is, were to be allowed to call themselves good subjects of Elizabeth, to disclaim all disloyal intentions, to lead the queen to trust them by assurances of devotion and fidelity, until the Spaniards, or the French, or the Scots were ready to invade the country, and then it would be their duty to turn against her.' But all this was well known in England, and it was only natural, therefore, that the Jesuit mission should be regarded as having more or less a political object. So in fact it had; but the political action was confined to Parsons. There is no reason to believe that Campion was in any way acquainted with the plans or designs of his fellow Jesuit. It is certain that his own labours, throughout his brief career, were entirely religious, and that his sole object was the conversion of his countrymen to what he firmly held to be the truth. Unfortunately the promulgation of truth, in his sense, could hardly at that time be dissociated from treason.

Parsons crossed from Calais to Dover on June 11, 1580—the first Jesuit who touched the shore of England. He was disguised as a soldier from the Low Countries, and passed readily through the hands of the searchers. Campion followed on the 24th, disguised as a merchant of jewels, and, after a narrow escape from the hands of the Mayor of Dover, arrived safely in London two days later. Then began—we quote the words of Dr. Jessopp—

‘such an outburst of Catholic fervour as England had not known for many a day. The researches of Mr. Simpson have disclosed to us the fact that some time before the arrival of Parsons and his coadjutors, a large and carefully organised society had been formed, with the special object of co-operating with the missionary priests and furnishing them the means of carrying on their work. A number of young men of property, all of them belonging to the upper classes, and some of them possessed of great wealth, banded themselves together to devote their time and substance to the Catholic cause, and to act as guides, protectors, and supporters of the priests who were coming to “reduce” England. . . . Wherever Campion went he found an eager audience. Five days after his landing, he preached in a house at Smithfield, which had been hired by Lord Paget—“gentlemen of worship and honour” standing at the doors and guarding the approaches. The effect of the sermon was very great, the audience breaking forth into tears and expressions of violent emotion. Enthusiasts began to believe that their fondest dreams would be realised, and they talked wildly and foolishly. The Queen’s Council were kept informed of all that was going on; but so powerful was the combination of the “Comforters,” as they were called, that, though the spies and informers did their work sedulously, it was necessary to proceed with caution and not precipitate a crisis. Campion continued to lurk about London and the neighbourhood for some time; his movements were watched, but for the present it seemed unadvisable to attempt his apprehension.’*

The association of the ‘Comforters’ had been solemnly blessed by Gregory XIII. in the April of 1580. The chief among them was a Mr. George Gilbert, a young gentleman of large property in Suffolk and other counties; but the society included many young men belonging to the chief Catholic families, and a list supplied by Mr. Simpson shows that it furnished the principals of many of the real or pretended plots of the last twenty years of Elizabeth and the opening years of James I. The association equipped Parsons and Campion, who, having determined to work in different parts of England, and with very distinct objects, met to take leave of each other at Hogsdon, at the house of Sir William Catesby. There, feeling that, should they be taken, ‘the enemy might

* ‘One Generation of a Norfolk House,’ pp. 88–89.

'falsely defame them,' each wrote 'a brief declaration of the true causes of his coming.' That of Parsons is preserved among the MSS. at Stonyhurst. That of Campion was soon made public through the reckless enthusiasm of Thomas Pounce, who had received a copy, which at last fell into the hands of Watson, Bishop of Winchester. It is a remarkable paper, written with more trust in the goodwill of his opponents than knowledge of their views. 'To reconcile the Catholicism which he came to preach' (and be it remembered that these are the words of a modern Romanist) 'with the designs of the politicians of the Council, was a task beyond all the powers of reason.'*

From Hogsdon, Parsons rode into the western counties, while Campion passed northward. The Council knew at once of their departure from London, and immediately sent pursuivants into most of the shires of England, with authority to apprehend them wherever they could be found. They rode of course disguised: Campion 'in hat and feather like a ruffian.' They were received with due caution in the houses of the greater recusants; and among converts made or confirmed by them, on this first expedition, were three, whose families were afterwards more or less concerned in the Gunpowder Plot—Sir Thomas Tresham of Rushton, Sir William Catesby of Ashby Ledger, and Lord Vaux of Harrowden, all three among the principal houses of Northamptonshire. The Jesuits returned to London in the winter, to meet and to report progress, and then at once proceeded on fresh expeditions. On these and on their various adventures it is not necessary to dwell. The government, after issuing proclamations 'against harbouring of Jesuits,' arranged a plan for putting all the 'recusants' of England under surveillance, and for confining the most energetic of them either to prison or to very narrow limits. Numbers were committed, including the Earl of Southampton, Lord Herbert, Lord Compton, and Lord Paget; and the 'persecution' is described in violent language by Dr. Allen in a letter to the Cardinal of Como, written from Rheims, Sept. 12, 1580.† He adds in a postscript, 'I have sent you a page of the English calendar that you may see how solemnly the festival of Elizabeth's birthday is kept on the 7th of September, so as totally to eclipse that of the Blessed Virgin on the 8th, which is omitted. See

* Simpson's Campion, p. 161.

† This letter is printed by Simpson (p. 167 *et seq.*) from Theiner, *Annals*, iii. p. 215.

‘the pride of the queen, who is not content with the festival of her coronation, but must have her birthday kept besides.’

A press was afterwards set up in connexion with the Jesuits, and was worked for some time at a lodge in a wood belonging to Lady Stonor. Undoubtedly the watch on the recusants was severe, and they were exposed to much vexatious interference; but neither Parsons nor Campion writes of the persecution in the same unmeasured terms as Allen, who knew far less about it; and the fact that the press remained for some months without discovery indicates that, however sharp the watch may have been, it was not impossible to elude it. At this press was printed Campion’s book—better known by name than by sight—the ‘Decem Rationes,’ or ‘Ten Reasons for being a Catholic.’ This was prepared in time for the Commemoration at Oxford (June 27, 1581), when those who attended St. Mary’s Church in the morning found the benches strewn with copies. Attention was fixed on the book rather than on the ‘responsions’ which were going on in the Church; and the readers, we are told, were ‘strangely moved.’ The arguments are not very remarkable; but here and there occurs a passage which may explain the agitation. After quoting the words of Isaiah, ‘Queens shall be thy nursing mothers,’ Campion proceeds:—

‘Listen, Elizabeth, mighty queen. The prophet is speaking to thee, is teaching thee thy duty. I tell thee, one heaven cannot receive Calvin and these thy ancestors; join thyself therefore to them, be worthy of thy name, of thy genius, of thy learning, of thy fame, of thy fortune. Thus only do I conspire, thus only will I conspire against thee, whatever becomes of me, who am so often threatened with the gallows as a conspirator against thy life. Hail, thou good Cross! The day shall come, Elizabeth, the day that will show thee clearly who loved thee best—the Society of Jesus or the brood of Luther.’

‘I have no doubt,’ adds Mr. Simpson, who quotes this outbreak, ‘that Campion wrote these words in perfect good faith; but Parsons may have laughed in his sleeve when he gave them his *imprimatur*.’

A very short time, not more than a fortnight or three weeks, elapsed between the dispersion of the ‘Decem Rationes’ and the taking of the author. It was probably the excitement caused by the book which led Parsons to determine on a separation. He and Campion had been together for some time; the latter was now sent into Norfolk, but received permission to visit on his way Lyford in Berkshire, the house of a Mrs. Yate, who had there under her protection eight Brigittine nuns. Campion was ordered to remain at Lyford but one day. That

time he spent almost entirely in hearing confessions and in religious conferences; and after dinner 'he took horse and rode away.' But a number of Catholics came in the afternoon to Lyford to see the nuns; and when they found 'what a treasure they had so barely missed,' they determined to send after Campion, came up with him at an inn not far from Oxford, surrounded, we are told, 'by students and masters of the university,' and persuaded him to return with them to Lyford.

A certain George Eliot, a professed Catholic, but an informer and a man of the lowest character, was at this time in Oxfordshire, and, through his intercourse with Leicester, had been furnished with full powers to apprehend Campion wherever he might find him. It was known that Campion was in the neighbourhood; and Eliot seems to have traced him to Lyford without difficulty. The moated house of Lyford, ancient at that time, was pierced with secret passages, and contained one at least of those hiding-places which are found in so many old English mansions. Campion remained there in peace for two days, preaching and celebrating mass for the nuns, a great body of neighbouring Catholics, and many Oxford students. On the evening of Sunday, July 16, 1581, Eliot arrived at the house with his attendant pursuivant. He was not suspected; and, professing a great desire 'for the consolation of mass,' he was admitted, the servant who let him into the house whispering to him that he was a lucky man, since he would not only hear mass, but also hear Father Campion preach. Eliot at once sent off his pursuivant to a magistrate near at hand, ordering him to come to Lyford with an hundred men for the purpose of apprehending Campion. Meanwhile mass was sung; dinner was served; Eliot left abruptly; and a watchman who had been placed on one of the turrets announced that the house was entirely surrounded by armed men. The company broke up in confusion; and Campion with two priests, Ford and Collingham, was hurried to a secret chamber above the gateway, where they remained all the afternoon. The house was carefully searched, 'Judas' Eliot, as he was afterwards called, conducting the operations. The evening came, and nothing had been found. The men, leaving the house, laughed at Eliot, who, roused in his turn, insisted that they had not broken the walls or searched the hiding-places. 'We have no warrant,' said the magistrate, 'to break down or destroy.' 'But I have,' returned Eliot, and drawing the warrant from his bosom he proceeded to read it. Meanwhile the priests had crept out of their confinement, and

the whole house was in a tumult of rejoicing, interrupted sharply by the return of the magistrate with his men. Mrs. Yate was allowed to choose a chamber where she might remain in peace; but the rest of the house was examined, the walls were sounded, and were broken in where they seemed hollow. At last the men, who had been well supplied with beer, tired of their work, and composed themselves to sleep. When Mrs. Yate was assured that all were asleep, with an imprudence which seems hardly credible she sent for Campion from his hiding-place, and insisted on his preaching at her bedside. The servants assembled, Campion became excited and preached noisily. The sentinels awoke, and the priests had barely time to escape—not, however, before their presence in the house had been made known with certainty. The search was continued, still without result; until Eliot, almost in despair, as he passed down the staircase, put his hand on the wall over the stairs, and exclaimed ‘We have not broken through here.’ One of Mrs. Yate’s servants, who had been placed in attendance on him, and to whom he spoke, knowing that it was precisely there that the priests were hidden—

‘turned deadly pale, and stammered out that he should have thought enough walls had been broken up already. Eliot marked his confusion, and immediately asked for a smith’s hammer. He smashed in the wall, and there, in a little close cell, on a narrow bed, were the three priests lying side by side, their faces and hands raised towards heaven. They had confessed their sins to one another, and had received for their penance to say once *fiat voluntas tua*, and to invoke St. John Baptist three times. For St. John had once before saved Campion from a similar danger.’ (Simpson, pp. 226–7.)

Thus Campion was taken. The Council, to which the Sheriff of Berkshire at once applied, ordered that the prisoners (many recusants were also taken into custody) should be sent under a strong guard to London. They were well treated until they reached Colebrook, about ten miles from London. At that place their elbows were tied behind them, their hands in front, and their legs under their horses’ bellies. Campion rode first; and in his hat was stuck a paper, on which was written ‘Campion the seditious Jesuit.’ Thus they passed through the city to the Tower, where they were delivered over to the custody of the governor, Sir Owen Hopton.

We cannot attempt to follow at any length all that occurred between the taking of Campion and his execution at Tyburn. He was examined at the house of the Earl of Leicester, and there is every reason for believing that Elizabeth was present herself on this occasion. Afterwards the Council determined

to treat him with severity. He was three several times stretched on the rack ; for although the use of torture was contrary to the law of England, it was employed at this time without scruple. On the rack he did make some kind of statement about the houses in which he had been received ; but nothing could be extracted from him which in any way indicated a knowledge of, or a connexion with, any political conspiracy. At length, on November 20, he was brought to his trial in Westminster Hall, where he was allowed free speech, but where, of course, nothing that he could say was of avail to set aside a foregone conclusion. The Council had determined that an example should be made ; and Campion, although not the slightest proof was offered of his having been concerned in treasonable practices, was a Jesuit, and one of great name. It must be admitted too that when pressed for his opinion concerning the bull of deposition, his answers were doubtful, although they did not imply an entire acceptance of it. The jury found him guilty ; and the Lord Chief Justice pronounced sentence of death, with all the fearful penalties of high treason. The sentence was carried out at Tyburn on December 1. The chief reporter of the executions of Campion and his fellows was Anthony Munday, a player and a dramatist of some reputation. His account is printed in Holinshed ; and Hallam rightly condemns it for ‘ a savageness and bigotry which ‘ I am very sure no scribe of the Inquisition could have sur- ‘ passed.’* The details are fully given by Mr. Simpson. We need not pain our readers by dwelling on them ; but it should be stated that Campion was allowed to die on the gallows before the last frightful indignities were offered to his body, and that when Lord Charles Howard asked him ‘ for which queen ‘ he prayed, whether for Elizabeth the queen ? ’ he answered ‘ Yea, for Elizabeth, your queen and my queen, unto whom I ‘ wish a long quiet reign with all prosperity.’ At the same time with Campion suffered two other priests, Sherwin and Briant.

Whilst the executioner was quartering the body of Campion, some drops of blood fell on a young man standing beside the block, whose name was Henry Walpole. It seemed, we are told, that there had thus come to him a call from heaven to take up the work which had been so cruelly cut short, and to follow the same path which Campion had trodden. Walpole returned to his chambers, and there, within the next day or two, composed a poem of thirty stanzas, entitled ‘ An ‘ Epitaphe of the Lyfe and Deathe of the most famousse Clerke

* Constitutional History of England, i. p. 146, note (ed. 1855).

‘ and vertuouse Priest Edmūd Campion, and reverend Father of
 ‘ the meeke Societie of the blessed Name of Jesus.’ The verses,
 which at first were handed about in manuscript, and were
 afterwards printed, are graceful and flowing, and, although
 they tell us nothing important about Campion, they sufficiently indicate the deep emotion of the writer:—

‘ His hurdle drawes us wyth hym to the crosse,
 His speeches there provoke us for to dye.
 His death doth saie, this lyfe is but a losse; *
 His martyred blood from heaven to us doth crye.
 His first and last, and all, conspire in this
 To schewe the way that leadeth us to blisse.’

It is this Henry Walpole the records of whose life, hitherto little known, have been so carefully traced by Dr. Jessopp. His book not only gives us the touching story of a very remarkable man, but illustrates, as only family history can illustrate, the condition of an important part of England during the reign of Elizabeth, when the great religious changes of the Reformation were still in progress, and when, whatever might be the outward appearance of things, so great confusion, disagreement, and unrest in reality underlay the surface. Out of all this confusion, and as a direct consequence of the Catholic combination against England which culminated in the Armada, there arose, and rapidly deepened, a strong feeling of patriotism in which all participated, with little or no distinction of creed or party. Trouble and danger from the side of Rome did not of course cease after the dispersion of the Armada; but the circumstances were different. It was at least certain that no foreign invasion would be welcomed or assisted by any considerable party in this country.

As the son of an ancient house whose influence and connexions were widely spread, the position of Henry Walpole differed altogether from that of Campion. The Walpoles first appear in the Norfolk Marshland, where their most ancient manor seems to have been Walpole St. Peter's, a place now famous for its superb Perpendicular church. They retained this manor until the year 1797; but in the time of Henry II. the Walpoles migrated to Houghton, in a drier and pleasanter country. They married and prospered; and at the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth there was no family in the Norfolk district lying between Fakenham and Ely at all to be compared with the Walpoles in the extent of their possessions and the width of their local influence and resources. The three principal branches of the family at this time were

the Walpoles of Houghton, of Herpley, and, represented by a second son of Walpole of Herpley, the Walpoles of Docking, who afterwards removed to Anmer Hall. Henry Walpole the Jesuit, born in 1558, was a son of Christopher Walpole of Docking. Dr. Jessopp gives so picturesque a description of the Walpole district in the sixteenth century that we must quote it.

‘ First and last, the possessions of the three squires stretched over a tract covering not much short of fifty square miles. It was wild heath and scrub for the most part, where huge flocks of sheep roamed at large; except where the “common fields” of arable land and the small patches of meadow and pasture supplied with cereals and fodder the population of villages which were then perhaps more thickly inhabited than now. The peasantry were dismally ignorant, timid, and slavish; each man’s village was his world, and he shrunk from looking beyond it. The turf or the brushwood of the parish gave him fuel; the bees gave him all the sweetness he ever tasted; the sheepskin served him for clothing, and its wool, which the women spun, served for the squire’s doublet and hose. The lord of the manor allowed no corn to be ground save at his own mill; and he who was so fortunate as to own some diminutive saltpan was the rich man of the district. It is very difficult for us to throw ourselves back in imagination to a time when nothing was too insignificant to be made the subject of a special bequest. Not only do we meet with instances of bed and bedding, brass pots, a single silver spoon, a table, and the smallest household utensils left in the wills of people of some substance and position, but old shoes, swarms of bees, half a bushel of rye, and as small a sum as sixpence, are common legacies even down to the end of the sixteenth century. The cottage of the labourer, who was as much tied to the soil as his forefather the “villein” (who had passed with the land as a chattel when an estate changed owners), was nothing but a mud hovel with a few sods for roof, and, as a dwelling, incomparably less comfortable than the gipsy’s tent is in our own days. The manor-house, on the other hand, small though it were, exhibited a certain barbaric prodigality. Foreigners were amazed at the extent of English households, out of all proportion to the accommodation provided for them. In the latter half of Elizabeth’s reign the fashion of building large houses in the country parishes prevailed to a surprising extent, and this, with other causes, hastened the ruin of many an old county family which had held its own for generations: but at her accession the houses of the landed gentry were very small and unpretending, and their furniture almost incredibly scanty; while, for the agricultural labouring classes, there were tens of thousands of them who, as we understand the words, had never in their lives slept in a bed. Roads there were none. Fakenham, the nearest town to Houghton, was nine miles off as the crow flies, and Lynn was eleven or twelve. As men rode across the level moors, now and then starting a bustard on their way, or scaring some fox or curlew, there was little to catch the eye save the church towers, which are here planted somewhat thickly; but

Coxford Abbey, not yet in ruins—indeed part of it actually at this time inhabited—and Flitcham Priory, a cell of Walsingham, frowned down upon the passer-by, the desolate ghosts of what had been but twenty years before.*

Henry Walpole was educated at the grammar school founded in Norwich by Edward VI., where among his companions may possibly have been Edward Coke, the future Lord Chief Justice, Naunton, author of the ‘*Fragmenta Regalia*,’ and Greene the dramatist. At this time Puritanism was rampant in the city of Norwich; but the gentry of the county, who then formed almost a caste, were very differently disposed. Walpole matriculated at St. Peter’s College, Cambridge, in 1575; and carried with him there the strongest Catholic leanings, if indeed he were not at that time a professed Catholic. His cousin Edward Walpole was also at Peterhouse, besides many of their kindred, three of whom afterwards became Jesuits like himself. He was clearly a diligent student; and in 1579, on leaving Cambridge, entered at Gray’s Inn, then a favourite haunt of all who were ‘*Catholicly*’ inclined. He was still at Cambridge, when in 1578 Elizabeth made her Norfolk progress, during which her host Rookwood was imprisoned. In 1580 Campion arrived in England, and it is clear that Henry Walpole was a decided favourer of the Jesuit mission. Then followed the execution of Campion, after which Walpole wrote his poem, printed at length by one Vallenger, who was fined and condemned to lose his ears for it, but would not give up the author’s name.

‘But though Vallenger kept his secret with unusual courage, it was not long before whispers went abroad that the true author of the poem was Henry Walpole, who forthwith became an object of suspicion. He had been notoriously at Cambridge an associate with the Romanist malcontents; he had taken no degree; the oath of allegiance he had declined to be bound by; at Gray’s Inn he had already become famous by his uncompromising habit of standing up for his own opinions, and had the character of being a far better theologian than lawyer. At the disputations between Campion and the English divines in the Tower, he had been a constant attendant; he had been present at his trial in Westminster Hall, and had stood by his side at the execution; he had taken no pains to conceal his sentiments, and rather appears to have exhibited something like a spirit of bravado. His biographers assert that he had made himself obnoxious by “converting” more than twenty young men who were his associates, and that his activity as a proselytiser drew upon him at last the notice of the Council. It is certain that his cousin, Edward Walpole of Houghton, was powerfully

influenced by him, and induced to refuse the oath of allegiance, and certain too that this circumstance had something to do with his finding it necessary to go away from London, where a warrant was out against him. Even the precincts of Gray's Inn would soon become unsafe, and he rode off to his Norfolk home to escape the pursuivants. But there was a danger that by remaining in his native county he should compromise his relations, and after some delays he managed to get a passage on board a vessel sailing for France.' (Jessopp, pp. 92-3.)

He reached Rheims on July 7, 1582, and enrolled himself among the students of theology. There he remained for nine or ten months, and then set out for Rome. He was received as a student in the English College, took minor orders, and in February, 1584, was admitted among the probationers of the Society of Jesus. His health afterwards broke down; he was sent to France, and by order of the General of the Jesuits was ordained priest at Paris in December, 1588. Thence, in the same year, just after the failure of the Armada, Walpole was sent to join the so-called 'Missio 'Castrensis,' a Jesuit mission which had been established in the Low Countries for the spiritual welfare of the soldiery serving there under the Prince of Parma. Walpole's

'readiness of speech and abundant culture, his captivating manner and extraordinary facility as a linguist, his long and careful training, and perhaps too his birth and connexion with some who were conspicuous in the army, marked him out as an eminently fit man for work of this kind. He himself, in his examinations, tells us that his business was to hear confessions in French and English, Spanish and Italian, of all which he was a master; and we may be sure that he threw himself into his new duties with no half-heartedness.' (Jessopp, p. 149.)

The 'Missio' was watched, however, by Walsingham's spies; and during an attempt on the part of Walpole to minister to the soldiery of Flushing, or to confer with friends in the town, then held by a garrison chiefly English, whose commander was Sir Robert Sidney, he was taken prisoner and committed to close custody. In prison he suffered much; but Captain Russell, a cousin of his family, one of the English officers serving at Flushing, found means of communicating with the Norfolk Walpoles, and Michael, a younger brother, determined at once to cross the seas, and to join Henry Walpole, whose position was known to be perilous. A ransom was accepted for the release of the Jesuit; and he was set at liberty in January, 1590, having learned, as he himself says, by his imprisonment, 'to know better both God, the world, and himself.'

This sentence occurs in the earliest of a series of letters pre-

served among the MSS. at Stonyhurst, and written by Henry Walpole to Father Creswell, Rector of the English College at Rome. They cover a period of fifteen months, and furnish us with a very valuable picture of the deplorable state of affairs among the English refugees in Belgium during the two years after the Armada.

‘They give us notices of the coming and going of Jesuit priests and political agents and Spanish generals. Now and then there are scraps of news from home, and sometimes faint whispers of dark intrigues going on, or of wars and rumours of wars that might be imminent. But free and unrestrained as these letters are, and written as they are in full confidence and affection by one Jesuit to another, there is not from beginning to end one single word or hint which indicates anything approaching, I will not say to treasonable designs, but even to an acquaintance with the existence of such designs on the writer’s part. Setting aside such religious views as we should of course expect to meet with, these letters exhibit to us a man of intense enthusiasm, of lofty piety, of fanaticism if you will, but one whose faith was the very life of his life, and the mainspring of his every act and thought and word.’ *

All the letters are dated from Brussels; and the time of Walpole’s residence there is regarded by his biographer as the most useful and perhaps the happiest period of his life. But his thoughts were strongly turned towards England. His brother Michael, after remaining with him for some months, went to Rome and entered at the English College there. His youngest brother, Thomas, crossed to Flanders in 1589, and obtained a commission in the Spanish army. His cousin, Edward Walpole, soon afterwards ‘abjured the realm’ of England, and was received into the English College at Rome; and before another year had passed, his brother Christopher, with two other Norfolk gentlemen, Thomas Lucie or Lacy, and Anthony Rouse, arrived at Rheims. With each of these arrivals came fresh tidings of the religious excitement that was prevailing among the gentry of the eastern counties, fed mainly by the exertions of a certain Father Gerard. ‘Gerard doeth much good,’ writes Walpole to Father Creswell; and he grew himself earnestly desirous of also doing good work in England. This, however, he was not to attempt immediately. From Brussels he was sent to the Jesuit noviciate at Tournay; thence he was called to the College at Bruges; and

* One Generation of a Norfolk House, p. 151. These letters have been privately printed by Dr. Jessopp from the originals at Stonyhurst.

in the autumn of 1592 he was ordered by the General of the society to proceed to Spain, where Parsons had for some time been occupied in organising an English seminary which should be a Jesuit, and not, like that of Douay or of Rheims, a secular college. The new college was established at Seville. Walpole took part in the opening ceremony, which was conducted with great magnificence; and we are told by an eyewitness that 'at the end of the mass four scholars took the 'oath of priesthood and returning into England, according to 'the manner of the seminaries.' In a month or two Walpole was sent to Valladolid; and there at length came the long-desired summons. In his examination before his trial he declared:—

'I was minister (at Valladolid) till Fa. Parsons coming to Valladolid about June, anno 93, did find me not so apt, as he said, for that office, and told me he was in doubt whether to send me to hear confession^s in Seville or to Lisbon, where is a residence begun: and suddenly he told me he was resolved I should go into England if I did not refuse, having order thereto from the General and Provincial; and so he and the Rector did determine.'

Accordingly, after an interview with Philip II., who 'being 'very low, very weak, so as I could scarcely hear him, said 'only these words that I could understand, "Dios os encamina,"' Henry Walpole proceeded to Bilbao, embarked at Portugaletta for Calais, arrived there after a long and stormy voyage, and waited, first at Douay and then at St. Omer, for an opportunity of passing into England.

Here we must return on our steps to describe the condition of things in the eastern counties. We have seen how the devotion of Henry Walpole influenced his own family and his immediate relations. But in truth by far the greater part of Norfolk was 'recusant.'

'The squires in this part of Norfolk' (i.e. the north-western portion of the county) 'had by no means moved with the times. They were Catholics almost to a man. People discussed the great questions between the Churches of England and Rome freely and openly, and scarcely a single one of the old county families was without some prominent members who were already, or were soon about to be, sufferers for their faith. The Townshends of Rainham, the Cobbs of Sandringham, the Bastards of Dunham, the Bozouns of Whissonsett, the Kerviles of Wiggenhall, and many others of less note and importance, all figure in the Recusant Rolls; . . . the country swarmed with squires who, though they "kept their church," yet had small love for the new order of things, and would have welcomed a change to the old *régime* with something more than equanimity.' (Jessopp, p. 127.)

It can hardly be matter of surprise that such a district as this should have attracted the special attention of Walsingham's spies and informers, or that seminary priests and Jesuits should have found it one of their best centres of operation. It was here that Gerard had 'done much good.' Like Walpole, he was a man of family, the son of Sir Thomas Gerard of Bryn in Lancashire. He had not the learning of Walpole or of Campion, but could sit a horse or train a falcon, knew all the tricks and terms of the hunting field, and was familiar with all the pastimes of country life. It is somewhat remarkable that such a man should have entered the Jesuit Society; but, says Dr. Jessopp—

'it is a significant fact, explain it as we may, that in the latter half of the sixteenth century the "call of God" for young Englishmen of culture and birth, who were Romanists, meant almost invariably a call to enter the Society of Jesus; so completely had the new order attracted to itself all the choice and lofty spirits among the Catholics, and so wonderfully had the fathers of the society impressed the minds of men with a belief in their sanctity, self-abnegation, and the sincerity of their devotion to a great cause.' (Jessopp, p. 122.)

Gerard has himself written an account of his early life and of his mission to England, whither he was sent in the autumn of 1588, the year of the Armada. He landed on the Norfolk coast towards the end of October, and, not without considerable danger, found his way to Norwich. There he was fortunate enough to fall into the hands of Edward Yelverton, of Grimston, whose father was one of the richest and most influential men in the county, who had himself been at Cambridge with the Walpoles, and like them, had become strongly affected by so-called Catholicism. Gerard met Yelverton by appointment in the nave of Norwich Cathedral; for although no recusant would enter a church, the nave of a cathedral was regarded as only within the precincts.* Gerard then admitted

* A very curious proof of the little respect paid to the naves (and, it would seem, more than the naves) of churches and cathedrals, and of the indifference with which they were regarded in the early days of the Reformation, is afforded by a remarkable Proclamation, preserved among the Cotton MSS. (Titus, B. ii. 39), and printed for the first time by Dr. Jessopp. It runs as follows:—

'A Proclamation for the Reformation of Quarrels and other like Abuses in the Church.'

'The King's Majesty considering that churches, holy cathedrals, and others, which at the beginning were godly instituted for common prayer, for the Word of God, and the ministration of Sacraments, be now of

that he was a Jesuit priest; and Yelverton insisted on carrying him at once to Grimston, where the neighbourhood was altogether Catholic. Here, and in other Catholic houses, in Norfolk and Suffolk, he remained for some years, during which time

‘the number of converts of both sexes which he made would appear absolutely incredible, if the evidence were not so conclusive, and the proofs had not come to us from so many different quarters. At least ten young men of birth, and belonging to the most considerable families in the two counties, left England and joined the Society of Jesus before the close of Elizabeth’s reign, and in every instance we can distinctly trace his influence; indeed in the majority of cases they themselves attribute their conversion to Gerard by name.’ (Jessopp, p. 129.)

It is clear that Gerard was one of those men who possess in an unusual degree the power of attraction and persuasion. He received and ‘reconciled to the Church of Rome’ three brothers of Henry Walpole, Michael, Christopher, and Thomas, besides their cousin, Edward Walpole, of Houghton, all of whom thus became something more than ordinary recusants. Indeed, as to attendance at church, neglect of which was one of the chief marks of a recusant—

‘by this time a very simple device had been invented by the Catholic squires which has hitherto escaped the notice of historians. If there were no church to go to in the parish, the squire could not be pre-

late time in many places, and especially within the city of London, irreverently used, and by divers insolent rash persons sundry ways much abused, so far forth that many quarrels, riots, frays, bloodsheddings, have been made in some of the said churches, besides shootings of hand-guns to doves, and the common bringing of horses and mules in and through the said churches, making the same which were properly appointed to God’s service and common prayer like a stable or common inn, or rather a den or sink of all unchristliness, to the great dishonour of God, the fear of His Majesty, and disquiet of all such as for the time be then assembled for common prayer and hearing of God’s Word:

‘Forasmuch as the insolency of great numbers using the said ill demeanes doth daily more and more increase, his Highness, by the advice of the Lords and others of his Privy Council, straightly chargeth and commandeth that no manner of person or persons, of what state or condition soever he or they be, do from henceforth presume to quarrel, fray, or fight, shoot any hand-gun, bring any horse or mule into or through any cathedral or other church, or by any other ways or means irreverently use the said churches or any of them upon pain of his Highness’s indignation, and imprisonment of his or their bodies that so shall offend against the effect of his present proclamation.

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sented by the churchwardens as a nonconformist. It was easy to reduce the fabric to a ruinous condition in any out-of-the-way village where the lord of the manor was all but supreme, where he was resident and the parson was not. Accordingly a systematic destruction of the churches in Norfolk commenced, and went on to an extent that may well amaze us.' (Jessopp, p. 186.)

It is no doubt true that Norfolk at this day contains more ruined churches than any other English county, and there is direct evidence that in one case at least the lord of the manor 'converted the church to a barn, and the steeple to a dove-house;' but the history of these desecrations deserves more attention at the hands of East-country antiquaries than it has hitherto received. We may briefly notice the rest of Gerard's story. After passing through imminent perils, and after many hairbreadth escapes, he was apprehended in 1594 and flung into the Tower. There he was tortured, and lost the use of his hands for some months; but in 1597 he escaped, at once returned to what he believed to be his duty, laboured to the end, and died quietly in his bed at last.

He was still at large, and working diligently in Norfolk, when Henry Walpole reached the north coast of France on his way to England, in September 1593. There was great difficulty in securing a passage. The plague was raging in London; and 'no French ship went from Calais by reason of 'the sickness.' With Walpole was his brother Thomas; and while they were waiting at St. Omer they fell in with Edward Lingen, a 'soldier of fortune,' as he would have been called in those days, who had been for some years a 'pirate,' carrying into Dunkirk whatever prizes he could make, with an entire indifference whether the ships taken were Flemish, French, or English. Three 'vessels of war,' in reality three pirate vessels, were at that moment fitting out at Dunkirk. Lingen, who had friends among the buccaneers, heard of this expedition, and, since he also wished to pass into England, secured places on board one of the ships for himself and the two Walpoles, with an understanding that they were to be set ashore somewhere on the coast of Essex, Suffolk, or Norfolk. Another priest, travelling under the name of Ingram, had already bargained for a passage; and a spy of Walsingham's was also on board. They set sail in very boisterous weather, and were off the English coast on December 3, on which day they took a prize; but they had been carried past the Wash and the Humber, and on the evening of the 4th the ship which conveyed the Jesuits was off Flamborough Head.

'Ingram was bound for Scotland; he would have been quite content

to go on. Henry Walpole had far overshot his mark. Anywhere on the coast of Norfolk or even Lincolnshire, he would have found himself very soon among friends, but to land in Yorkshire was to rush into the lion's jaws. Nevertheless, the weather showed no signs of mending: it was impossible to say where next he might find himself; and as the captain told him, to use his own words, "that he could not touch the land where he would, and the wind; they said, was not good . . . for very weariness of the sea I desired them to set me on land anywhere, or else carry me back—and so they put me on land." Unfortunately, he and his two companions were not the first to leave the ships. The spy, who was a passenger on board another of the vessels, managed to land before them, and slipped away to carry information to York. The three companions were set ashore at Bridlington, and the ships put out to sea again. Henry Walpole was in England once more. (Jessopp, p. 174.)

At the time of his landing on the coast of Yorkshire the position of the English Catholics was very different from what it had been in Campion's time, or even in 1588, when Gerard came to England. After the Jesuit mission had assumed the character of an actual invasion, a new Act was passed 'to retain the Queen's Majesty's subjects in their due obedience;' and it was rigorously enforced.

'Hitherto the Catholic gentry had received some measure of toleration, though regarded with disfavour and suspicion. Henceforth they had to choose between conformity and something like ruin or death. By the first clause of this act, to persuade anyone to embrace the "Romish religion," or to yield to such persuasion, was to incur the penalties of high treason. By the fourth clause, "every person which shall say or sing mass" shall forfeit the sum of two hundred marks, and be imprisoned for a year; and "every person which shall willingly hear mass" is to forfeit one hundred marks and suffer a like imprisonment. But the most terrible clause of all was the fifth, which from this time became the real instrument of oppression and robbery upon the unhappy recusants, and which, in lieu of the old fine for non-attendance at church, provided that "every person above the age of sixteen years which shall not repair to some church, chapel, or usual place of common prayer, but forbear the same . . . shall forfeit to the Queen's Majesty for every month . . . which he or she shall so forbear, *twenty pounds of lawful English money*; and besides, over and above the said forfeitures, . . . be bound with two sufficient sureties in the sum of two hundred pounds at least to their good behaviour.'" (Jessopp, p. 105.)

Fines gathered under this statute were to be divided into three parts, one of which went to the queen, another to the poor of the parish where the offence was committed, and the remaining third to the informer. 'I have never met,' writes

Dr. Jessopp, 'with the slightest trace of evidence that the 'poor of the parish in any one case benefited directly or 'indirectly by the fines that were levied. Some portion 'undoubtedly did find its way into the exchequer; but they 'who got the lion's share of the spoil were the pursuivants and 'informers.'

This was the law throughout the country. In Yorkshire, even before the passing of the new Act, the severity with which all recusants were treated had been unusually great. The county had been a stronghold of the 'old religion;' and the overthrow of the 'Pilgrimage of Grace' in 1536 was succeeded by the establishment of the Council of the North, 'a name of terror during the later years of the sixteenth century to all who favoured the Roman cause, or who had any 'leaning towards the papal hierarchy or the papal authority.' The president of the Council at the time of Walpole's landing was the Earl of Huntingdon, a man who had always sided with the party of progress in religion, had consistently favoured the Puritans, and as consistently set himself to oppose the Romanists. He became president in 1572, and from the first set himself at work to keep down the malcontents. A system of espionage grew up, and a regular band of informers was taken into the lord president's pay. A list was sent up to Burghley of the principal gentry in Yorkshire, with marks against their names indicating which were 'protestant,' 'the 'worste sorte,' 'meane or less evyll,' and 'doubtfull or newter.' Fines were exacted; those who could not pay were thrown into York Castle; and after the death of Campion the discipline became sterner. William Lacey, of Great Houghton, who had fled from Yorkshire and returned as a seminary priest, was taken in 1582 in the act of exercising his functions among the prisoners in the castle, and, having been put on his trial with another seminarist, was of course found guilty, and both were hanged. Many other victims followed; and in 1586 occurred what Dr. Jessopp rightly calls the 'atrocious and 'almost unexampled barbarity which distinguished the case of 'Margaret Clitherow.' She was the daughter of Thomas Middleton, a wealthy citizen of York, and sheriff of the city in 1565. After his death, her mother took as her second husband one Henry Maye, who was lord mayor of York in 1586. Margaret had married John Clitherow in 1571, and had borne him several children. She had been presented as a recusant in 1576, and had then been imprisoned for a time in York Castle. It is clear that she was a woman of much enthusiasm, that her life was that of an ascetic, and that she was a great befriender

of priests. In March 1586 the Council ordered that Clitherow's house should be searched. Everyone found in it was arrested, and a boy of ten or twelve years of age was compelled to give such information as he could. On this evidence Margaret Clitherow was put on her trial for the crime of concealing priests. She obstinately refused to plead at the bar; and when no arguments or threats could move her, she was condemned to suffer the *peine forte et dure*, and was actually crushed to death in accordance with the sentence. She was by no means the last who suffered. Each succeeding year saw the death of priests at York, who for the most part had to endure the extreme penalties of high treason.

It was in the province thus severely ruled that Walpole and his two companions were set ashore on a December night in 1593. They knew nothing of the neighbourhood; and after wandering through leafless woods and over rough moorland they found themselves, early in the morning, at Kilham, about nine miles from their landing-place, and took refuge in the village inn.

'Before noon the tidings had spread far and wide that three strangers, travel-stained and soaked with rain, had appeared in the neighbourhood, no one knew whence, and had taken up their quarters at the roadside alehouse. The constables, at this time more than ordinarily vigilant, were soon upon the track. Three months before, Lord Huntingdon had laid his hands upon a seminary priest of some note—one John Boast—whom he had been endeavouring for years to get into his power. On his succeeding at last, he had received from the Lords of the Privy Council a special letter of thanks in acknowledgment of the important service rendered. Gratified by this recognition, the Earl had replied to the Council assuring them of his unabated desire to deserve the approbation of his royal mistress; and in accordance with his professions the coast had been watched with increased strictness. Every stranger and wayfarer was subjected to search and cross-examination, and the chances of escape for any seminary priest adrift in Yorkshire had been reduced to a minimum. Before the sun set on that first day after landing on English soil the three returned exiles had been arrested and straightway committed to the castle at York.' (Jeasopp, p. 208.)

The three men were allowed no communication in prison. They all gave their true names. Henry Walpole confessed that he was a Jesuit father, and his brother and Lingen admitted that they had served in Flanders in the regiment of Sir William Stanley—that Sir William Stanley who had treasonably surrendered Deventer to the Spanish commander Tassis. But while Henry Walpole and Lingen steadily refused to

answer questions which affected the safety or the life of others, Thomas Walpole—"not of the stuff that martyrs are made of"—told all that he knew; and, being taken by the officers to the seashore, he dug up a packet of letters which his brother had, on their first landing, hidden in the sand under a stone. Henry Walpole was himself a man of too much note, not only as an active Jesuit, but as the heir of an ancient and wealthy English family, to escape extreme 'persecution,' as he describes it, at the hands of the president of the Council. Lord Huntingdon felt that 'it would be a great point gained if his convictions could be shaken, or, better, if in open controversy he might be put to the worse by some practised theologians qualified to stand forward as champions for the Protestant faith.' Accordingly, several Roman priests, who had been arrested and had recanted (for all had not Campion's firmness), and the earl's chaplain, Dr. Favour, 'a very mild divine,' who had lately been made Vicar of Halifax, and who was a man of learning and piety, with some of the York clergy, were appointed to 'confer' with the Jesuit. It is uncertain whether the conferences were public or private; but they ended in the usual fashion, and each side remained perfectly satisfied with itself. The president then directed a gaol delivery for January 24, 1594, when the Walpoles and Lingen were to be put upon their trial. It was found, however, that there was no law to deal with the cases of the two laymen. Their offences had been committed beyond the seas; and with the piracy of Lingen it was difficult to grapple. It was at first proposed to issue a special commission; and although this was overruled, a special commissioner was sent to York by the Lords of the Privy Council. This commissioner was the notorious informer, Richard Topcliffe, who on his arrival proceeded to examine Lingen, from whom nothing could be extracted, and Thomas Walpole, who had already told all he knew.

✓ 'How much that was may appear from Topcliffe's own letter, in which he exultingly praises the young man for his candour, and adds to the Lord Keeper, "By this your lordship may show unto her sacred Majesty how God blessed her Highness with the uttering of that which I see will turn to her high service for discovering of disloyal men and women both about London, in sundry counties in England, and deeply in Ireland;" and then, after giving a list of some trinkets and tokens with which Henry Walpole had been entrusted . . . Topcliffe significantly adds: "Much more lieth hid in these two lewd persons, the Jesuit and Lingen, which wit of man giveth occasion to be suspected that labour of man without further authority and conference than his lordship hath here can never be digged out. . . . So the Jesuit and

"Lingen must be dealt with in some sharp sort above; and more will burst out than yet, or otherwise can be known; yet see I more in this service than ever I did in any before to her Majesty's benefit both of state and purse." (Jessopp, pp. 213-14.)

The 'sharp dealing' pointed, of course, to the rack. The benefit to her Majesty was to be the plunder of Henry Walpole's inheritance. Topcliffe did not remain long in York. After his departure the friends of Walpole determined to make an effort to effect his release; and a plot was laid which Walpole would not in any way encourage until he had submitted the whole as a 'case of conscience' to Richard Holtby, a Yorkshireman and a Jesuit, who had been sent into the north soon after the death of Campion. Holtby gave it as his opinion that the attempt should not be made. The freedom of one Jesuit father might be bought too dearly by the blood of others. The answer was accepted by Walpole as the voice of God; and he surrendered himself to the prospect of a martyr's death—always too welcome to an enthusiast of his order. 'I am much astonished,' he writes, 'that so vile a creature as I am should be so near, as they tell me, to the crown of martyrdom.' Topcliffe returned to York; and under his charge Henry Walpole was conveyed to London and to the Tower. On the road Topcliffe gave out that he had in his keeping a notable Jesuit who was privy to the plot of Rodrigo Lopez, a Portuguese physician, to assassinate the queen; and no insult or outrage was omitted which might aggravate his sufferings. The plot of Lopez, which had just been made public, and for which he suffered, seems to have been a mere 'invention' of Elizabeth's favourite at the time, the Earl of Essex, whom, in connexion with it, she called 'a rash and temerarious youth.'

For nearly two months Henry Walpole remained in solitary confinement in the Tower. The place of his imprisonment was what is known as the Salt Tower, at the south-east angle of the inner fortification. On the wall of a room in this tower, in shape a pentagon about sixteen feet across, and but dimly lighted, the name of 'Henry Walpole' still remains, cut with a knife into the stone. He had ample time for such work before, on April 14, 1594, a certain Richard Young, 'a creature whose life was spent in hunting up priests and torturing them,' and who disputed the palm of cruelty with Topcliffe, wrote to the Lord Keeper Puckering, suggesting that an order should be given him to examine certain prisoners in the Tower, who had 'long lain in oblivion, and by delay and lingering, matters of great importance are hurt and hid.' Wal-

pole's first examination accordingly took place at once, but not before Young. His examiners were Sergeant Drewe, Sir Edward Coke, the Attorney-General, and Richard Topcliffe. He admitted that he was a Jesuit, that he had been at the new seminary at Valladolid, and had received certain 'labels' to serve as a pass from some Englishman at Dunkirk. He also declared that there were about forty young Englishmen studying at Valladolid, all sons of men of substance and position at home. But he would not give the names of these students, nor say who was the Englishman at Dunkirk. This first examination ended quietly. On May 3, Walpole was again brought before the commissioners, and the questions addressed to him were aimed almost exclusively at extorting such names as it was in his power to disclose. He refused to answer. Torture was applied on this occasion again and again; and once more on the 18th, but without the result hoped for. Other examinations, at which Young was present, followed; and while Walpole continued to insist that his only object in coming to England was the 'recovery of souls,' the torture at length drew from him a confession, written in his own hand, in which certain names were mentioned. A final examination led to his giving, whether under immediate torture or not we do not know, a particular account of all the seminaries in Spain, with the names of all the scholars and priests then residing in them; and he was directed to write to the Council whatever additional information he had to furnish. This letter was handed in at the beginning of July.

'It is a painful document; painful, that is, to those who would wish to find a man who had endured so much exhibit more heroism than in this case can be claimed for him. But who of us can estimate the power which immeasurable bodily pain must exercise upon a highly sensitive and nervous temperament? . . . Mr. Froude talks of the dungeons of the Tower that had re-echoed with the screams of the Jesuits. Who can imagine the sum of misery, shame, remorse, despair, and self-reproach, which those grim solitudes could tell of in the cases of men who could bear their agonies no longer, who broke down and betrayed their dearest friends, and, when the respite came from the torturer's manacles or his rack, were left to reflect upon the consequences which their "weakness" might have brought on others; left to gnash their teeth, and gnaw their hearts, and weep tears of blood, for treachery which none more than they themselves blushed at, and sorrowed for, and abhorred?' (Jessopp, p. 236.)

All those whose names were mentioned by Walpole were already heavily compromised. Thus much must be said in his favour. But there are parts of the paper addressed to the

Lords of the Council for which it is less easy to find excuse. It is difficult to see how he can have been sincere in declaring that he 'never allowed of the ambition of the popes or any 'their unjust usurpation over princes and their kingdoms;' or in saying that 'having conferred with divers learned Protestants of the clergy at York, he did find much less difference 'than he thought.' The document, no doubt, must be read 'between the lines;' but if he intended by such admissions as these to soften the hearts of the commissioners, he failed. Worse tortures were in store, and Topcliffe was allowed to deal with him as he pleased.

'What he endured in that terrible time, what he revealed, and what he was pressed to invent, and what they tried to make him say or do or promise, will never be known. The curtain drops upon all those horrible scenes which make us shudder as we faintly endeavour to recall them to our minds. We do know that there came a time when he lost the use of his hands altogether; and when he somewhat recovered from the effects of his torturing his writing had become a tremulous and almost illegible scrawl. For nine long months he lay in the Tower, and no further word or whisper concerning him has survived to our time. The grey old walls have many a sad story to tell of those who languished there broken down and desperate, but no sadder one than that of this man, who aspired to be a hero, and who failed.' (Jessopp, p. 238.)

There was at this time a general impression that the queen had been so shocked at the execution of Campion, that she vowed never again to put a Jesuit father to death. Many Jesuits had been captured since that day. Father Southwell, the 'sweet singer,' had been in the Tower nearly three years; but although seminary priests were hanged by scores, no Jesuit had suffered. Whatever the cause may have been, however, it was now determined that the long respite should come to an end; and in the spring of 1595 Henry Walpole was sent to York for trial.

The judges who held the Lent assizes at York were Francis Beaumont, father of the dramatist, and Matthew Ewens. The indictment contained three counts: (1) That the prisoner had abjured the realm without a license; (2) that he had received holy orders beyond the seas; and (3) that he had returned to England to exercise his priestly functions, he being a Jesuit father and a priest of the Roman Church. The prisoner pleaded not guilty; and Serjeant Saville, opening the case for the prosecution, made a long and elaborate speech.

'When the prosecutor had finished, Henry Walpole's own con-

fessions, extracted under torture, were read by the clerk of the court, . . . and upon the evidence thus adduced the jury were called upon to pronounce their verdict. At this point Henry Walpole begged to be heard in his own defence. It must be borne in mind that no one charged with a capital offence in any English court was allowed under any circumstances to employ counsel to defend him, for more than two centuries after the time we are now speaking of, and the chances of obtaining an acquittal were almost infinitely small; on this occasion it was even moved by the Recorder Hillyard that the prisoner should not be heard. The court, he said, had before it the confessions which had been put in as evidence, and required to hear no more. The prisoner earnestly and humbly appealed against the cruel objection, and Beaumont overruled it, and allowed him to proceed.' (Jessopp, p. 248.)

Walpole argued that none of the points of his indictment could constitute treason. But the English law had made them so. His strong point lay in his reply to Beaumont. 'Our English laws appoint,' said the judge—

"that a priest who returns from beyond the seas, and does not present himself before a justice, within three days, to make the usual submission to the Queen's Majesty, in matters of religion, shall be deemed a traitor." "Then I am out of the case," said Father Walpole, "who was apprehended before I had been one whole day on English ground."

All his argument and all his pleading were of course in vain. The judge summed up the evidence, and ordered the jury to find the prisoner guilty. They did as they were told; but sentence was deferred until after the trial of a seminary priest, one Alexander Rawlings, who had been for some time in York Castle, and of whom an example was now to be made. In the meantime Walpole found opportunity for writing to his father and to some other persons. Sentence was at length passed on both the prisoners; and Monday, April 17, was fixed for its execution. On the Sunday before Walpole was subjected to a fresh ordeal.

'Once again the prison was turned into a debating place, and a crowd of polemics presented themselves to dispute on points of controversial divinity with this man, who had but a few hours to spend on earth. It is painful to hear of clergymen of learning and character taking part in such an unseemly wrangling, and of a scholar and gentleman like Sir Edwin Sandys putting himself forward and entering the lists: but these encounters suited the temper of the age, which after all was a cruel and coarse one; and people were attracted in crowds to watch the way in which a criminal met his fate, much in the same spirit that they assembled to look on at a bull-fight or a bear-baiting.' (Jessopp, p. 252.)

Dr. Jessopp prints for the first time a letter among the Stonyhurst manuscripts, which is apparently in the writing of the Jesuit Holtby, and gives the story of Walpole's execution. We quote a portion of it. The writer describes the austerity of Walpole's life after he left the Tower, and declares that, although tortured six or seven times, 'he was not upon the racke.'

'At the tyme of his execution, first they brought out Mr. Alexander' (the priest who suffered with him). . . . 'There went divers of the cheefe to Fa. Warp. (*sic*) to intreate him that they might save him, and stayed him two howers all, the other lyinge uppon the hurdle. One tyme they asked hym what he sayde of the queene and whether he would praye for her, . . . and he answered he took her for his queene, and honoured her, and would praye for her: with which answer they, being desirous to save him, ranne to the President: but it pleased God that he propounded an other question, willing them to aske him what yf the Pope should excommunicate her, &c., and forbid men to praye for her, . . . whether then he would doe as before; he answered he might not nor would not. Then they carryed him awaie. Mr. Alexander was first put to death, whoe being taken up went first to Fa. Warp. to aske his benediction. They had been laid contrarie ways uppon the hurdle, and F. Warp. head next unto the horses. Mr. Alex^r goinge up the ladder kissed it, and the people bade him kisse the rope also. He sayd he would with all his hart, and so did when he came unto it. When he was dead they shewed him to Fa. Warp., still using persuasions. When he was up the ladder they still cried uppon him to yeeld in the least point, but to sey he would confer, and he should be saved. He answered, you know I have conferred. They kept him longe with such questions, and (he) satisfied all in few words, and prayed muche. At length some asked him what he thought of the queene's supremacy; he answered, she doth chalenge it, but I maye not graunt it. His last praier was *Patet Noster*, and he was begininge *Ave Maria* when they turned him over the ladder. They let him hange untill he were dead. There were verie many of the beste thier present, and the highe Sheriffe went with him to his death, which was never seene in the contrey before. I am promised a peece of his ha . . . ' (hart? or habit? the word is partly destroyed in the MS.) 'which was taken out of the fier whole when the people were gone.' (Jessopp, pp. 254, 255.)

Those who suffered in the Jesuit cause, and for what they held to be the Catholic faith, were naturally regarded as martyrs. Relics of many are still treasured. A reliquary, which it is said belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, contains a relic of 'B. Campianus, Mart.;' one of 'Walpole, Mart.,' '1595,' and another of 'H. Garnet, Mart.,' 1606. These, if genuine, must have been added after the death of the Scottish

queen, whose veil of lawn, that which she wore on the day of her execution, is, we believe, among the treasures of the English College in Rome. The most remarkable of all the Jesuit relics was the ear of corn, which, when Garnet was executed, 'did leap in strange manner out of the basket which contained the martyr's head into the hand of a young man 'standing by,' who gave it spotted with blood to a 'devout 'Catholic gentlewoman' of his acquaintance. She placed it in a reliquary; and looking at it a day or two after, she and others 'saw a perfect face, as it had been painted, upon the 'empty ear.' The fame of the miraculous straw became very great. It passed in some manner out of England; and Sir Richard Wynne, during his journey into Spain with Prince Charles's servants in 1623, says that he saw it in the Jesuits' College at Santander. 'They shewed us all their relics and 'idols, amongst which was Garnett and his strawe.'

The news of Henry Walpole's death travelled rapidly to Norfolk. His father and mother were still living, but of their six sons only two remained to them. Henry was the eldest. Three of his brothers had become Jesuits, and were virtually dead to their parents. Geoffry, the second son, now the heir of this branch of the family, seems to have laboured under some mental or physical infirmity, and was thus saved from the notoriety to which the others attained. Thomas, when he returned home after his imprisonment, settled quietly down as a country gentleman. Their father, Christopher Walpole, died at Anmer in July, 1596, less than fifteen months after the execution of his son Henry. The Norfolk estates were divided between Geoffry and Thomas.

The three Jesuit brothers attained to some eminence in the society to which they belonged. Richard appears in connexion with the 'plot' of Edward Squier, who, according to his own confessions (which he afterwards revoked), attempted to poison the Earl of Essex and the queen. The pommel of Elizabeth's saddle was to be 'impoisoned' by a confection which Walpole had devised. The story is more than questionable, although Squier was hung for his device. Richard Walpole died at Valladolid in 1607. His brother Christopher died at the same place about a year earlier. Michael, the survivor, was the confessor of Doña Luisa de Carvajal, an enthusiastic lady who, excited by the story of Henry Walpole, determined to follow his example, and accordingly betook herself to England, where she gave much trouble during the early part of the reign of James I. Michael Walpole was with

her at her death in London in 1614, and afterwards accompanied her body on its removal to Spain.*

Edward Walpole, the cousin of these Jesuit brothers, and the heir of Houghton, became himself first a seminary priest and then a Jesuit; and after some time was indicted in the Court of Queen's Bench 'for a supposed treason done at Rome 'on April 1, 1593;' and was then outlawed at Norwich. A commission was issued for holding an inquisition concerning his estates. They were forfeited to the Crown:—

'The family would have been well-nigh beggared, and we should never have heard of the great Sir Robert as the son of a wealthy Norfolk squire but for one circumstance. Edward Walpole's interest in these lands and manors was a reversionary interest, and there were two tenants for life in actual possession; his mother at Houghton, and his cousin William's widow still living at Tuddenham. Either of these ladies might live many years, and in the mean time circumstances might arise to bring about a reversal of the attainder. The grant of the lands might after all prove valueless, and whoever obtained that grant would be prudent if he turned it into money as soon as he could get a price.' (Jessopp, p. 275.)

This is what actually happened. The estates, two years later, were given to two persons of whom nothing is known but the names; and from them Calibut Walpole (the remarkable name is that of a Norfolk family with which the Walpoles had intermarried) bought back the estates for a sum of 1,600*l*. This of course did not alter the position of Edward Walpole; but when he died in England in 1637, his pardon had been obtained from James I. through the interest of his brother Calibut. To him he made over all interest in his paternal estates. Sir Robert Walpole was the lineal descendant of Calibut, who died at Houghton in 1646, just thirty years before Sir Robert was born there. It is 'interesting to reflect 'that in Sir Robert's boyhood and early manhood the memories 'and traditions of the persecuting days were still fresh and 'matters of common parlance; and that there must have been 'men still alive at Houghton who had talked with the outlawed Jesuit father, who had voluntarily resigned his inheritance, and with his brother, who had saved the estates 'from forfeiture.'

Here we must take our leave of Dr. Jessopp. His book

* Michael Walpole wrote a life of Doña Luisa, of which the original MS. is still preserved at Madrid. There is a long account of her in Southey's 'Letters written during a Journey in Spain,' 1808.

is a real 'contribution to Elizabethan history ;' and we can well believe his assertion that, as the work proceeded, the England of Queen Elizabeth's days became to him an altogether different land from the England he had formerly imagined it to be ; and that the conflict with Rome gradually unfolded itself as a problem which must remain unintelligible to the merely political historian. To the Norfolk antiquary and genealogist he has rendered extreme service. The long notes attached to his chapters are full of valuable details which could only have been collected with the utmost patience, and by dint of long and arduous labour.

We cannot attempt to follow the fortunes of the 'Jesuit Mission' beyond the death of Walpole. Those readers, however, who are attracted by the subject, and who feel that it has hardly received justice at the hands of modern historians, may consult with advantage the 'Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus,' edited by Father Henry Foley. We have placed this book with others at the head of our article, but can only direct attention to it as a work which will demand the most ample consideration from all who in future may have to treat of the times or of the subjects with which it is concerned. It has been the fashion, while giving full recognition to the earnest faith and constancy of many a Protestant martyr—and there is no difficulty in finding men and women worthy of all such honour—either to ignore altogether, or at least to look doubtfully upon, those who, like Campion and Walpole, suffered no less firmly and courageously in the cause of truth, as it appeared to them. There may have been sound reason for the hesitation ; for there was, and perhaps is, such a thing as political Jesuitism, and in the days of Elizabeth it must have been difficult enough to distinguish that from the simple devotion of one whose only object was the restoration of Englishmen to the faith of Rome. But by this time we may surely venture to do such men justice ; at any rate we may consider fairly and without acrimony the evidence concerning them which modern research has been accumulating on all sides. A man who lays down his life for what he holds to be the truth deserves all admiration and respect, whether he be a Cameronian on the wild moors of Galloway, or a Jesuit on the gallows at Tyburn.

ART. VII.—*The Collected Works of Sir Henry Taylor in Prose and Verse*. Five volumes. 8vo. London: 1878.

TO the credit of the literary taste of the present generation there is a demand which justifies a collected edition of Sir Henry Taylor's works. The earliest of his writings was published in the reign of George IV., and since the appearance of Philip Van Artevelde, nearly fifty years ago, he has enjoyed a well-deserved popular reputation, though he is not by profession a man of letters. During nearly the whole of his life Sir Henry Taylor has been actively employed in the Civil Service, where it was understood that he long exercised an influence over colonial administration out of proportion to his official rank. As another man of genius who was less eminent as a public servant formerly said of himself, Sir Henry Taylor's principal works, or the records of his heaviest labours, are probably accumulated on the shelves of the Colonial Office. One or two memorials on public questions, not directly relating to the business of his own department, are, with questionable judgment, included in the present collection. It might have been taken for granted that his official compositions were lucid, forcible, and worthy of serious attention; but it was hardly worth while to insert among imaginative and critical writings a disquisition on criminal jurisprudence, or a correspondence five-and-twenty years old on some details in the system of Civil Service examinations. It is not desirable that just appreciation of an original author should be disturbed by opinions on criminal law and administration, even if they were not at least apparently paradoxical. Whether a more frequent resort to the remedies of hanging and flogging, or the imprisonment for life of habitual drunkards, is or is not desirable, neither reform is likely to be tried. The proposition that the metropolitan police magistrates have been for a long series of years 'wanting in public spirit, moral sense, and judicial discrimination,' is not less surprising than the apology which is suggested for their shortcomings. 'May it not be,' says Sir Henry Taylor, 'that a daily and hourly conversancy with crime, even as seen from the bench, renders men callous, so that they come to regard with more or less of moral indifference offences from which their whole nature in its original freshness would have revolted?' The statement ought to have been verified before the dream was interpreted. Capable magistrates are no more disturbed in nerve and temper by crime, than experienced surgeons by pain. It is the duty of both to apply

remedies which ought to be selected, not with indifference, but with calmness. A magistrate in a passion, and a surgeon in a fright, display their sensibility at the expense of justice or of humanity. If Sir Henry Taylor had been justified in his sweeping accusation or in his arbitrary excuse, the evil which he might have discerned would scarcely have admitted of a remedy. If daily and hourly conversancy with crime produces moral indifference, it only remains to entrust the administration of justice to an incessant succession of excitable novices.

The essays on literature, on character, and on practical life, are more fitly associated with the dramas on which Sir Henry Taylor's fame will mainly rest. He would earnestly disclaim any pretension to be regarded as an instinctive or impulsive poet. Like his own hero, he deliberately knew the literary

‘ Ways before him rough or smooth,
And from amongst them chose, not blindly brave,
But with considerate courage and calm will;
And, having chosen, with a steadfast mind
Pursued his purposes.’

As the political enterprise of Philip Van Artevelde was the result of long meditation, so Sir Henry Taylor formed for himself a poetical theory before he embodied his opinions in verse. Only spontaneous poets belong to the first rank, but the disciplined vigour of Sir Henry Taylor's imagination places him high in the second. His prose and his poetry are visibly cast in the same mould, and both are polished with effective care. Though he is never obscure, his sentences are often elaborately complex in the expression of continuous thought, with its relevant digressions and proper limitations. The form of composition has not been preferred by chance or caprice. In some of his critical essays he censures the short and isolated sentences which condense processes of reasoning into antithetic epigrams. Something may be said for a form of writing which is to careless readers easiest of comprehension; but Sir Henry Taylor's theory coincides with the doctrine and practice of the greatest masters of the literary art, and it naturally proceeds from the character of his intellect and the course of his studies. He, sometimes arbitrarily, yet with the natural desire of men of letters to impose their own tastes on a reluctant world, recommends students to devote their chief attention to the literature of the seventeenth century. It would be as reasonable to insist on using in common conversation the language of Shakespeare or of Milton. Genuine sympathy and living curiosity attach themselves by preference, if not exclusively,

to the interests of the present day, and to the contemporary expression of those interests. A scholar cannot be too deeply imbued with the thought and language of past ages ; but if he is to exercise influence by speech or writing, he must belong to his own time. Sir Henry Taylor has been neither a careless observer of men and manners, nor an inactive bystander ; but in his prose there is something archaic, as if he had learned to compose before he entered on practical life. His style is perceptibly and perhaps consciously derived from Bacon's, on whose *Essays* the form and manner of the treatise called 'The Statesman' is modelled. The resemblance, as far as it is deliberately studied, is a defect rather than a merit. An original writer ought not to borrow the manner of any other, especially of a predecessor who lived three hundred years ago. Bacon used the language of his own time, which would therefore be avoided by a faithful copyist of his spirit. From internal evidence it may be conjectured that Sir Henry Taylor was a student in his youth, and that he has never been a miscellaneous reader. Shakespeare, if he were now alive, would probably be a voracious consumer of newspapers and novels, as well as of the more solid literature of the present and the past ; but a more discriminative intellectual digestion may not be incompatible with a less universal genius. Sir Henry Taylor, according to the distinction expressed in the Latin phrase, has read much, if he has not read the works of many authors. An unqualified and indeed excessive admiration of Bacon is indicated in all his writings ; and he has been a careful student, though not a disciple, of Machiavelli. His references to Latin authors are rare, and he seldom or never derives illustration or authority from the Greeks. His precept of giving preference to the works of the seventeenth century coincides with his own practice. In poetry, he values nothing between Milton and Wordsworth, nor, although he is probably not unacquainted with Dryden and Pope, could it be readily discovered from his works that he has been impressed by the grace of Addison, the profound and sombre genius of Swift, or the marvellous humour of Sterne. 'Robinson Crusoe,' the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Tom Jones,' and 'Tristram Shandy' have probably been rejected as unsuitable to his mental constitution. It is more remarkable that he appears to have little sympathy with Scott, of whose spirit he nevertheless inherits a not contemptible portion. An almost whimsical dislike of Byron is founded partly on moral antipathy, and also on critical disapproval. Sir Henry Taylor's poetical judgment and taste were formed during the height of Byron's popularity, when it was

the fashion to affect misanthropic selfishness and gloom in mimicry of Childe Harold and Lara. Holding himself aloof from the current delusion, Sir Henry Taylor shared to a certain extent the fallacy of confusing the poet's heroes and professed doctrines with his vigorous eloquence. It is true that immoral and criminal recluses would be poor creatures if they were found in real life, and that Byron was ill employed in demanding admiration for caricatures not of himself, but of the melodramatic version of his own character which was suggested by a distorted egotism. Poetry is not to be judged by its subjects, and still less by the moral qualities of its fictitious personages. With all his caprices and errors of taste Byron was a poet; and if he was not a great poet he possessed extraordinary intellectual vigour. Sir Henry Taylor is right as a moralist in condemning the supposed heroism of habitual submission to passionate impulse; but to the critic Childe Harold is faulty, not because he is a useless cynic, but because he is an unsubstantial embodiment of vague impulses and theories. Don Juan himself, though he is much more human and therefore more interesting than his wandering predecessor, has a less definite personality than Scott's comparatively careless and secondary creations of character. Except incidentally, it is not necessary that a poet should be theoretically or practically wise or good, and virtue is still less indispensable to the heroes of his compositions.

Two of Sir Henry Taylor's most thoughtful and most valuable essays are partly devoted to the proof of the contrary proposition, though they also contain much sound and instructive criticism. His review of Wordsworth's poems, first published in 1834, did much to accelerate the tardy recognition of a great writer whose best works had appeared forty years before. The extracts alone might in some degree explain the conversion of readers who had been deterred from the study of the poems by shallow and pretentious criticism; but Sir Henry Taylor's eloquent and convincing praises won over many proselytes. His analysis of the 'Old Cumberland Beggar,' and of 'Michael,' is equally subtle and just; and with sound æsthetic judgment he descends even to the investigation of the effects of sound which may be produced by a skilful manipulation of vowels and consonants. Enquiry into the moral and political orthodoxy of the poet is less relevant, and the present Bishop of Lincoln in his biography of his illustrious kinsman has much more than exhausted the subject. In a preface to the reviews, published some years later, Sir Henry Taylor remarks that 'the great English poets, though ardent

'lovers of freedom, have never, as far as I know, lent their countenance in a single line to the confounding of liberty with equality.' It would be as much to the purpose to assert that they had or had not lent their countenance to the decimal system of notation. A great French poet of the present day is an enthusiastic advocate of equality and fraternity. Shelley, who was a poet of a high order, accepted all the French revolutionary doctrines. The only considerable English poet of the generation which has not yet passed middle age professes a republican or Jacobinical creed. In his youth, when his poetic faculty was at the highest, Wordsworth sympathised passionately with the changes of 1789, and he was not at first revolted by the events of 1793. A poet is neither more nor less a poet for theories which may be right or wrong. Sir Henry Taylor holds that Wordsworth would not have been so great a poet if he had not also been a philosopher; but he uses the term philosopher in its early and etymological, and not in its ordinary sense. Wordsworth had a powerful understanding, closely associated with a strong imagination, and he had a not inconsiderable faculty of generalisation; but, except a misty pantheism which belonged rather to feeling than to theory, he had no philosophic opinions. The name of philosopher might be more plausibly applied to Coleridge, as far as he was a metaphysical student and reasoner; but in 'Edwin the Fair' Sir Henry Taylor introduces Coleridge, under the name of Wulfstan the Wise, as only conspicuous by imbecile garrulity. As a sagacious commentator on morals and on character, Johnson was in the same sense a philosopher, though he understood philosophy so little as to try to vanquish Berkeley not with a grin but with a kick. Even the great name of Bacon may be placed in the same category with those of Wordsworth and Johnson. A statesman, an orator, a scholar, one of the most brilliant and most pregnant of writers, Bacon is now by competent judges scarcely acknowledged to be a philosopher. As Mr. Ellis clearly proves in a dissertation published by Mr. Spedding, Bacon's celebrated scientific method has never during three centuries been employed by any man of science, and it has long since been definitively abandoned as false, shallow, and useless. His devoted admirer has added largely in prose and verse to the departments of practical wisdom in which Bacon excelled; but there is no trace in Sir Henry Taylor's writings of strictly philosophic study. 'The Statesman,' which is the most ambitious of his essays, is, as he himself suggests, inaccurately entitled, as it deals mainly with the details of official practice. Attentive readers had anticipated the

statement made in the present edition, that some parts of the book contain a subsarcastic element. When he composed the work, the author's mind was full of the style of Bacon and of the matter of Machiavelli. His precepts, though they may sometimes be useful to public functionaries, are perhaps not so profound or so general in application as fully to correspond to the stately and measured language in which they are expressed; but it would be captious to complain of a quality which has during a long literary career exempted Sir Henry Taylor from even a remote approximation to vulgarity of thought or meanness of diction. Sometimes formal, and almost too elaborately studious of elevation, he is one of the most uniformly dignified of writers. In strict consistency with the critical principles of his essays, he writes in the same calm and thoughtful tone whether he composes verse or prose. Sometimes with a grave playfulness he supports a moral or critical proposition by a quotation to the same effect from a speech of one of the personages in his dramas. A reader of his prose works who might be unacquainted with his poetry would not incorrectly infer from the practice that in their sententious generalisations, if not in their ordinary discourse, Sir Henry Taylor's fictitious characters are the mouthpieces of his own reflections. He is nevertheless careful to maintain the proprieties of time and place and of personal peculiarity. Father John and Wulfstan the Wise naturally form the same judgments with the author of their existence. An active and suggestive mind may properly attribute the thoughts which arise in varying moods to different imaginary persons, under the influence of suitable circumstances. The greatest writers of fiction, who first invent characters and then allow them to find their own expression, have in the whole history of literature been few in number. An automaton which speaks and walks of itself is the rarest product of creative genius; nor is it a trifling achievement to manage puppets with hidden wires so as to cause a temporary deception. Ulysses, Hamlet, and Don Quixote move and act as independently as if they were living persons. Sir Henry Taylor's reviews of Wordsworth show that he deliberately regards poetry as a vehicle of instruction. Happily, he takes a liberal view of the didactic office; and he has a power which Wordsworth never possessed of imagining and reproducing scenes which might have occurred in distant times.

One of the rarest of literary gifts is the power of telling a story, and Sir Henry Taylor is perhaps the greatest English master, since the days of Scott, of historical fiction. Some of the most powerful writers of the present day have sought to

emulate by elaborate study the effects which Scott produced with spontaneous ease. The result, whether it relates to mediæval Florence or to the reign of Queen Anne, resembles the papers of an industrious student in a competitive examination. Thackeray sometimes confessed that a page of 'Esmond' cost him as much trouble as three pages of a contemporary novel; and the value of the performance varied inversely with the labour employed in its production. Scott's rapid and easy production was explained by a wholly different mode of proceeding. It may be doubted whether he ever made an express study of the events which he proposed to describe in a novel. His mind was saturated and imbued with authentic and still more with legendary history, with ballads, and, in many cases, with oral traditions. His memory, though powerful, was neither indiscriminate nor, according to common estimation, minutely accurate. It retained what he cared for and what he required for his purpose, while chronology and the succession of events passed at random through its meshes. 'Quentin Durward' is founded on the history of Philip de Comines; but Scott must have read the book long before he began the novel, and a wild and careless inversion of the order of events proves that he had not taken the trouble to refresh his recollection; yet the spirit of the time is wonderfully reproduced, and the central figure of Louis XI. is the same which was admired, feared, and criticised by the contemporary courtier and historian. Even in 'Ivanhoe,' where the barons who rebelled against Richard Cœur de Lion are sons of the companions of the Conqueror, personages as anachronistic as their dates, talking a language of no epoch or country, have delighted two or three generations of readers by their intrinsic conformity to human nature. Antiquarians have an easy task in exposing his blunders; but Scott instinctively knew what some of them forget or neglect, that flesh and blood preserve their identity under all confusions of costume. Alexandre Dumas the elder, who was more outrageously careless of accuracy than Scott himself, was not less prolific of exciting narrative, though he was deficient in the rarer and higher gift of creating lifelike characters. In his innumerable stories there is always something going on, though his heroes are often conventional and not unfrequently impossible. The sentiments and doctrines which he inculcates through his fictitious personages would scarcely satisfy Sir Henry Taylor's demand for philosophy or theoretical wisdom as the most indispensable gift of an author. A less known French writer, Vitet, has, like Sir Henry Taylor, employed with great success

the dramatic form of historical fiction. 'The Barricades,' 'The States of Blois,' and two or three other plays relating to the days of the League, combine vivid presentation of historical scenes and personages with an accuracy which was unknown to Scott or Dumas; but Vitet wrote in prose, and Sir Henry Taylor is a genuine poet.

Although he employs dialogue instead of direct narrative, Sir Henry Taylor is perhaps not, except in a single and purely fictitious composition, in the proper meaning of the term, a dramatist. Shakespeare himself in his historical plays necessarily followed the order of events in preference to the exigencies of a plot. The legendary subjects of the Greek tragedians had in their origin been shaped by poetic and popular imagination, and successive dramatists altered and rearranged the principal events according to the necessities of art, but when Æschylus brought on the stage the Persian invasion and defeat, he necessarily dispensed for the time with the rules of tragic composition. Of all English writers who have in this century used the dramatic form, Sir Henry Taylor is so far the most successful, that he is the most readable. From the beginning of his poetic works to the end there is not a puzzle nor an enigma. Some of his characters are elaborately and studiously complex, and consequently they are more or less artificial; but in his diction he never substitutes the process of thought for the result, having fully determined his purpose and meaning before he communicates his conclusion to the reader. He has the laudable preference of an artist for the necessities of his story over the details for which he might perhaps find authority in the text of a chronicler. With sound judgment he has avoided topics which modern historians have investigated with the aid of painful researches in authentic archives. A poet who finds himself interested in records of events by Macaulay or Froude may prudently assume that the historian has anticipated the function of the dramatist. The powerful drama of 'St. Clement's Eve' is mainly derived from Barante's 'History of the Dukes of Burgundy,' but Sir Henry Taylor remarks that his author, more than other modern historians, seems to live in the times of which he writes. In this instance also the poet had not neglected to make himself acquainted with the contemporary chroniclers. 'Isaac Comnenus,' which was published in his youth, is a spirited version of an episode in Byzantine history. The principal interest of the drama consists in the formation at an early period of the conception of heroic character which was afterwards more fully presented in the person of Philip

Van Artevelde. In the opinion of Sir Henry Taylor, as expressed in his treatise on the subject, a statesman is bound to judge of characters and measures according to their true relations and tendencies, and not to shrink from acts which might otherwise seem questionable, if they are recommended by adequate reasons. Like his dramatic successor, Isaac Comnenus is a soldier and a statesman, and in his personal temperament he is calm, reserved, and inclined to melancholy. In the prime of life he affects the weariness which is perhaps more often felt or formed in youth than in maturer years. While he is not insensible to love, he rather accepts than invites the affection of his young cousin, Anna Comnena. It is not until his life and the cause of his home and kindred are endangered by the designs of the Emperor Nicephorus, that he determines to establish his own dynasty on the throne; and when he has attained his object, he despises the fruits of victory, and abdicates or declines the empire in favour of his young brother Alexius. Like Philip Van Artevelde, Isaac has a vision of a certain Ismene, whom he had loved; and in a long soliloquy he anticipates his death. A poet is fully entitled to bestow any attributes which he may deem suitable on a hero who flourished in the Lower Empire or at any other time; but Isaac Comnenus, who is otherwise known through a page or two in Gibbon, was probably an ambitious soldier, who in the crisis of his fate had little time to waste in imaginative regrets. In the drama his interest in State affairs ceases as soon as the prize is won.

‘ Were I a man to take delight in crowns,
And purple boots, and sending forth of bulls,
And dealing out of dignities—to wit,
Calling this man Sebastos and that Cæsar,
Bidding one worthy follower wear red hose,
Another hope the like advancement soon,
And wear them mottled in the meantime—yea,
Could I rejoice in royal sports like these,
I should exult in this day’s victory,
And not feel all this barrenness within.
I will go hence to-morrow.’

Feelings or professions of contempt for the external symbols of power are proper not to statesmen, but to satirists. Juvenal himself propounds a transparent fallacy when he suggests that the dust of Hannibal would weigh only a few pounds or ounces. The great commander traversed the wild Alps, not to amuse boys and furnish a topic for rhetorical exercises, but to save his country by the overthrow of an inveterate enemy, and to

change, if destiny permitted, the course of all future history. The opportunities of an emperor of the East were not exhausted in the distribution of titles and decorations, which is in itself no inconsiderable function. The potentate who can call this man Sebastos and that Cæsar is charged with the duty of choosing both a Sebastos and a Cæsar who will fill their offices wisely and well. A victorious soldier who should think himself too good to govern half the world would be not a hero, but a coxcomb. It was in a different spirit that Cromwell entered on the supreme power which he had won, and that Frederick administered the kingdom which he had inherited and saved. It is true that an author of fiction is not directly responsible for the opinions of the characters which he places on the stage; but in his prefaces and reviews Sir Henry Taylor insists on the evils arising from the selection of weak and foolish personages, such as Byron's heroes, as central objects of interest. Whether or not he personally despised purple hose or stars and garters, he seems to have thought, when he wrote 'Isaac Comnenus,' that a wise man would both ridicule the symbols of sovereignty, and confuse them with its substance.

For present purposes of criticism 'Isaac Comnenus' is chiefly valuable as it foreshadows Philip Van Artevelde. Sir Henry Taylor's literary reputation was first founded on his greatest work, nor are any of his other dramas so generally known. The two parts of the play fill a thick volume; but few readers have found it too long. The work is, as the author remarked in the original preface, equal in length to six such plays as are adapted to representation. Some time after it was published Mr. Macready introduced an abridged version on the stage, having perhaps been attracted not only by the literary excellence of the drama, but by the peculiar qualities of the principal character, whom he was admirably qualified to represent; but neither the heroism of Philip Van Artevelde nor the heroic demeanour of the actor sufficed to overcome the intrinsic difficulties of a story in dialogue which had none of the essential properties of drama. The capture of Bruges by the armed bands of Ghent, and the final defeat of the insurgents, are highly interesting both in history and in the idealised form of a poem; but the superiority in force of the King of France to the Regent of Flanders is in the nature of external machinery, and has nothing to do with dramatic motives. Macready's impressive declamation of Artevelde's sententious speeches impressed only scholars and critics, nor has a popular audience in London or elsewhere, since the prime of the

Athenian theatre, been satisfied with imaginative or gnostic wisdom. The student may recur again and again with untiring pleasure to pregnant sayings expressed in admirably pure and idiomatic language. In the preface Sir Henry Taylor all but explicitly affirms the unsound dogma that a poet is to be judged by the qualities which he assigns to his hero. 'Lord Byron's conception of a hero,' he says, 'is an evidence not only of scanty materials of knowledge from which to construct the ideal of a human being, but also of a want of perception of what is great and noble in our nature. His heroes are creatures abandoned to their passions, and essentially therefore weak of mind.' An apologist of Byron might reply that he was not bound to introduce into his poems the characters which he most admired, and that, as far as they were weak in mind, they assuredly did not represent the poet himself; yet it is true that Byron affected to describe himself under the guise of his picturesque or histrionic misanthropes and adventurers. Lord Lytton for forty years always chose a hero of the same age with himself at the time of writing; and it is difficult not to suspect that both the gilded heroes of his youth and the later personages who might have been the grandfathers of Pelham, were to some extent representatives of the author. Sir Henry Taylor committed a critical error, though perhaps he incurred little other risk, in challenging admiration for his hero. The character is constructed from the outside, and is therefore not of the highest order of dramatic impersonation; but, having determined to present to his readers a brave and able man of reflective intellect and steadfast temper, Sir Henry Taylor has produced a hero whose fortunes may be followed with cordial sympathy. As Pythagoras recognised the armour which he had worn before Troy when he bore the name of Euphorbus, Philip Van Artevelde might have remembered the experiences of 'Isaac Comnenus,' whose character he still retained; but in his transition from Constantinople to Flanders he had increased his practical wisdom without relinquishing his habits of moralising. Although he reserves his answer when he is first asked to become Dictator of Ghent, a just revenge and a noble ambition prevent any serious hesitation; nor is he fantastic enough to despise power and greatness when he has achieved success.

Sir Henry Taylor's genius is not exclusively displayed in studies of character. His interest in the history of the fourteenth century had been suggested or cultivated by familiarity with the writings of Froissart—

‘That ancient writer, whose romantic heart
 Loved war in every shape—its pride, its art,
 Its shows, appurtenances; whose page is still
 The theatre of war, turn where we will.’

And the modern poet understands as well as Froissart or as Scott the charm of pageantry, of action, and of warlike stir. The preparations for the entrance of Philip Van Artevelde on the stage are skilful and effective. The hero is not suffered to appear until the need for his services is vividly felt. The army of Ghent has been defeated in the field and its leader slain; famine and discontent begin to prevail within the walls; and two traitorous knights, who had long before taken part in the assassination of Jacques Van Artevelde, have gone to Bruges to make terms for themselves and their adherents with the Earl of Flanders. The Lord of Occo, who is destined to be the villain of the story, only hesitates in joining the peace faction until he has ascertained the fortune of his suit to the heiress Adriana Van Merestyn. Van den Bosch, the surviving chief of the White Hoods or armed forces of the city, feels the necessity of finding a leader less obnoxious to the citizens than himself. Some of his comrades are good soldiers, but incapable of civil government.

‘And I am good at arms, and want not wit,
 But then I’m sore suspected of the rich,
 By reason of my rudeness, and the fruit
 Which that same gallows-trec of mine has borne;
 And, to my truth, although my wit be good,
 It has a fitter range without the gates,
 In ordering of an enterprise than here.’

His colleague, Franz Ackerman, in answer to the suggested difficulty that a man wise enough for the post might be too wise to take it, replies in weighty phrases, which are perhaps too general for the immediate purpose, that no game is too desperate for wise men to take up; and Occo, who had in the meantime been rejected by Adriana, and who had learned that Philip was his rival, adds that there are such men, and that

‘Philip van Artevelde is such a man.’

When the offer is made, Philip at first answers with an eloquent description of the murder of his father by Sir Guisebert Grutt and Sir Simon Bette. Van den Bosch replies with convincing good sense:—

‘Why, what if Jacques Artevelde was killed?
 He had his reign, and that for many a year;

And a great glory did he gain thereby.
 And, as for Guisebert Grutt and Simon Bette,
 Their breath is in their nostrils, as was his.'

Practical men think of Hannibal as the victor of Thrasy-mene and Cannæ, and not as a handful of ashes in an urn. Artevelde is easily persuaded, though he postpones his decision until he has consulted Adriana; but he has not yet thoroughly got rid of the philosophy and rhetoric of Isaac Comnenus. He tells Van den Bosch that the vessel of the insurgents has felt the storm, and that they would make a jury-mast of him, and that he would prefer to be the oak rooted in the vale of life. The rough soldier anticipates the judgment of the literary critic when he answers:—

'Ho! what is this?
 I pray you speak it in the burghers' tongue.
 I lack the scholarship to talk in tropes.'

No man is a more complete master of the burghers' tongue than Sir Henry Taylor; but his favourite characters have sometimes an inveterate habit of talking in tropes. In plainer and stronger language, when his visitor has left him, Artevelde apostrophises his father:—

'Thy life is eloquent, and more persuades
 Unto dominion than thy death deters;
 For that reminds me of a debt of blood
 Descended with my patrimony to me,
 Whose paying off would clear my soul's estate.'

Tropes are more appropriate in an interview with Adriana, though she requires no metaphors to induce her to share Philip's fortunes. Events now succeed one another with exciting rapidity. Artevelde addresses the people, and accepts from them power of life and death, which he undertakes to use with stern and equal justice. In an admirable scene he wins to his side two burghers whom Occo had attempted to hire for his assassination; and when Occo advises him to trust the crafts which, as he knew, inclined to the faction of the earl, he offers him counsel in return. He tells Occo that he had taken order for a company of men who were to watch traitors in guild assemblies, and to use their weapons at a sign from himself.

'Which matters recommending to your care,
 I counsel you to stay at home. Farewell.'

After some natural regret for the abandonment of his peaceful and innocent life, Artevelde attends the meeting at which the knights who have returned from Bruges propose submission to

the earl. In a noble speech Artevelde warns the assembled burghers of the hollowness of peace.

'Forgiveness may be written with the pen,
But think not that the parchment and mouth pardon
Will e'er eject old hatreds from the heart.
There's that betwixt you been men ne'er forget
Till they forget themselves, till all's forgot,
Till the deep sleep falls on them in that bed
From which no morrow's mischief knocks them up.'

Then turning to Grutt, by whose side he stands, and to Bette, by whom he had placed Van den Bosch, he taunts them with their acceptance of a list of three hundred citizens to be delivered to the mercy of the earl.

'You are the pickers and the choosers here,
And doubtless you're all safe, you think, ha ! ha !
But we have picked and chosen too, sir knights.
What was the law for I made yesterday ?
What ? is it you that would deliver up
Three hundred citizens to certain death ?
Ho, Van den Bosch ! have at these traitors—there !

[*Stabs Grutt, who falls.*

Van den Bosch. Die, treasonable dog ! is that enough ?
Down, felon, and plot treacheries in hell !

[*Stabs Bette.*']

In his prose treatise Sir Henry Taylor teaches that the statesman ought to have a robust rather than a delicate or squeamish conscience. Van Artevelde exemplifies the precept without forfeiting respect or admiration. The commander of a besieged town must exercise the power of life and death ; and in case of need he may execute justice with his own hands. Heroes of fiction have the great advantage over generals or statesmen in real life of being positively certain of the demerits of villains whom they have occasion to kill. They virtually share the omniscience which, as far as the story and the characters are concerned, belongs to the author of their being. In Ghent, as it actually existed during the revolt against the Earl of Flanders, and still more certainly in the Ghent of the drama, the chief captain of the White Hoods could not have discharged his duty if he had abstained from capital punishment in regular or irregular forms. It would be tedious, and the book is so widely known that it is unnecessary, to follow the rest of the story in detail. Van Artevelde's quarrel with Van den Bosch, the famine in Ghent, and the march upon Bruges, excite warm interest on a fifth or sixth reading. The poet has fully succeeded in making his chosen hero the centre

and origin of events. He alone prevents Ghent from yielding in its distress; and his successful enterprise turns the tide of fortune. In the moment of victory he is as inexorable in the execution of justice as at the beginning of the struggle. The earl's counsellor, Gilbert Matthew, and the traitor Occo had planned the murder of Sir Walter d'Arlon, the lover of Philip's sister, Clara Van Artevelde. Occo denies his guilt; but Gilbert Matthew, knowing escape to be impossible, boldly avows his baffled purpose:—

'I with this caitiff truly did conspire,
For good and ample reasons, to remove
Sir Walter d'Arlon from this troublesome world.'

Artevelde, though he has no thought of revoking his sentence, does not withhold his admiration:—

'Ay, Gilbert! God forgive thee for thy sins.
Thou steppest statelily the only walk
Thou hast to take on earth.'

Adriana, who had been treacherously carried off by Occo, entreats that his life may be spared, but Artevelde is rightly firm:—

'Not though an angel plead. Vengeance is God's;
But God doth oftentimes dispense it here
By human ministration. To my hands
He rendered victory this eventful day
For uses of His own, and this is one.
Let Flanders judge me for my deeds to-night
That I from this time forth will do His will,
Justice with mercy tempering where I may,
But executing always. Take him hence.
Now, Adriana, I am wholly thine.'

The other characters of the first part of 'Philip Van Artevelde' serve the purposes of the poem, but they have in themselves only a secondary interest. Sir Guy of Occo performs with undeviating fidelity the duty of villain; and, as an additional aggravation of his guilt, he is personally a coward. Van den Bosch, in spite of his ferocity, cruelty, and turbulence, is brave, faithful, and patriotic; and his unwilling and gradual acquiescence in the moral and official superiority of Artevelde adds to the interest of both characters. Of the two women, Adriana is only the walking lady of the stage; and the construction of the character of Clara, who is more carefully drawn, is not altogether a successful experiment. The light wit which she is intended to display borders on flippancy; and even when she shares the sufferings of the rest of the city during the

famine she provokes but a languid compassion. Sir Henry Taylor seems to find pleasure in the contrast of two female characters respectively sentimental and lively, which recur in more than one of his dramas. Adriana and Clara are called Iolande and Flor in 'St. Clement's Eve;' and in the 'Virgin Widow' they appear under the romantic names of Rosalba and Fiordelisa. The same contrast is more faintly drawn in 'Edwin the Fair' between the king's wife Elgiva and his sister Ethilda. The Elena of the second part of 'Philip Van Artevelde' more nearly resembles a living person. If Pope had formed his opinion of women exclusively from their representatives in fictions written by men, he would have been justified in saying that most of them had no characters at all. Female novelists, though their men are often mere wax dolls, succeed better in representing women by reason of their more minute and unstudied knowledge. Even Scott's heroines are for the most part vague and conventional. In this respect, as in all other points, Shakespeare is above general rules.

The second part of 'Philip Van Artevelde,' though it is highly interesting as a story, is only dramatic in the relation between the hero and the Italian Elena who had previously lived with the French king's uncle, the Duke of Bourbon. The love which Philip had felt for Adriana has survived her; and his attachment to Elena is of a different kind. He is willing to allow her to return to the duke, who had offered in exchange for her his influence on the side of peace; and his reflections after he has wooed and won her indicate weariness and indifference.

• So have I wasted half a summer's night.
Was it well spent? successfully it was;
And yet, of springs and sources taking note,
How little flattering is a woman's love.'

It is a relief to him to return to ordinary business by giving an order to an officer:—

'Have me a gallows built upon the mount,
And let Van Kortz be hung at break of day.'

The villain of the second part, Sir Fleureant of Heurlée, differs from his predecessor, Sir Guy of Occo, only in possessing personal courage. The weak and malignant Duke of Bourbon is happily sketched; but the interest of the poem is rather of an epic than of a dramatic character. From the first the visible approach of misfortune portends defeat and death, and before the final struggle Artevelde learns his fate from one of the conventionally prophetic dreams which only

occur in fiction. The stir and bustle of both camps, the treason of Sir Fleureant and his agents, and the debate of the French council on the plan of campaign are vividly presented to the imagination. Few poets have entered with a more sympathetic spirit into the business of war. The speech in which Artevelde, after the failure of the mission sent to England for help, declares war with 'the chivalry of Christendom' is justly famous.

'With the poor
I make my treaty, and the heart of man
Sets the broad seal of its allegiance there,
And ratifies the compact. Vassals, serfs,
Ye that are bent with unregarded toil,
Ye that have whitened in the dungeon dark
Through years that knew not change of night and day,
Tatterdemalions, lodgers in the hedge,
Lean beggars with raw backs and rumbling maws,
Whose poverty was whipped for starving you,
I hail you, my auxiliars and allies—
The only potentates whose help I crave.
Richard of England, thou hast slain Jack Straw,
But thou hast left unquenched the vital spark
That set Jack Straw on fire.'

It would be hypercritical to object that a calm and dignified statesman would not have associated himself with the cause of Jack Straw and Wat Tyler. There is no time for Artevelde to carry out his purpose. Van den Bosch and other trusted lieutenants are defeated and slain before the fatal encounter of the French and Flemish armies on the Lis. In the middle of the battle Artevelde is treacherously stabbed by Sir Fleureant. Elena and Van Ryk, the same faithful follower who had long before resisted the solicitations of Occo, are found beside the body when the French lords return from the pursuit. The last scene worthily closes the heroic tale:—

'Van Ryk. The enemy is near
In hot pursuit; we cannot take the body.

Elena. The body?

Van Ryk. Hush!

[*Enter DUKE OF BURGUNDY.*]

Burgundy. What hideous cry was that?
What are ye? Flemings? Who art thou, old sir?
Who she that flung that wild funereal note
Unto the upper sky?

Van Ryk. What I am
Yourself have spoken. I am, as you said,
Old and a Fleming. Younger by a day

I could have wished to die—but what of that ?
 For death to be behindhand but a day
 Is but a little grief.

Burgundy. Well said, old man.

And who is this ?

Van Ryk. Sir, she is not a Fleming.'

Bourbon coming up calls her a traitress, 'the villain's paramour,' but Sir Fleureant attempts to defend her character.

'*Elena.* 'Tis false—thou liest—I was his paramour.'

She aims a blow at Bourbon and kills Fleureant, and in a struggle both she and Van Ryk are slain. A tragic ending is more endurable when, as after the slaughter of the Nibelungen, none are left to mourn.

That 'Edwin the Fair' is less interesting than 'Philip Van Artevelde' is the fault of the subject and not of the poet. It is perhaps because there was no Froissart in the tenth century that the annals of England before the Conquest, however instructive, are dull. The unequal contest of the king with the monastic orders and their celebrated chief, though it has some tragic elements, suits the genius of Sir Henry Taylor less than the wars of France and Flanders. Elgiva is a mere name for the legendary victim of priestly cruelty, and the three loyal and valiant earls, Athulf, Leolf, and Sidroc, might have appeared in another age as Segestus, Gyas, and Cloanthus. Wulfstan the Wise, with his copious flow of unseasonable aphorisms, is so far well placed that his wisdom may perhaps have imposed on an illiterate age. If Coleridge had been born in Albania or Afghanistan, he would probably, as at Highgate, have talked incessantly. Neither his poetry nor his more subtle philosophy is transferred to Wulfstan. Many thoughtful maxims and graceful images are to be found in the dialogue; but the dramatic power of the writer is concentrated, not without valuable result, on the character of Dunstan. The stupidly eager credulity of his devoted followers is well expressed by two attendant monks who are employed to prepare the audience for the entrance of the central personage of the story.

'*First Monk.* He slept two hours, no more; then raised his head
 And said, "Methinks it raineth."

Second Monk. Twice he coughed,
 And then he spat.

First Monk. He raised himself and said,
 "Methinks it raineth," pointing with his hand;
 And as he pointed, lo! it rained apace.'

In such a society selfish ambition was most fully gratified when it assumed the form of saintliness. The intriguing ascetic of the Middle Ages can only be reproduced by an effort of imagination; but surviving traces of the same character have furnished Sir Henry Taylor with suggestive hints and outlines. The calculated arrogance of Dunstan results from a happy and probable conjecture, for the vulgar instinctively look up to those who ostentatiously look down on them. When his faithful attendant, who is the subordinate villain of the play, tells him that he called, the saint affects surprise, but he adds, 'I think I did. Send me those bishops.' When they enter he observes that there are no seats, and sends for a stool for himself while he leaves the bishops standing. By similar treatment he confirms the deference of the archbishop and the queen mother to his policy. Sir Henry Taylor's close observation of character is illustrated by the sincerely religious zeal of the treacherous and murderous saint. The type of deliberate and unmingled hypocrisy which was personified in Tartuffe is, at least among the upper classes of society, worn out, if it ever existed. Probably in Dunstan's time, as in the present day, hypocrites took care to deceive themselves before they practised on their neighbours. A complacent consciousness of religious excellence is the first condition of calm superiority to the ordinary rules of right and wrong. It is in the supposed interest of divine truth that Dunstan practises the basest fraud. The sophistry by which he anticipates and prevents scruple is of a simple and familiar kind.

'The faction runs ahead. What mean they then?
 Why verily to abuse, and by their wiles
 Betray the Synod. Nothing less. But God,
 Who to the Devil incarnate in the snake
 Gave subtlety, denies not to His saints
 (So they shall use it to His glory and gain)
 The weapon He permitted to the fiend.'

A dual morality, of which one half is supposed to have a spiritual sanction, permits any obliquity of conduct. The arbitrary and artificial Decalogue supersedes the genuine commandments. The almost humorous persistency with which the poet drags Dunstan from one atrocious crime to another, arises from an honest antipathy to the worst form of human malignity and baseness. Yet the hateful saintliness of Dunstan is not wholly unmingled with nobler qualities. At the end of the drama he is left confronting the Danish invaders with the same implacable resolution which had crushed the innocent king and queen.

In the latest of his historical plays, Sir Henry Taylor returns to the picturesque history of mediæval France, though he has lost the guidance of Froissart. 'St. Clement's Eve' is perhaps the most poetical of all his works. Louis of Orleans, the principal person in the story, is a true hero of romance, from the first chivalric, kindly, and graceful, and afterwards converted, in accordance with romantic ethics, from a wild life to the strictest purity by a virtuous love, which cannot be gratified because he is unluckily married already. The Bastard of Montargis is an unredeemed villain whose crimes might put Sir Guy of Occo and Sir Fleureant of Heurlée to shame. His fierce master, John the Fearless of Burgundy, is so far less hateful than Montargis, that he believes himself to have ample reason for revenge. The grief of Charles VI. in his lucid intervals for the misery of his subjects, and their reverent compassion for his infirmity, are touchingly described. The description by Robert the Hermit of the sufferings which he has seen in his journey through France, and his warning to the princes of the blood, whose feuds have reduced the country to ruin, are admirably eloquent. In a vision the hermit had seen a falcon and a kite tearing the body of a woman; and on his journey he had heard a mother invoking vengeance on a soldier who had starved her child by taking away its food.

'The woman ceased; but voices in the air,
Yea, and in me a thousand voices, cried,
"Visit him, God, with thy divine revenge."
Then they too ceased, and sterner still the voice
Slow and sepulchral that took up the word.
"Him, God, but not him only, nor him most;
Look thou to them that breed the men of blood,
That breed and feed the murderers of the realm."'

Where it is worth notice that in two powerful lines there is only one word of more than one syllable. The hermit had also seen a pine and ash struck by lightning, being, like the falcon and the kite, symbols of Burgundy and Orleans.

'Then I knew the doom
Of those accursed men who sport with war,
And tear the body of their mother, France.
Trembling though guiltless did I hear that doom,
Trembling though guiltless I; for them I quaked
Of whom it spoke. Oh Princes, tremble ye,
For ye are they! Oh, hearken to that voice!
Oh cruel, cruel, cruel Princes, hear!
For ye are they that tear your mothers' flesh.
Oh, flee the wrath to come—repent and live.
Else know your doom which God declares through me,

Perdition and the pit hereafter; here
Short life and shameful death.'

Burgundy sneers at the prophetic rebuke, while Orleans, smitten with sudden repentance, asks forgiveness of his cousin. The speeches of Iolande are tender and pathetic, but her piety and self-sacrificing gentleness fail to give reality and substance to her character. It is as a poem, or as an epic fragment, rather than as a tragedy, that 'St. Clement's Eve' deserves to be known and remembered. The meeting of the council at which the guilt of the murder of the Duke of Orleans is brought home to his enemy is one of the most impressive scenes in historical fiction. Burgundy at first refuses to allow the Provost of Paris to enter his house in search for evidence; but when he finds that suspicion is growing to certainty he avows his act.

'Spare thy threats,
Good uncle. It was I that did this deed.
Berri. Too well I knew it from the first.
Sicily.

And I.'

From a preface published with the first edition of the 'Virgin Widow, or a Sicilian Summer,' in 1850, it appears that Sir Henry Taylor hoped or wished to revive the spirit of the Elizabethan comedy. 'The mere comedy of manners and repartee which has been written for the last two centuries is, no doubt, with all the brilliancy which it has occasionally exhibited, a somewhat narrow representation of human life.' It may be added that no form of composition could, as far as it is possible to judge from his writings, be more entirely alien from Sir Henry Taylor's taste and genius. A purely ideal world of wit, from which conscience and feeling are excluded, may be admirable when it is exhibited to perfection; but it could scarcely interest the thoughtful and serious author of 'Philip Van Artevelde.' 'The romantic and poetic comedy,' he adds, 'which preceded includes, though not the four seasons, yet the spring, summer, and autumn of nature. It is light and sweet for the most part; but, without losing its prevailing character of lightness and sweetness, it can in turn be serious, pathetic, and still more eminently wise.' The 'Virgin Widow' is not deficient in these qualities, but it is a copy of an original which no longer lives. The play might have been written by Massinger or Beaumont and Fletcher, but it includes no character such as those which were drawn in his slightest sketches by Shakespeare. There is an avaricious noble father, an amiable spendthrift, a king of easy morals,

and a virtuous gentleman; and there are two beautiful ladies, three rascally Jews, and a jester. The scene is so far real that the plot is laid in Sicily; but the Sicily of the 'Virgin Widow' is a country in which musicians at a feast are told that a puncheon of strong ale stands abrooch for them in the buttery. The island, with its city, its castles, its butteries, and its monasteries, is only to be found in the region of romantic comedy, if indeed that is to be called comedy only because it cannot be called tragedy, which produces neither tears nor laughter. The jester Tribolo may have amused his imaginary contemporaries, but scarcely his modern readers, by his address to certain youths who have been singing at a wedding: 'Hapless bachelors! but I like you well; for though you counterfeit a love sickness, yet you are clad in all the colours of the rainbow, and you sing like peacocks.' It is easy to recognise the echo of an obsolete literary method; but sounds continued by mechanical repercussion have no longer a meaning. The action of the play is not commonplace, if it is judged by the standard of experience, but it faithfully corresponds in its extravagance with the romantic fiction of the successors of Shakespeare. In this, as in all Sir Henry Taylor's dramas, there are fine thoughts expressed in pure and forcible English; but the story and the characters belong to the sphere of dreams, and not even of dreams which could now be dreamed. The constitution of Sicily, in the 'Virgin Widow,' appears to be the mild and sociable despotism which was administered by Shakespeare's dukes. A favourite courtier is banished, apparently without any violation of law, because he has protected a humble maiden from the lawless pursuit of the king. As soon as the exigencies of the story require Ruggiero's return to court, he is easily restored to favour, and with the rest of the characters he begins to live happy for the rest of his life. The historical dramas are perhaps almost as remote from the realities of life; but they are representations of events and persons who once existed, as they appear to imagination in the present day. In the 'Virgin Widow' the author has assumed for himself, as well as for his fictitious characters, an antiquated costume.

Sir Henry Taylor's genius is not logical, and his non-dramatic poems are of secondary importance. The 'Lay of Elena,' inserted between the first and second parts of 'Philip Van Artevelde,' is, as the author somewhere intimates, composed in condescension to the taste which approved the rhymed tales of Byron and Moore. In some preliminary lines the reader is invited to rest;

‘Or, if thou lov’st to hear
A soft pulsation in thine easy ear,
Turn thou the page, and let thy senses drink
A lay that shall not trouble thee to think.’

A poem composed in a spirit of affable toleration cannot be expected to attain high excellence in spirit or in execution. Elena’s sentimental and descriptive account of her early life might readily be exchanged for a line of her subsequent dialogues with Artevelde. Like many who have loved before and since, she compares her love in its growth, its maturity, and its disappointment to the changing seasons:—

‘What next? A change is slowly seen,
And deepeneth day by day;
The darker, soberer, sadder green,
Prevenient to decay.’

It is well that Sir Henry Taylor has understood his own gifts too well to attempt on many occasions so uncongenial a manner. In the unfamiliar style he is even tempted to deviate from strict propriety of idiom. The word ‘prevenient,’ though it may etymologically be equivalent to ‘prior in time,’ has accidentally acquired a theological meaning, in connexion with the earlier use of the verb ‘prevent.’ Four or five hundred lines of the same kind prepare a welcome for

‘Strains

Where weightier themes may pay the reader’s pains.
Again disclose we counsels of the wise,
Deeds of the warlike: let the curtain rise.

The other occasional verses in the collection have more personal interest than poetical merit. The sentiment is always natural and just, and the morality unexceptionable; but the art exhibited seldom enhances the value of the matter. The ballads and short lyrics which are interspersed among the dramas are of a far higher order. Some of the lines attributed to minstrels sound as if they might really have been sung in the hall of Edwin, or before the earl in the Stadthouse at Bruges:—

‘The little bird sat on the greenwood tree,
And the sun was as bright as bright could be;
The leaf was broad, the shade was deep,
The lion of Flanders lay fast asleep.
The little bird sang—“Sir Lion, arise,
For I hear with my ears, and I see with my eyes,
And I know what I know, and I tell thee this,
That the men of Ghent have done something amiss.”

From his lair the lion of Flanders rose,
 And he shook his mane, and tossed up his nose;
 "Ere a leaf be fallen, or summer be spent,"
 Quoth he, "if God spare me, I'll go to Ghent."

Ere a snowflake fell, the lion he went
 And roared a roar at the walls of Ghent;
 The gates they shook, though they were fast barred,
 And the warders heard it at Oudenarde.
 At the first roar ten thousand men
 Fell sick to death. He roared again,
 And the blood of twenty thousand flowed
 On the bridge of Roone as broad as the road.
 Woe worth thee, Ghent, if, having heard
 The first and second, thou bidest the third;
 Flat stones and awry, grass, potsherd, and shard,
 Thy place shall be like an old churchyard.'

Two songs of Elena are wonderfully touching and musical.

'Down lay in a ditch my lady's track,
 And said, "My feet are sore;
 I cannot follow with the pack
 A hunting of the boar.
 And though the horn sounds never so clear,
 With hounds in wild uproar,
 Yet I must stop and lie down here,
 Because my feet are sore."
 The huntsman when he heard the same,
 This answer did he give:
 "The dog that lame is much to blame,
 He is not fit to live."

The same theme is not less admirably treated when Elena has followed the camp to Oudenarde:—

'Quoth tongue of neither maid nor wife
 To heart of neither wife nor maid:
 "Lead we not here a jolly life
 Between the sunshine and the shade?"
 Quoth heart of neither maid nor wife
 To tongue of neither wife nor maid:
 "Thou waggest, but I am worn with strife,
 And feel like flowers that fade."

If Sir Henry Taylor had written nothing else, these four stanzas would have proved him a true poet.

ART. VIII.—1 *Correspondance de H. de Balzac, 1819–1850.* Paris: 1877.

2. *Balzac, sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* Par Madame L. SURVILLE, née DE BALZAC. Paris: 1876.

3. *Balzac chez lui.* Par LÉON GOZLAN. Paris: 1876.

WE remember, though it must have been full five-and-forty years ago, to have toiled one day up the long Rue St. Jacques, in Paris, leading from the Quarter of the Schools to that forsaken region of the city which lies behind the Panthéon (as it was then called) and near the Observatory. The object of this expedition was to be introduced by a friend to the celebrated writer whose name stands at the head of this article, who was then in the first bloom of his fame. He was already known to the world as the author of the ‘*Peau de Chagrin*,’ and of ‘*Eugénie Grandet*:’ his later and more questionable works had, of course, not appeared. At the far end of this ‘long unlovely street,’ on the right-hand side, we reached the *porte-cochère* of a modest house, washed with yellow ochre, and we entered the court by a wicket. Full in front of us were inscribed, in large black letters painted on the yellow walls, the words, ‘*Fabrique de l’Absolu*:’ a strange announcement of what was going on within. A few steps brought us into a small parlour or cabinet on the ground-floor, looking out into a garden, and well furnished with bookcases. At a writing-table, covered with proof-sheets and manuscripts, sat the great novelist, in the midst of his ‘*Fabrique*,’ and his own appearance was as strange as that of his abode. He wore a dress of white serge, exactly resembling the robe of a Dominican monk, buckled round the waist with a leathern girdle. From above the cowl or hood, which was thrown back on his neck, projected the round bluff head of M. de Balzac. His hair was cut to the quick, what the French call *ras*; for after having astonished the Parisian world for some years by the enormity of his head of hair, and by a walking-stick with a knob equally portentous, which was celebrated in prose and verse as the ‘*canne de M. de Balzac*,’ he suddenly varied the excitement caused by his appearance at the *foyer* of the Opera, by reducing his grotesque *chevelure* to these monastic proportions. His features were coarse, his manners rather vulgar, though kindly to the two young foreigners who had come to seek him, and his small beadlike eyes twinkled with mirth and good humour. He immediately began to talk freely, for he talked on the one subject that interested

him—himself and his works. He professed to care little for society, and said he seldom interrupted his work to go into the town, except now and then to hear a polacca at the Opera. The ‘Puritani’ had been brought out in Paris a few nights before, and that polacca which Grisi warbled so incomparably well was in every one’s ears. ‘But here,’ he said, ‘I lead the life of a galley-slave at the oar. These works of mine will one day form the diabolical comedy of life. All that I have written hitherto, all that I shall write, converges to this end. My publishers tell me it will be worth a million, but that signifies nothing to me, for I can live on half-a-crown a day.’ These words we distinctly recollect, but we are afraid at this distance of time to trust to memory for further details of the conversation which rambled on, always returning to his works and himself. He seemed pleased with his visitors, and ended by asking us to come back and dine with him. Unluckily, some previous engagement prevented our accepting his invitation. ‘C’est domage,’ said he, ‘car nous aurons Samson et Vidocq’—the one was the executioner, the other the great detective of the French police. But as this was said after the invitation had been declined, it is not unlikely that he drew upon his imagination for those attractive guests. We never had another opportunity of making their acquaintance, nor do we remember to have seen M. de Balzac himself again.

The most striking characteristic of the man was his egregious vanity, his extravagant and vulgar desire to make an effect, and what seemed to be the reckless mendacity with which he spoke of his own powers and performances. At this time, and we believe ever after, though M. de Balzac was certainly the first novelist of the day, far superior to Jules Janin and Eugène Sue (Georges Sand and Alexandre Dumas belong to a somewhat later period), he never acquired any position in Parisian society. With him there was no question of a seat in the Academy, nor was he received in any French *salon* except that of Madame Delphine Gay. The Russians in Paris took to him more kindly; they enthusiastically admired his works, and they rather liked his grotesque eccentricities. But in those days eccentricity was not a passport to good society in France. To the more refined literary society of the great capital he was personally unknown. He betrayed a craving for aristocratic distinctions; but these he found among the Russians only, and it appears from this correspondence that the most serious and constant attachment of his life was to the Russian lady whom he eventually married.

We now learn, if this record of his life is to be trusted, what

was but imperfectly known before, that he rose to success only after a long and bitter conflict with adverse circumstances. In earlier life he had written a vast number of works of fiction under another name (we think it was Henri de St. Aubin) which were utterly worthless, and formed no part of what he afterwards styled his 'œuvre.' We know no other instance of the transformation of a bad and unsuccessful author into one of eminent genius and great popularity. But suddenly, when the 'Peau de Chagrin' appeared, and Henri de St. Aubin became M. de Balzac, he stood forth, as it were, a new man. We have always suspected that the name of 'De Balzac' was as much assumed as that which preceded it, though he harps upon its literary traditions in these letters. But in truth so much of what the world saw of him was artificial and unreal that he got no credit for the very name he bore.

Yet there were, as these letters prove, seeds of good in him which the world did not see, and of which it knew nothing. The strength of family ties and affections is the tenderest and purest element in the French character. Men who are all show, and noise, and vanity, and tinsel in outward society, have often within their hearts a little spring of domestic love which flows with an inexhaustible stream. While M. de Balzac was attempting to take the world by storm by his eccentricities, and while in his novels he was drawing the darkest and saddest pictures of human life, his letters to his sister and his mother are full of sunshine and, we may hope, of truth. As a man, seen from without, he commanded admiration for his genius, largely tempered by ridicule and distrust; but his works undoubtedly entitle him to a prominent place in the history of fiction, and his letters exhibit his private character in a more pleasing light. Such are the impressions left upon our mind by our own slight acquaintance with this remarkable man, but dismissing them altogether in the following pages, we shall attempt to consider the great French novelist historically, according to the evidence he has himself left behind him, as if he had been dead a hundred years instead of twenty. The contrast may be all the more curious that many of our readers will have it in their power to repeat it by their own recollections; and few things are more strange than the difference between the world's estimate of a man living, and that which it is taught to form of him after he is dead.

Of all the writers of recent times there are very few who have attained so great a position as Balzac, not only in his own country, where he ranks as a classic, but in European literature, where the influence of France, especially in *belles*

lettres, finds always so much response. A mere novel-writer, so to speak, a manufacturer of romances only less prolific than Dumas himself, producing a series of tales in rapid succession, with feverish energy and fertility and speed, and in defiance of all the laws against hasty composition which have become the commonplaces of criticism, he has yet attained a place, not only among the writers of genius whose works are for all time, but among the more profound and serious of these writers, as a philosopher as much as a romancist. We know no one in England whom we could place on the same level, no novelist, indeed, anywhere whose claims go so high, or whose influence and following are so grave and important, unless it might be George Eliot, whose works are too few and too elaborate for such a comparison, and whose reputation has not yet sustained the test of time and death—two powers which modify strangely the opinions of the contemporary world. To Balzac, however, these tests have come, and his reputation has come through them triumphantly. No other writer of fiction has sounded so profoundly and so persistently the baser mysteries of human nature; no man has descended so low in the subterranean ways of life, and revealed with so terrible a lustre the secret things that lurk in the darkness. Human nature perhaps will always be more impressed by such discoveries than it is by the happier light which an imagination of a more genial kind can throw upon its virtues and nobleness. The terrible, the guilty, the mean and miserable thrill us more deeply than do those pictures of the innocent and good which are, we think, less certainly true, which are apt, we imagine, to degenerate into the regions of rose-water and sentiment. Goodness is not so linked with all the passions as vice is; it has not the same elements of tragedy in it; it involves no agony of retribution, no despair, no tremendous pursuit or slowly gathering coil of fate; which no doubt is the reason why the researches into human nature which have the most power over us are always those which reveal new varieties of sinning and of suffering, secrets painful and shameful hid beneath the seeming serenity of common life. Balzac's extraordinary career is full of these revelations. His '*Comédie de la Vie Humaine*' is a tragedy awful, terrible, despairing—a comedy not divine but infernal, full of darker horrors than Dante ever dreamed of. And no doubt it is, more or less, owing to this peculiarity that he has attained so great an ascendancy over many minds. To a great part of the world, indeed, the surface is all that is interesting, and no desire to investigate, to descend lower or to mount higher, ever crosses their contented spirits. The little breezes that crisp

the water, the little ruffling of summer wind which makes the poplar leaves white, turning their wrong side outwards, is as much as they care to encounter in the world of fancy; but the most influential class of readers entertain a very different preference, and there is nothing so sought after as a guide who will lead them into the depths.

To Balzac the surface of life was the merest masque, easily detached, displaced by perpetual accidents, and never really concealing the true features of the reveller who is continually roaming across the gaieties and lighter occupations of the world in pursuit of some sombre adventure, some calculation of passion or of interest. Nothing is as it seems, in those pages, so often terrible, appalling in their pitiless pursuit of human nature through all its subterfuges. The life he sees before him is a life haunted by damning secrets, by ghosts of past evil, by devouring wishes or recollections. The purest beings he can conceive of are either caught helpless in some whirlpool of evil out of which they cannot escape, or gain their saintliness through the penitence which follows crime. Many of his *chefs-d'œuvre* fill us with a loathing and horror of life as he depicts it; and there is scarcely one of them that does not oppress and sadden the heart of the reader with images of misery. Few if any of our English writers have so much as touched the same keynote. The philosophy of Fielding is only a laughing humour in comparison, and the supposed cynicism of Thackeray is but piquant *malice*, in the French sense of the word, devoid of bitterness. George Eliot, indeed, is the only writer who resembles Balzac in this particular. There is something in her angry scorn of superficial virtue, in her somewhat gloomy insight into the growth and cumulation of evil, in her profound distrust of happiness and disbelief in its possibility, and in her perpetual consciousness of the vulgar under-current of self-regard which sweeps every obstacle out of its path, which recalls the master of moral anatomy who preceded her. But George Eliot, if she regards the comedy of human action with deep discouragement and want of faith, is infinitely more moved by her own creations than Balzac is, and shows her hatred of her worst revelations with a vehemence and *naïveté* which is a very remarkable feature in her genius. It is, indeed, not a comedy to her at all, but a tragedy, in which her feelings are engaged in spite of herself; and all that is in her fights and struggles for the good, even while she gains her greatest success by revelation of the evil. Balzac has no such bias. The moral conflict interests him profoundly, but he looks on, upon both

sides impartially, without favour. Vice is not vice to him so much as a great moral agency, a motive power of immense importance in the life of man, an influence not always or altogether bad, but sometimes even involving a certain virtue. For one thing, immorality in the relations between men and women is nothing to him at all. He has no prejudice, no preference against or for it. It is, to his consciousness, the usual state of affairs, a condition of life which does not corrupt the character of either. Unlawful connexions, indeed, are a fruitful source of trouble, and produce some of the most interesting imbroglios in life. Occasionally, if there is marked treachery in them, or falsehood of a deeper die than usual, they are bad for a woman, and always likely to get her into trouble; but beyond this the man, the artist, has no feeling on the subject. This insensibility is not unusual among French writers, and naturally it gives them much freedom in their treatment of subjects which humanity in general cannot regard so impartially. The aspect of life is indeed altogether changed to a spectator who has no bias, who remains unmoved in the midst of the battle, finding it of no high importance which side may win, indeed always sympathising to a greater degree with the character to which a knowledge of the forbidden has given experience and depth, than with one that has remained *borné* and uninformed in the narrow circles of innocence. At the same time perhaps there is less harm in the narrative which is neither ashamed nor disgusted by what it has to record, but takes in all the circumstances broadly as mere features in the general picture.

But when the strange career was over of this man who had held the mirror up to every deformity of nature, who had left no class or region unenlightened by the awful light of his researches—he who had disclosed in the stillness of village-life, in the quiet of the woods and fields, such a tragical miser as old Grandet devouring the very hearts of his household; and in the meaner masses of the *bourgeoisie*, that doleful marsh of all corruption, such an unlovely martyr as the Père Goriot, ruined by the heartless exactions of his; he who had opened up before us, in Paris, the vile swarm of *intrigants* who hunted into his grave the Cousin Pons, the most horrible group of harpies perhaps ever invented by man; and disclosed in the quiet provincial town such an appalling conception as Véro-nique, that apparent type of innocence and purity, living through the trial and execution of her lover without giving one sign of her own awful complicity; and who has provided literature with so many other studies of human misery and criminality:—when he died who had done all this, what was

the wonder of the world to find himself left behind, an image so different from any that could have been anticipated by those who knew Balzac only as the greatest romancist of his time! The world knew something of Balzac, however, as a man before this. It knew of him that he was *criblé de dettes*, always in conflict with his creditors, working not so much for daily bread as to pay for the daily bread long since eaten, consumed before it was earned, and leaving necessities more dangerous than hunger or starvation behind. To work from hand to mouth is bad enough; and it has been thought and said by many that such a condition of labour is the worst possible for the work produced. But when the work is not done to satisfy the legitimate needs of the day—at all times the natural purpose of labour—but to clear off the burdens of yesterday, the always lengthening, always renewed chain of debt, who can doubt that the bondage is calculated to cut into the very soul? This, however, was Balzac's case. There were times when he did not dare to show himself, but hid his head in one clandestine refuge after another, his very dogs trained not to betray him, his servants skilled in all the ruses of defence, and he only to be approached by means of passwords and mysterious precautions, as in a case of high treason. A man thus flitting under cover of night from one secret place to another, listening where he lay *perdu* in the depths of his lodging to ineffectual summons of bells and knockings, rejoicing when the baffled duns departed grumbling, conveys to us an impression of something irregular, disorderly, in all likelihood a bad liver, a man of corrupt tastes and ill-regulated ways. But when the curtain draws up, when the last light is thrown with no deceptive gleams in it or falsity of reflection, upon the playful, innocent records of his youth, upon the friendly, gentle letters of mature years, and at length reveals to us a true lover absorbed in one faithful attachment through half a lifetime, who could imagine that this constant and friendly soul was Balzac, he to whom everything on earth was darkened with impurity and rent asunder by falsehood? Yet so it is. This writer, who found a skeleton in every man's closet, when death set all his doors open and let in the shining of the sun, was found to have none in his; no wretched ghosts came out of it to sully his name, no hidden horrors were revealed to the eye of day. A tragedy there is, sure enough; for is not every life a tragedy? and the irony of fate is stamped upon it in startling lines. But the tragedy is one of everyday occurrence since the days of Moses, who was permitted to see the Promised Land only from afar.

A more strange commentary never was written upon any man's life and work than is made by the letters in which this man exposed his private soul. On the one hand all is tragic, gloomy, and terrible; on the other, friendly and gentle and kind; at one side a swarm of strange connexions, evil *liaisons*, intrigues innumerable; on the other a long-enduring, pure, and generous love. The world of imagination in which the reader has known Balzac is crowded with terrible figures, contemners of every law. Scarcely here and there is to be found one whom we may venture to trust as a true man or pure woman. One after another they pass before us enveloped in shameful mysteries, in cold-blooded struggles of remorseless egotism, in headlong pursuit of wealth, or greatness, or pleasure—pursuit which crushes without pity any obstacle, moral or natural, that lies in the way. But when we turn to the Balzac of the letters a softer light breaks over the picture. Here he is no executioner of humankind doing his duty grimly upon a race of secret assassins and traitors, but a friendly companion, discoursing gently of a hundred innocent matters, cruel to no one, loving to his friends, serviceable to his belongings, a good and tender son, an unalterable and delicate lover. Genius has filled the strange and terrible world of his books with an attraction which triumphs over the very horror and disgust and pain which it pleases him to call forth. But his letters require no such electricity to make them delightful. Gentle daylight shines through them instead of that fierce sun or blighting cloud; and there could be no better proof that the '*Comédie Humaine*' is not the terrible tragedy he makes it out to be, than is furnished by the tranquil exposition of his own private existence and thoughts.

This commentary is all the more valuable that Balzac had a life independent of his work and thoughts, so full of trouble and of toil, so distracted by those anxieties which are fatal to all repose of mind, that it would not have been surprising had his eyes been permanently jaundiced and his mind brought to regard all things around him, especially the worldly meanness of meaner men, with bitterness. Such a struggle for existence has rarely taken place, even among the traditional struggles of men of letters everywhere. The conflict began at twenty, when the young Honoré, refusing to harness himself to the trade of law, which it is evident he loathed, and of which he has left us so many painful pictures, succeeded with much difficulty in convincing his parents that there was that in him which would make a name in literature, and was permitted reluctantly to try what he could do, being allowed two year

of probation in which to win his spurs and show himself a master of the literary craft. A more curious bargain was surely never made at the beginning of a life. 'My brother,' says Madame Surville, 'had as yet given no proof of literary talent, and he had his fortune to make. It was only reasonable to wish for him an occupation less problematical than that of an author. And for one vocation like that of Honoré, which justified the indulgence, how many men of mediocre talent have been ruined by similar compliance!' The friends of the house were all in arms against the culpable weakness of the father who thus humoured his son. Honoré a man of genius! This was a thing which no one believed. He might make a good bagman, they thought; he wrote a fair hand; but Balzac's father was himself somewhat fantastic and full of theories, and the idea of this trial pleased him. 'He believed in the intelligence of his children.' 'My mother,' adds Madame Surville, 'was less confident, but thought that a little pressure of want would subdue Honoré;' and with this view the lad was established in Paris, on a footing of Spartan economy very well adapted to try his enthusiasm, by this practical and somewhat stern but anxious mother. 'She settled him before our departure from Paris in a garret which he chose near the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, the only library with which he was not acquainted, and where he proposed to work.' She furnished this room with strict necessities—a bed, a table, a few chairs; and the sum she allotted for his board would certainly not have sufficed for his most rigorous necessities if our mother had not left in Paris an old woman, for twenty years in the service of our family, whom she charged to watch over him.' We have heard of parents strong-minded and clear-sighted enough to cure a foolish boy, seized by one of those wild inclinations for the life of a sailor which used to be general among boys during the reign of Captain Marryat, by sending him to sea in a merchantship to Labrador or Newfoundland, the least attractive and stormiest of voyages. It was on the same wise but stern principle that Madame de Balzac treated her eldest son. 'To pass suddenly from a liberal house, where there was always plenty, to the solitude of an attic in which there was not a single constituent of comfort, must have been a hard transition,' says his sister; but he seems to have taken the change cheerfully, and faced all his difficulties with the gayest courage. His letters of this period are full of the playful and laughing grace of youth. 'I have got a servant,' he writes gaily; 'his name is *Moi-même*. . . . *Moi-même* is idle, awkward, forgetful; he beats my clothes, sings as he sweeps, sweeps as

‘ he sings, laughs as he talks, talks as he laughs—at bottom he is a good lad enough.’ ‘ Synging he was, or flouhting all ‘ the daye.’ What better picture could be of the gay youth, fearing nothing, smiling in the face of Fate? To shut him up all the more closely to his work, his careful parents gave it out that he was gone to visit a relation, so that in case of utter failure neither Honoré nor they should be shamed. Thus he began in his garret his apprenticeship as man of letters, according to the traditions of Grub Street itself, in a sublime ignorance as to what he should do first, or which way of glory he should choose, sure of nothing but of his purpose—

‘ to frame he knew not what excelling thing,
And win he knew not what sublime reward
Of praise and honour.’

‘ Ah, sister,’ he cries, ‘ if heaven has given me talent, my great ‘ delight will be to see my glory reflected upon you all. What ‘ happiness to conquer oblivion, to make again the name of ‘ De Balzac illustrious! At these thoughts my blood boils!’ And he adds, with the delicious gravity and good faith which belong to his age:—

‘ I have definitely fixed upon the subject of Cromwell, which I have chosen because it is the finest in modern history. . . . I have decidedly given up my comic opera. I could not find a composer in this hole—and besides one ought not to write for the taste of the moment, but do as the Racines and Corneilles have done, work like them for posterity. In addition to this, the second act was weak, and the first had too much music in it. And so much reflection being necessary, I prefer to reflect upon Cromwell. But there are ordinarily about two thousand lines in a tragedy, and you may judge how many reflections will be needful. Pity me—what do I say? No, pity me not, for I am happy; envy me rather, and think of me above all.’

Thus he goes on for letter after letter. In all the many works of the great Balzac there is no such genial, delightful, light-hearted, and genuine *jeune homme à vingt ans*. How he chatters to his sister about all his affairs, little and great, from his Cromwell and his hopes of glory to the stains his coffee makes on the floor, which it takes him so much time and water (‘ and water does not ascend by nature into my heavenly garret; it only descends there! on rainy days’) to get rid of; leaping from one thing to another with the gaiety of a child. ‘ Ah, *Laura soror*,’ he cries, ‘ what trouble I am in! I have just found out a fault of construction in my regicide, and it rustles with bad verses.’ In the next sentence he asks for a *vieillissime châte*, to wrap about his shoulders as he sits at night in his celestial garret, and pictures himself ‘ badly defended

‘against the frost, which has only the roof and a flannel vest
‘between it and my brotherly skin;’ his legs covered with the
carrick tourangeau of the country tailor; his head in a *calotte*
dantesque; nothing wanting but the old shawl to make him
comfortable. ‘*Ainsi équipé j’habiterai fort agréablement mon*
palais,’ he says. Notwithstanding this droll picture (and let
the reader imagine how far from droll, how dismal and heart-
rending would have been the vision of the young author, wrapped
in all the miserable superfluities of his poor wardrobe, and
shivering under the tiles of the cold and dreary Paris house, in
the hands of Balzac twenty years later), the boy permits him-
self the distraction of a piano, and after long resistance of the
temptation declares that he must be guilty of the folly of going
to see *Cinna*, in which Talma is to play. ‘My stomach
trembles at the thought,’ he says, but the thing which attracts
him is that ‘I have never seen anything of Corneille, our gene-
ral.’ His stomach trembles; no dinner for him if he yields to
the seductions of the play. Even without this extravagance,
‘that rascal *Moi-même* neglects me more and more. He goes
‘out only once in the three or four days to buy what is wanted,
‘and then goes to the worst shops in the quarter; the others
‘are too far off; the lad is thrifty of his steps; so that your
‘brother (destined to so much fame!) lives already absolutely
‘like a great man; that is to say, he is dying of hunger.’ How
easy it is to imagine the gloomy tints that this picture might
take if made of another! but the autobiographer is cheerful
as a cricket. By-and-by he sends an analysis of his great
play that he is writing, poor boy, for posterity—*Pour toi*
seule, written on the precious envelope that contains it: ‘It is
‘impossible that you should not admire the plan of it,’ he
cries. ‘How finely it is set forth! How the interest grows
‘from scene to scene! The incident of the sons of Cromwell
‘is admirably done. I have also been very happy in the cha-
‘racter of the sons of Strafford. The magnanimity of Charles
‘the First giving back to Cromwell his sons is finer than that
‘of Augustus pardoning *Cinna*. There are still some faults,
‘but they are slight, and I will remedy them,’ and the poor
young author ends with a sigh of satisfaction and proud alarm:
‘*Pourvu que le château n’aille pas défendre ma tragédie!*’

Poor boy! He went home joyous at the end of the year
with his tragedy, feeling that he had ‘*fait ses preuves*,’ justified
his father’s indulgence, and was in the way to cover the criti-
cising friends with confusion. In his happy confidence he had
them all gathered together to hear his play. ‘What I suf-
fered during that hour was a foretaste of the terrors which

‘the first representations of “Vautrin” and “Quinola” were ‘to give me,’ says his sister. Even Balzac’s enthusiasm for his own work grew chill as he looked round him on the troubled countenances about. The one rude critic whom he had most hoped to confound was rampant; the others, though more gentle, united in disapproval. At last it was decided to submit the work to a competent and impartial authority—a professor of the *École Polytechnique*. The sentence of this *doyen littéraire* was emphatic. ‘The author might do anything ‘he liked *except literature*.’ ‘Honoré,’ says Madame Surville, ‘received this stroke with bare bosom, yet without wincing, for ‘he did not acknowledge himself beaten.’ “I have not the “gift for tragedy,” he said, and took up his pen again.

Invincible young hero! They kept him at home and nursed him, for he was so worn with the garret and the attentions of *Moi-même* that his mother was terror-struck. During the five years he remained at home he wrote more than forty volumes, which were published under different names, ‘out of respect to that name of De Balzac, once celebrated, and which he hoped to make once more illustrious.’ ‘Not one single title of these first works’ does his devoted sister betray, though there is no longer any real mystery about them. No doubt the name of Balzac would have pushed them into some sort of popularity at a later period, but the great writer never acknowledged them. One wonders if no enterprising reader, no critic on the watch for coming genius, found in this mass of nameless books any gleam of future greatness. But the young author himself, fallen from the heights of tragedy, does not seem, even while composing them, to have had any faith in them.

‘I can neither think nor work,’ he says, ‘but I must write, write every day to win the independence which is refused to me. To try to purchase my liberty by means of novels, and such novels! Ah, Laure, what a downfall of my projects of glory! With fifteen hundred francs of income I could work at my farm, but one wants time for such work, and first of all one must live. I have thus only this ignoble way of winning independence. Then make the press groan, bad author! If I do not soon gain a little money, the spectre will reappear. I shall not be a notary, for M. T. is dead. But I know that M., that terrible schemer, is quietly seeking a place for me. If they put that extinguisher upon me, take me for a dead man.’

We find further details, however, than those which Madame Surville gives, sown here and there in the letters afterwards published, the record of himself and all he did, which he sent to his favourite sister. Like Major Pendennis calculating his

nephew's possible revenue by the price of his first successful novel, young Balzac, still more *naïf*, calculates upon his poor little obscure romances. 'You know I am full of joy because the "Héritière de Birague" is sold for eight hundred francs; and we are sure that one copy, at least, will sell, for grand-mamma is going to buy it,' he writes, still boyish and light-hearted amid all his troubles. 'If I sell my "Israelite" well—say for two thousand francs—there I stop and I am free, for six novels a year will make twelve thousand francs.' These frank and laughing letters disclose a literary workshop, in which constant industry secures a certain small return, like shoemaking or tailoring. The young writer does not think much of the quality of the works which he turns out, one after another. 'As for my novels, they are not so good as the devil, and certainly not so tempting.' Their only merit 'is the thousands of francs they bring in.' The 'Héritière de Birague' he will not send to Laure, 'parce que c'est une véritable cochonnerie littéraire.' But with all this he feels the growth within him of something better to come. 'My ideas change so much,' he says, pausing in his gay chatter, his half-comic calculations, 'that the *doing* will soon change also. . . . I reflect; my ideas ripen; I perceive that nature has dealt favourably with me in giving me my heart and my head. Believe me, dear sister, for I want some one to believe in me. I do not despair of being something one day.'

These five laborious years, however, spent in the family home, from which during their course both his sisters took flight, and in which he felt daily more and more the want of atmosphere and space, weighed heavily upon the young man; and, as nothing seemed likely to come of his labours, he found his way back at length to Paris, disheartened, and ready for anything that promised a little success—the reward for which he pined. He was but twenty-five after all, but he had worked like a giant at those books which were not worthy of his name, and was weary of the anonymous romancing which brought in so little, and advanced him not a step in any real way of progress. He returned to Paris with a certain desperation, determined to do something which would place his existence upon a more solid footing. Madame Surville abridges the 'arid details' which are necessary to explain the misfortunes of his existence, 'misfortunes so little known that even his friends attribute them to follies which were never his,' she says mysteriously—so that it is with difficulty that we understand this brief but curious chapter in the great author's life. Perhaps for a moment he had been himself converted

to the opinion that 'anything but literature' was his vocation. In Paris, where he arrived eager and anxious to do something, anything, in order to right himself, he encountered a friend, who advised him to try less ethereal means of conquering fortune, and lent him money with which to undertake a venture in trade. Of all things in the world he chose the trade of a publisher, in which he began with, and failed by means of, complete editions of Molière and La Fontaine, in one volume each; 'the first attempt at 'those compact editions which have since brought so much 'profit to the booksellers.' From this enterprise he withdrew in about a year, having sold less than twenty copies, and disposing of the rest as waste paper. We cannot but think that to have a Molière with Balzac's name as publisher on the title-page would be worth a collector's while. This failing, he made another start, this time with a printing office ('Books 'attracted him always,' says his biographer), but failed once more, though his predecessor had made a fortune in the business. In this last undertaking Madame Surville thinks he would have been successful by combining it with a type-foundry, but for the hesitation of his family to help him—and indeed the friend to whom he sold it on the eve of bankruptcy did succeed by the very means which the man of genius had foreseen, though he could not take advantage of them. He had got the materials for many a gloomy sketch, to be employed in future years, in his early knowledge of the obscure law business of a notary's office; and no doubt in the struggle for life of his printing-house he got the idea of that fine conflict with ruin which his brave Eve waged courageously, while her husband invented his types, in the history of 'Eve et David,' the modest and noble pair who form one of his most wholesome and attractive pictures, perhaps the only perfectly pure and simply heroic hero and heroine whom Balzac ever produced.

He was twenty-nine when, once more at the end of his resources, deeply in debt, though his mother had saved the credit of the name by becoming his chief creditor, he had again *de nouveau* to face the world, and find out a way of living. 'He possessed only debts and his pen to pay them with, that 'pen of which no one as yet recognised the value; and besides 'had acquired the reputation of an *incapable*—fatal title which 'withdraws all support, and so often accomplishes the shipwreck of the unfortunate.' It is but seldom after this serious crisis that the old gaiety bubbles up into his letters as in his former time of privation; but still Balzac was not discouraged. He buckled to his work again with tremendous industry, and

perseverance, which, after so many failures, was nothing less than heroic. And for a time it would seem that the works which he began to pour forth month by month, and week by week, in a profuse, unequal, continual stream, scarcely attracted more respectful notice than the forgotten productions of his youth. 'When is the great work coming?' his friends asked with smiles, even after a number of works which now rank among French classics had seen the light. This careless contempt irritated greatly the young man, who began to feel his power. 'I shall have to die,' he cried bitterly, 'before they know what I am worth.' But it is very seldom that any such gleam of rage shows in his correspondence. The stream widens, and new landscapes open as it flows on. There are new friends who engage his attention, new subjects, and a hurried, impetuous current of business and production to guide and record. The genial home *causeuses*, so fraternal, so innocent, which he kept up with his dear Laure, give place to a curious, rapid course of letters to his mother, which show the place she held in his life far better than anything he says of her. Maman hitherto has had her part in the gentle mockeries of the family; her fidgets, her nervousness have not been spared. If she only knew how little she does for the happiness of those around her, when she thinks she is doing everything! Nature surrounds the roses with thorns, and pleasures with a crowd of pains: Maman follows the example of nature. So say the brother and sister between themselves with undutiful sportiveness. But when the sisters are married, each in their *ménage*, and Honoré immersed in a thousand toils, Maman becomes her son's right hand, his representative, his prime minister, his agent in everything. She has to take his manuscripts to the publishers, settle the prices, get the payment as she can, arrange how to settle a debt here and there, keep everything going, see to all his business. Everything comes through her hands; never man, it is apparent, had a servant of such boundless activity, patience, zeal, and trustworthiness. The son does not disdain to sweeten the task with many a tender word. His *mère bien-aimée*, his *mère chérie*, is rewarded with such expressions of love as English sons scarcely indulge in; but he gives her his orders with a brevity which shows the unhesitating trust he has in her devotion, and the somewhat imperious empire which this certainty brings with it. She was his chief creditor, as has been said. He laments over her, and declares that but for her he would not care for his poverty, even while sending her here and there from printer to publisher, from place to place, on his business.

Fais-toi belle, he says in a brief parenthesis when she has to interview some severe creditor or editor. *Beaucoup de politesse*, he adds on another occasion. Poor mother! if he could but settle these other debts from a few more stories out of his brain, a few more thousands of francs out of the book-sellers, there might be something for her who had sacrificed almost everything for him; and in the meantime there was all his business to do, work enough to keep her busy. One wonders whether she, who did not believe in him at first, had got to put any faith in him now, when she had to make her prettiest toilette and rush from one place to another under Honoré's orders. That she did it all cheerfully, without a grumble, is clear enough, whatever her private sentiments might be.

These letters, however, relate to a time when the overpressed author was absent from Paris upon a long journey—*soi-disant* holiday—but in reality such a laborious holiday as only people of letters, whose tools are so easily carried, indulge in. Even this, however, was not a common indulgence; for his life was almost entirely spent in Paris. 'He confessed 'to me,' says Madame Surville, 'that he has often been seized 'by temptations similar to those which he has attributed to 'the hero of that work, so full of youthfulness and talent, 'which he called the "Peau de Chagrin."' And it is not difficult to imagine Balzac, like his hero, risking with the gaiety of despair the last poor louis in his purse, and sick with perpetual work and unvarying disappointment, weary, languid, and exhausted, seeing no end to be gained by this never ending, always continued struggle, turning along the silent quais when the lights flaunted in the river, and contemplating the end that might come so easily; one plunge and all over; no more bills to renew or stories to weave—stories for which, Heaven knows, he must often have had little heart. To babble of the loves of a fine lady and *jeune élégant*, and elaborate their sentimental sorrows when one's heart is racked with troubles infinitely greater—who can say what scorn, what impatience, what bitterness this necessity sometimes produces? Breaking stones on the road would be less hard; the heart's sorrows, the indignation that burns, the bitterness that poisons, might find a certain solace in the sharp strokes of the hammer; but in the poetical despairs of the boudoir what consolation? Honoré de Balzac, loitering in a shop of *bric-à-brac*, gazing with hungry eyes at the curious things he loved, perhaps laughing grimly at the thought of the vulgar millionaire into whose hands they would probably fall, who would understand nothing about

them—whereas he, without a sou, knew everything about them—is no less tragic a figure than the student Raphael finding, at just such a crisis in his life, the *Peau de Chagrin*, with its wonderful qualities. That the life which the young man desperate was about to throw away so lightly—he who had no means of satisfying a single desire—should become unreasonably, frantically precious to him, as soon as he had the means of enjoying everything, yet saw his days withering up with every contraction of the fated skin—what a terrible truth is in the very wildness of the fancy! At one stroke how had he gained this tremendous height of tragedy, this awful insight into man's soul? In Raphael he has embodied the painful energy of an imagination wild and half mad with the desire of living and the force of life, yet shut in on all points, beating its wings against the narrow boundaries of earth and sky, illimitable yet confined. The situation does not sound so tragic when we find its inspiration in his own story, but yet his indignation and pain in the sense of his own unsuccess are scarcely less vivid. 'Sacré Dieu!' he cries, 'literature is like the street-walkers, who sell themselves for a hundred sous; it leads to nothing—and I burn to go off and travel, to discover, to make of myself a living drama, to risk my life; for what are a few miserable years more or less? The ocean, a brig, and an English ship to demolish, then vanish in the waters, is something better than an inkstand, a pen, and the Rue St. Denis.' His best years were shrinking from him as he wrote like the cabalistic *Peau*, bringing nothing but waste of all his faculties. 'Imagine that I have undertaken two works at the same time,' he says more calmly, yet with not less indignation against fate. 'I have promised that they should appear, the one in the middle of February, the other in April, and I am now (January) beginning them. The days melt in my hands like ice in the sun. I do not live; I wear out horribly; but to perish of work or of something else, it is all one.' 'Do you know,' he adds, 'that I go to bed at six o'clock in the evening, that I get up at midnight, and thus work sixteen hours continuously? . . . I have but one hour to give to the world, from five to six, during my dinner. I have sworn to free myself, to owe neither a page nor a sou, and should I burst like a musket yet I will go on courageously to the end.' In another letter he describes his position at greater length:

'There is one fact which dominates my existence; it is work, continual, without relaxation, work for fifteen or sixteen hours daily; with that hydra nothing is possible. Weak friendships drop, only the true remain, and I had counted upon yours. Write! I cannot, the

fatigue is too much. You are not aware that in 1828 I owed more than I possessed. I had only my pen to live by, and to pay a hundred and twenty thousand francs. In a few months I shall have paid everything. I shall have received and arranged my poor little house; but for six months still I have all the troubles of poverty. I enjoy my last miseries. I have begged from no one. I have not held out my hand for a page nor for a farthing. I have concealed my wounds and my sufferings. And you who know if money is easily gained with the pen, you should fathom with your woman's eyes the abyss which I open to you, which I skirt without falling into it. Yes, I have still six painful months to get through, all the more painful that, as Napoleon grew weary of war, I may confess that this conflict with misfortune begins to fatigue me too.

'I am then an exception, a poor workman whom one must go to see, and take care to find him in his Sunday best. No one in the world knows the value of my visits, and out of pride I never tell; but I may say these things to a true friend, sure that they will make no mischief between us. Besides, what is more honourable or greater than to raise one's fortune by means of one's talent? Only envy can be excited by that, and I am not sorry for the envious. Believe no harm then of me. Say to yourself, "He works night and day," and be surprised only at one thing, that you have not yet heard of my death.'

This tragic apology seems to have been made in answer to a friendly complaint that he neither visited nor wrote to the *amie sincère* to whom he addressed these explanations. But all his letters of this period are full of the same complaints. More deeply felt still are those which without any need to *poser*, with the certainty of her sympathy in everything, he writes to his sister.

'I have no time to write as I would. If you knew what it is to knead up ideas, to give them form and colour, and what lassitude it produces! for ever thinking, like La Fontaine under his trees. If one were sure of getting the length of La Fontaine! but no, it is only Balzac. Will it ever be anything? How this doubt torments me in my bad days! still more than my condition of bird on the branch, I assure you. And, notwithstanding, is it not sad, after so much labour, to have nothing in the future but the future itself? What will it be, Laure? Who can resolve this anxious question?'

In the midst of all this distress and labour and anxiety, between the 'Peau de Chagrin' and 'Louis Lambert,' two of the wildest and most tragical conceptions of his genius, there breaks in, vaguely seen through the daylight of the letters, a little episode which recalls the young Frenchman of the *salons*, the Rastignac, the Vandenesse, the De Marsay of his own society pictures. Balzac confides to one of his many female friends—a lady who has criticised and sympathised, and blamed and praised him, a friend of his sisters, often his hostess, and one of

the few with whom he was privileged *de tout dire*—the secret motive of a journey he is about to take.

‘Ah, if *one* had chosen to go to the Pyrenees I should have seen the sun; but now I must climb all the way to Aix in Savoy, running after a person who laughs at me perhaps; one of those aristocrat women whom you hold in horror, no doubt; one of those angelical beauties whom one credits with a beautiful soul, a true duchess—disdainful, loving, refined, *spirituelle*, like nothing I have ever seen before; a meteor, a prodigy subject to eclipses, who professes to love me, who will shut me up in the depths of a Venetian palace (for I tell you everything), who will have me to write nothing more but for her: one of those women who must be adored on one’s knees, when they will, and whom one has so much pleasure in conquering; the woman of dreams, jealous of everything! Ah! it would have been better to be at Angoulême, at la Poudrerie, good and quiet, listening to the clank of the mill, getting fat on truffles, learning from you how to pocket a ball (*comment on met une bille en blouse*), and to laugh and talk, than thus to lose one’s time and one’s life.’

This mixture of vanity, boasting, doubt, and serious feeling suddenly brings us back into the *faubourg*, into the elegant *salons* which Balzac delighted to imagine, yet never succeeded in putting before us with the same astonishing force which he puts into the description of a wretched dining-room in a fourth-class boarding-house, or the poorest scanty chamber. He goes to Aix, but his great anticipations do not seem to be realised. He writes gravely to his mother about this duchess ‘who is full of amiable attentions,’ and with whom he spends his evenings from six o’clock to eleven; but to his friend he puts the best face he can upon it and acknowledges his disappointment. ‘I have come here to find little and much,’ he says; ‘much, since I see a person amiable and gracious; little, because she will never love me.’ Notwithstanding, he plans to go with this woman of dreams to Italy; but on mature reflection finds that he cannot afford it and gives up the pleasure, resuming his ‘life of a galley-slave,’ as he calls it, his never ending, always beginning work. This little indication of a possible intrigue, an adventure such as happened to his poet, the unfortunate youth whose history runs through so many romances, Lucien de Rubempré, the *grand homme de province*—has in it a shadowy interest reflected from his hero; though no doubt it is the reflection of this or other similar dreams realised in his hero that gives reality to those feverish tales of passion and disappointment. This happened about that *mezzo del cammin*, which is, at least in force and energy of living, the middle and highest point of a man’s life.

Balzac is never weary of dwelling upon the feverish in-

dustry, the boundless production of these years. He repeats his rule of work, his hours of labour, to all his correspondents, his perpetual debauch of coffee, his sixteen or eighteen hours of toil. Perhaps there is something theatrical in his choice of the night for his chief working time instead of the day. After all, from six o'clock in the evening to midnight, the most enjoyable hours of the twenty-four for most people, gave him at least six hours of sleep, which is as much as many less ostentatious labourers think of—and had these six hours been from midnight to morning, nobody would have been startled. Balzac, however, did not, as many writers have done, take the good of the day after having thus employed the night. There is no butterfly moment for him, no blossoming out of afternoon leisure to make up a little for the long toil. 'In order to force himself to the exercise so necessary for his health amid so many sedentary labours, he corrected his proofs either at the printer's or in my house,' said Madame Surville; and here is a very interesting description of the aspect of the toilworn writer on these forced *sorties*.

'Owing to the weather, which always had a great effect upon him, the embarrassment of the moment, the difficulties of his work, or the extreme fatigue of his sleepless nights, he would sometimes come in scarcely able to drag himself along, melancholy, overpowered, sallow, miserable.

'Seeing him of this desolate aspect, I tried all I could to rouse him from his melancholy. He who divined the thoughts of all around him replied to mine before I had spoken, and said to me with a faint voice, throwing himself into a chair, "Don't try to console me, it is useless; "I am a dead man."

'The dead man then began in a miserable voice the story of his new troubles, but brightened up so quickly that his voice soon attained its usual vibration. Then, opening his proofs, he added, resuming his dismal tone, "I shall go down, *ma sœur*."

"Bah! a man does not go down with such works as you are correcting."

'He raised his head, his countenance brightened little by little, the sallow tint of his cheeks disappeared.

"You are right, *de par Dieu*! these books must make one live. Besides, we have always chance on our side. Chance may protect a De Balzac as well as an imbecile; and it is not even difficult to invent the chance. Let but one of my millionaire friends (and I have some), or a banker not knowing what to do with his money, come and say to me: "I know your immense talent and your cares. You require a certain sum to be free. Accept it without fear. You will clear yourself. "Your pen is worth my millions.' *My dear, nothing more than this is necessary.*"

'Accustomed to the illusions which recalled his courage and gaiety,

I showed no astonishment at the suggestion; and this fable once made, he accumulated reason on reason for believing in it.

"Those sort of people spend so much on fancy. A fine action is a fancy like another, and one which always gives pleasure. It would be something to say to one's self, *I saved Balzac!* Humanity has now and then good impulses, and there are people who, without being English, are capable of such eccentricities. I," he added, striking his breast, "were I a millionaire or a banker, I should have them."

This conviction attained, he paced the room joyously, raising and waving his arms.

"Ah, Balzac is free! You shall see, dear friends and dear enemies, what progress he will make." He found himself admitted at once to the Institute; from thence to the *Chambre des pairs* was but a step. He proceeded thither. Why should not he be a peer? Such a one and such a one had attained the same dignity. From a peer he became Minister; was there anything extraordinary in that? many precedents existed. Those men who have made the round of all ideas, are not they most qualified to govern men? He would like to see who would be astonished at the sight of his portfolio! The Minister took his seat to govern France. He discovered and reformed many abuses. What fine ideas, what wise utterances came out of his dreams! Then, when all went to his desire in his high office and in the kingdom, he came back to the banker as the friend who had conducted him to these honours, and found his benefactor as fortunate as himself.

"His lot will be fine in the future. It will be said of him, '*This man understood Balzac, lent him money upon his talent, led him to the honours he was worthy of.*' This will be his glory, whosoever is without it. A better way of leaving a name to posterity than burning a temple."

After he had made this expedition upon such clouds of gold, he fell back into reality; but his mind had been withdrawn from his troubles, and he seemed consoled. He corrected his proofs, read them to us with enthusiasm; then left us laughing at himself. "Adieu. I am off to my house to see if the banker is waiting for me," he said with his cordial laugh; "if he is not there, I shall always find my work, which is my true money-lender."

This rhapsody, half comic, half serious, has in it a certain reproach and indictment against the world; for after all the reader may pause and wonder, with Balzac, why this benevolent millionaire, this banker with more money than he knows what to do with (such people are), never does step in to the aid of struggling genius. What a chance for them if they could but see it! He, Balzac, the struggling genius himself, were he millionaire or banker, he would do it; who can doubt he would do it? Poor men and poor women do it after a sort, according to their capabilities; poor artists, poor writers, to their poorer *confrères*. Why not the rich? The question is worth considering. But certain it is that when he went

back to his literary workshop, Balzac never found that angelic banker waiting for him—nor any other good angel of the moneyed kind.

And as he went on the time of his emancipation fled before him like a mirage in the desert, receding and receding. In 1831 he was to be free in six months. In 1833 he finds that three years will be necessary. 'Profit comes slowly, debt is 'immovable and fixed,' he says, though he still thinks 'that 'there is a certainty for me of a great fortune.' 'I want my 'freedom, my independence, moral and pecuniary,' he cries, with a gasp of despair which many a troubled soul will understand. All the same, it remains unexplained why with such tremendous exertions Balzac never accomplished this long-desired freedom. Eighteen or sixteen hours of work in the twenty-four seem to make dissipation or expense impossible; and even bills which are constantly renewed do not multiply like rabbits. The mystery of this continuous and unchanging impecuniosity is not cleared either by his letters or his sister's narrative. He was *collectionneur*, it is true. With his soul he loved *bric-à-brac*—which is an expensive taste: but then he sometimes, like all amateurs, sold his curiosities at a higher price than he had given for them, and the gatherings of an instructed collector of *bric-à-brac* are as valuable as any kind of property can be. So that even here we do not find the *fin mot* of the enigma.

This fertile mind, this overflowing energy, did not, however, confine itself even to the gigantic mass of work through which it laboured so bravely. One day when he was expected to be in the lowest depths, after the failure of an attempt to invent a new paper (which again recalls David Sechard to us), he was found radiant with a new idea. 'It never occurred to you 'other people,' he cries, 'that the Romans, who had little experience in mining, must have left wealth in their old quarries. 'The learned men of the Institute whom I have consulted 'think so with me, and I am off to Sardinia.' 'To Sardinia— 'with what?' cried the astonished listener. 'With what! I 'shall go everywhere on foot, my knapsack on my back, like a 'beggar, frightening the brigands and the sparrows. I have 'made all my calculations; six hundred francs will do.' And, accordingly, with these six hundred francs in his pocket, the speculator set off on this wild mission. 'If I fail, a few 'nights' work will set all right,' he says. And, strange though the idea seems, the result of Balzac's investigations proved that he was right. He brought back specimens of the metal left in the Sardinian mines to be analysed by the

chemists, who pronounced favourably upon them. Meantime, however, in the absence of the banker of his dreams, while his ores were analysing, he had to set to work again to make a little money to carry out his plans. The mere idea opened to him an earthly paradise. He bought (in imagination) 'the little chateau of Montcontour in Touraine,' where he established the golden age. He spent the winters in Paris, and opened his house to all comers. 'Bah ! il recevrait même les critiques. 'C'était une pacification générale. Ce roi absolu était bon-homme, et n'avait ni haine ni jalousie.' Alas ! too frank, too open-hearted, Balzac had communicated his plan to the Genoese captain who took him in his vessel to Sardinia, and when he returned after an interval of a year to seek in Piedmont for a concession of these mines, he found himself forestalled. 'The Genoese has a formal contract with the Court of Sardinia. 'There is a million of money in the quarries,' he writes. And thus this dream, too, was at an end. He does not seem to have been deeply depressed by it, however, but immediately seized upon some other idea not explained, which was to be still more triumphant, but in which there should be no Genocse; and so, always dreaming of the emancipation to come, never attaining it, having a hundred fine divinations which other people put to profit, but never Balzac, he took up the familiar pen again, the real money-maker that never failed him, and laboured on.

During this part of his life 'entre trente et quarante,' when his thoughts and confidences were still given freely to his good Laure, his *alma soror*, and to his kind and tender friend, Madame Carraud, a great many of his most famous books were written. Curiously enough, those of which he speaks most, which he seems to have considered his best title to fame, are, as so often happens, precisely those which increase his reputation the least. 'Louis Lambert' and 'Seraphita' figure largely in the letters. They are both studies of mysticism, shadowy and unnatural, 'like translations from the German,' Madame Surville says with simple *naïveté*. The first is redeemed from its vague and visionary gloom by the sketches of Balzac's own experience as a child, and college life, which are to be found in it. No doubt he threw one side of his own character into the pale dreamer whom he describes as the imaginary hero and idol of his youth. The extravagance of youthful transcendentalism, the desire of 'songs that make her grieve' by way of balancing the natural lighthearted prodigality of youthful happiness, that gaiety of which a young man of genius is disposed to be ashamed as not a sufficiently poetical mood for his pretensions—are embodied

in it, besides many gleanings of abstruse knowledge and gleams of abstract wisdom. 'Seraphita' is still more unnatural, strained, and unwholesome in its mysticism, but the author thought great things of it. It was 'un beau livre, par ma foi.' 'A work which has been crushing and terrible. I have gone over and over it night and day; made it, unmade it, remade it,' and his hope is that when it is published he will have grown greatly in the public estimation. 'It will be the book of minds which love to lose themselves in infinite space,' he adds. 'There is one chapter, that which is called *le Chemin pour aller à Dieu*, which will attach to me for ever all truly pious souls.' It has become such a commonplace of criticism that the greatest of writers are apt to prefer their own least worthy works that we are bound to show this conventional necessity of genius in Balzac as in so many others. The wonderful conception of 'Père Goriot' does not occupy him half so much; that terrible image of paternal love, so great, so heroic, so vile and miserable, before which the calmest reader trembles, does not seem to have inspired its creator in nearly the same degree as these hectic dreams of the impossible. No better illustration could be of the prophetic mood, not knowing, divining but dimly, 'searching what or what manner' of thing 'the spirit within them did prophesy,' taking the little for the great, the great for the little. Might it not, however, be to the credit of his still young and developing genius that Balzac preferred these high but faltering attempts at an ethereal standard of spiritual purity and wisdom, the triumph of Heaven over all the powers of darkness, to those terrible researches into darkness itself and all its horrors, which were his special gift? That picture of the Maison Vauquer, with all its meannesses set out before us in every miserable detail as against a background of flame, the coarse and brutal contempt of the poor for the poorer, the heartless jokes, the hungry anxieties, the jovial vulgarity of the disguised criminal, a caricature of a well-to-do *bourgeois*, the careless laugh of the students, the very odours of the mean *salle*, are put before us, appealing to every sense. A young genius might be half disgusted with himself, who could wonder, that such a path should be his? A more whimsical instance of the same strange mistake appears in the low estimate he formed of 'Eugénie Grandet,' chiefly, it would seem, because it was universally praised. 'When we scolded him for that injustice,' says his sister, 'Let me alone,' he cried; 'those who call me the father of "Eugénie Grandet" want to humble me. It is certainly a great work, but it is a little great work; they will take care

‘not to name the truly great.’ It is, perhaps, more or less in consequence of the absence of immorality (nothing more can be asserted) that ‘Eugénie Grandet’ has been, especially in England, one of the representative books which make an author known; but this virtue in it, which is independent of its power, does not detract from its wonderful force and greatness. Old Grandet is the natural pendant of Père Goriot. To him his wife and his daughter are as nothing in comparison with the gold which is his idol. The tragic fury into which he rises when these poor creatures, made of flesh and blood, whom he can beat and wound and crush, and wring the hearts of, venture to resist him and stand in his way, has in it a sordid passion which is at once the grandest and the meanest essence of avarice; just as the love which moves his counterpart is the most hideous, yet powerful, rendering of unselfish devotion. It is scarcely possible to say which of the two pictures is the most painful; the imagination shrinks from them, yet can neither neglect nor forget them. Fain would we say they are not true to nature. It is some poor consolation to hope that no individuals sat for these awful portraits; no two men ever were what those two men are; but the very horror and fascination in them prove their general truth. They are immortal in dark power and insight and reality; not only the very climax of human evil, but the most characteristic types of French vice; the *bourgeois* with his utter immorality yet domestic virtue, the peasant with his gospel of thrift and passion for gold. Here, indeed, is the Comédie de la Vie humaine, which is the darkest tragedy ever imagined by man.

To pass to the external aspect of the life amid which these wonderful works were wrought out, fast as the hammer could beat upon the anvil, through all the dark stillness of the night and early brightness of the morning, an existence thus spent between a troublesome crowd of creditors and a continually flowing stream of money gained, money never sufficient for the wants it had to supply, but coming in daily, tempting no doubt to daily expenses which postponed to a further and further date the emancipation for which nevertheless Balzac always pined—could not but be full of excitement, and those hair-breadth ‘scapes and agitating crises which make up so much of the drama of modern life. M. Léon Gozlan’s description of the bell of Les Jardies, accustomed to tinkle like an alarm into the house, always in fear of creditors; where the very dog was taught to be silent ‘devant le coup de sonnette suspect de ‘créancier’—discloses a daily incident of exciting tragi-comic character in the daily existence of the debtor. M. Gozlan had

gone back to see the house after Balzac's death, long after the period at which it had belonged to him. 'How long they made me wait!' he says; 'so long, that I found myself repeating mechanically the sacramental phrase so often used of old by those to whom for a thousand reasons that door was not opened. They are all dead then inside!' Balzac, however, did not confine himself to this one house which he had built (though Heaven knows how in the midst of that continual conflict with debt), but had others in which he took refuge occasionally, now to be undisturbed in his work, now to be free of his creditors. To get admission to one of these cities of refuge, a password and a hundred mysterious devices were necessary. The following account of a rendezvous, given by himself, related by M. Solar, once editor of the *Epoque*, and quoted by M. Léon Gozlan, is extremely amusing, and confirms the description given at the head of this paper of Balzac with all his natural surroundings, in his habit as he lived.

'I wrote to M. de Balzac to ask him for a novel. Balzac gave me an appointment at his house. He took the precaution in his letter, which I have preserved, to give me the word of the pass which was necessary to bring me to him. I was to ask for Madame de Bri—. . . . I went to Passy . . . and asked the concierge of the house No. 19 for Madame de Bri—. The concierge examined me jealously, and, scarcely reassured by this examination, though aided by the password, he said, "Go up to the first floor." He watched my ascent as long as he could see, but this not out of politeness. I went up. On the first floor I found the wife of the concierge standing sentinel on the threshold of a door which opened from the landing-place. "Madame de Bri—, if you please?" The landing-place had a double stair. "Go down to the court," said the woman. I had gone up on one side, I went down on the other, as might be done by a double ladder. At the foot of the stairs I met the porter's little girl, a new obstacle barring my passage. Once more there was need of the talisman, the "Open Sesame." For the third time I repeated, "Madame de Bri—, if you please?" The little girl, with a mysterious air, pointed out to me, at the other side of the court, an old hermitage, worn, half ruined, and hermetically closed. One would have said one of those solitary houses in the suburbs which await behind their bleared windows, for a quarter of a century, a mythological tenant. I rang without hope, convinced that the bell would awake amid so much dust nothing more than a tribe of bats or hermit mice. To my great surprise the door creaked, opened, and an honest German maidservant appeared upon the threshold. I repeated once more "Madame de Bri—."

'A woman of forty, stout, nun-like, and tranquil, like a conventual portress, approached slowly out of the blue and quiet shadows of the vestibule. . . . It was at last Madame de Bri—. She repeated my name with a smile, and opened to me the door of the study of M. de Balzac. I entered that sanctuary. . . . A glass door opening upon a little

garden planted with clumps of lilac lighted the room, the walls of which were clothed with pictures without frames and frames without pictures. . . . In the middle was a little table upon which lay one sole volume, a French dictionary. Balzac, wrapped in an ample monastic robe, once white, a napkin in his hand, was wiping lovingly a Sèvres cup. Scarcely had he perceived me when he began, with an animation which rose to the point of fanaticism, the singular monologue which I here reproduce scrupulously. "Do you see this cup?" he said. "It's a *chef d'œuvre* of Watteau; I found the cup in Germany, the saucer in Paris. I estimate at not less than two thousand francs this precious porcelain, thus completed by the most wonderful chance." The price struck me dumb. Two thousand francs! I took the cup out of politeness, and also to hide a smile of incredulity. Balzac went on with his exhibition. . . . "Do you know," he said, "do you know, that I have here pictures and objects of art which are worth more than four hundred thousand francs?" And his eyes on fire, his hair in disorder, his lips moving, his nostrils quivering, his legs apart, his arm extended like a showman at a fair, he went on. "Admire, I tell you admire, this female portrait by Palma Vecchio, by Palma himself, the great Palma, the Palma of Palmas—for there is as much of Palma in Italy as of Mieris in Holland. It is the pearl of the works of this great painter, himself the pearl of artists in his époque. *Attente, salut.* Here is the portrait of Madame Greuze, painted by the inimitable Greuze. . . . This is the portrait of a Chevalier de Malta. . . . If this picture is not Raphael's, then Raphael is not the first painter in the world. I may ask what I will for it." "But will you get what you ask?" "If there is still in the world a millionaire who has any taste, yes; if not, I will present it to the Emperor of Russia. *Je veux un million ou un remerciement.*"

"This cabinet of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl, belonging to Marie de Medicis—Montre estimates it at sixty thousand francs. These two statuettes are by Cellini. This is a Cellini unknown in the seventeenth century. They are all three worth their weight in gold. Pass on. These two vases, old Chinese porcelain, which belonged to a Mandarin of the first class, were bought for me at Peking. I say old Chinese porcelain, for you are too enlightened, M. Solar, to confound them with ordinary oriental china. Since the thirteenth century, the Chinese have no more of that wonderful, wonderful old porcelain. They themselves offer ridiculous prices for it. They are doing all they can to buy it back. With these two vases I should have millions, and torrents of dignities at Peking."

This striking picture, proved true by phrases in Balzac's most intimate letters not published till long after (the readers of the letters to Madame Hanska will recognise these beloved *objets d'art* as if they were old acquaintances), is all the more piquant from the Philistine air of amused incredulity with which the editor listens, not believing a word, and thinking with a twinkle in his eye that he sees through Balzac. He

thinks that all this exhibition of riches is solely to take him in, the accomplished editor. 'I came to ask him for a contribution to my journal—I was to his eyes a buyer.' M. Solar's opinions, however, left aside, M. Solar's sketch is very interesting. The large, yet short figure, clad at ease in the monk's frock, with all his treasures around him, the delicate Sèvres in his hand, the brilliant eyes of genius dazzling, yet not over-coming, the irreverent Parisian, and the *Dernière Incarnation de Vautrin* 'proofs curiously surcharged with corrections and erasures' in the background, over which they were about to bargain, make up an *ensemble* as amusing as it is evidently true.

We have lingered too long upon these details to be able to do full justice to the latter portion of Balzac's correspondence and life. But indeed we have here arrived at a point where the critic has nothing more to say. The history of his intercourse with Madame Hanska is a love story as pure, and perfect in its devotion, as has, perhaps, ever been put before the public. Balzac repeats again and again that it was the one love of his life. Before he entered within the influence of the accomplished Russian lady who reigned over the last sixteen years of his existence, there had been indeed a friend-lover, a woman of whom he speaks with something of the same devotion with which he addresses the object of his later and more perfect attachment. 'Pendant douze ans,' he writes, 'un ange a dérobé au monde, à la famille, aux devoirs, à toutes les entraves de la vie parisienne, deux heures pour les passer près de moi sans que personne en sût rien.' Of this lady who died in 1834, he speaks little, and not at all except to his sister, to Madame Hanska, and one other female correspondent, an anonymous personage with whom he exchanged letters for some time, but whom personally he never met; but everything he says of her is full of the tenderest respect and gratitude. 'I have made you,' he writes to Madame Hanska, 'the successor of the friend whom I have lost, and therefore I expect from you a serious criticism . . . such as the dear conscience whom I have loved, and whose voice always echoes in my ears, was wont to give.' 'I am alone against all my troubles,' he says to his sister, 'and heretofore I had on my side to fight for me the sweetest and most courageous creature in the world—a woman who daily is born anew in my heart, and whose divine qualities make all other friendships pale in comparison. I have no longer a counsellor in life's rare difficulties; I have no longer a help in the difficulties of life; and when I am in doubt I have no other guide than

‘ the fatal thought—What would she have said had she lived?’ It seems a kind of vulgar curiosity, the desire of a scandal-monger and gossip, to demand more information, or endeavour to find out who this woman of divine qualities was, or what was the relation between her and the friend who was so tenderly grateful to her memory, and for whom she did so much. But there is no such reason to leave untouched the romance of middle age which succeeded. Balzac would seem to have gained the friendship of Madame Hanska about the time of this lady’s death. He claims to have been attached to his future wife for sixteen years before the pathetic happiness of their marriage crowned the long and patient affection. The letters which are published of their correspondence begin about 1837, when they seem to have advanced far in that friendship of the mind and heart, which we may, if we please, call sentimental, and which is certainly full of sentiment and feeling. These letters, however, show a remarkable and touching change in the end of the year 1843, after what would seem to have been the first visit he paid to her in Russia. Before, the friendship, the confidence had been great, and it was clear that the correspondence was very close and frequent. He had discoursed to her about himself, about his books, about his debts and difficulties (on this point he was always frank), with the freedom which only perfect trust in the sympathy of another can give. But after his visit all is changed. It is now love, love the most entire and devoted, the homage, the confidence, the reverence, the faith, the entire abandonment of heart and feeling to one image, which makes the perfection of mortal attachment, and is so rare to find : expressed, as only genius could express it, in words that burn and glow, yet are as soft and harmonious as the finest vibrations of music. The first account of his journey, when he leaves her, is an ideal expression of the lingering departure of a lover. ‘ As long as I was on Russian soil,’ he says, ‘ I could fancy I was still with you, and though I was not foolishly gay, you must have seen by my little letter from Tarragona that I still had strength enough to make a jest of my own pain. But once upon foreign soil I can say nothing except that the journey is possible when one is going to you, but not when one is leaving you.’ He has not the heart to go to Dresden or anywhere; he cares for nothing but to think over all that he has left. As he rolls along the bad roads he imagines what she will be doing. Perhaps she is at the theatre; and that theatre is made visible to him by the light of her presence. ‘ More than ever,’ he cries, ‘ I see that without you nothing is possible for me;

‘and the greater distance I put between us, the more I feel ‘the force of the ties by which I am attached to you.’ When at length he does find himself in Dresden against his will, he misses her more deeply than ever. ‘Nothing that I take nourishes me; nothing that I see amuses me. I have seen the ‘famous gallery, the Virgin of Raphael, and her of Holbein, and ‘I said to myself, “J’aime mieux ma mie, oh gué!” If he had but her hand in his, then how would he enjoy it all! These letters go on for five years in this same tone of devotion, but never monotonous, full of all the varieties of life and love. During this period they meet often, for the countess travels, as do all great Russian ladies, and he stops in the middle of his work to rush to her side, to Rome, to Wiesbaden, wherever he can meet her. In 1848 he seems to have accomplished a long desired visit to her in her country house at Vierzschovnia, whence he writes to his sister and mother in an exultation of happiness, happy in her dear society, and in that of her daughter and son-in-law who are to him as his children. There at last, after long delays, their marriage is at length decided upon. He is fifty, she forty; but a young poet in all the glory of youth could not have sung his love with more delicate ardour, with more pure and passionate devotion. At last, after troubles innumerable, the moment comes. He has nearly died first, having been attacked by a sudden development of heart disease, which he fondly hoped an unexampled doctor in the depths of the Ukraine has cured him of. On March 15, 1850, the marriage takes place. Alas! we are now within a few pages of the end of the book, which is a prophecy of evil, and the reader, who will have followed the course of this beautiful and touching romance, with the trembling of the heart which sympathy and foreboding pity call forth, must feel that the happiness so chastened, so pathetic, so impassioned, of which he is made the confidant, is doomed to be but short-lived. Still the bridegroom, who will not allow that he is dying, writes anxious instructions about his house which he has furnished for her, collecting eagerly for years past every beautiful thing that came in his way, so as to make for the great lady, whom he is bringing from her primitive palace, a fairy mansion, where everything shall be rich and rare, art taking the place of splendour. It is to be filled with flowers, this beautiful house. Do not they know, these people at home, that all was for her, and by her, everything that was done to it—the priceless cabinets, the pictures, the porcelain, all the riches of the place? The new-married pair linger long on the way, not for pleasure, but pain, he suffering greatly. The heart disease returned in full force

after its pretence at being cured. ‘My health is deplorable,’ he says, in one of his letters, entreating his mother to be at the house of Madame Surville, where there would be few stairs to ascend to see her. On June 20, arrived in Paris, he writes, but not with his own hand, to Théophile Gautier. Here is the end of the letter:—

‘A vous de cœur.

A la suite de ces lignes dictées à Madame de Balzac le malade avait signé ; puis il ajoute de sa main :

Je ne puis ni lire ni écrire.’

This is all—and these are the last words of Honoré de Balzac, than whom no man of his generation had written more. He died three months after his marriage, which followed that faithful and passionate wooing of sixteen years. Many a darker chapter is in the *Comédie Humaine*, for in this no evil passions, nothing but love and sorrow, are involved. Yet it would be hard to find a more pathetic episode in all that never-ending tragic story of human life.

ART. IX.—1. *Kypros. Eine Monographie.* Von WILHELM H. ENGEL. Zwei Bände, 8vo. Berlin: 1841.

2. *Die Insel Cypern, ihrer physischen und organischen Natur nach, mit Rücksicht auf ihre frühere Geschichte geschildert.* Von Dr. F. UNGER und Dr. M. KOTSCHY. 8vo. Wien: 1865.

3. *Cypern: Reiseberichte über Natur und Landschaft, Volk und Geschichte.* Von FRANZ VON LÖHER. Stuttgart: 1878.

4. *Cyprus, Historical and Descriptive.* Adapted from the German of Franz von Löher, with much additional matter. By Mrs. A. BATSON JOYNER. London: 1878.

5. *Cyprus, its Ancient Cities, Tombs, and Temples.* A Narrative of Researches and Excavations during Ten Years’ Residence as American Consul in that Island. By General LOUIS PALMA DI CESNOLA. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo. London: 1877.

IF we were living under the old traditions of the British Constitution, or under the strict restraint of modern Parliamentary government, or if our rulers adhered to the principles of non-intervention, economy, and reduction of armaments which were supposed, till lately, to be adopted and accepted by the nation, many of the surprising events which we have

recently witnessed would probably not have occurred. Indeed they would have been not only improbable, but impossible, at least in the form they have assumed. We should not have seen the British Government hazard a speculative investment in the shares of a foreign commercial company, with four millions of money borrowed for the occasion at a high rate of interest from a great capitalist, without the authority of Parliament, and with none of the political or territorial results which were commonly attributed to that singular operation. If Parliament or public opinion had had any voice in the matter, the Queen of Great Britain would not have been advised to assume by proclamation the title of Empress of India, as the outward and visible sign, or rather badge, of the Oriental character of the British monarchy, and of that supremacy of Asia over Europe which is a favourite topic of some of the personages in Mr. Disraeli's novels—an appellation so ridiculous as an addition to the ancient style and dignity of the Crown of England that Ministers were obliged to limit its introduction to 'outward application only,' though this assurance has not prevented it from finding a place among the titles of her Majesty prefixed to the Treaty of Berlin. If the Government thought it desirable to transport a considerable detachment of the Indian army to Malta for the purpose of a military demonstration—supposing such a flourish to be necessary in the threatening state of affairs—a message from the Crown should have announced to the House of Commons the intention of her Majesty, and called upon the House to vote the necessary supplies for the conveyance and pay of those troops, which were virtually added to the strength of the army as fixed by Parliament. If the Crown acquired by purchase or agreement, for which the funds must be provided by Parliament, a large and impoverished island, it would not be too much for us to require that the title to this acquisition should be secure and absolute, not dependent on the will of other powers; that we should be informed of the nature of the administration it is intended to establish there, which opens a vast field of expenditure and patronage; and that measures should have been taken to secure the reimbursement of public and private capital about to be invested in Cyprus in the event of the island being eventually surrendered to its former sovereign, whose rights over it are suspended but not extinguished. But Lord Salisbury's despatch of June 23 distinctly states that 'the English Treasury *shall not*, on 'retrocession, ask from the Treasury at Constantinople compensation for money spent on improvements,' except in the

case of such improvements yielding an annual revenue to her Majesty's Government, and except where private capitalists have advanced money, which would give them a claim for compensation. Least of all should we have seen the British Government enter upon the anomalous and indefinite agreement signed on June 4 at Constantinople, which imposes on the nation the duties and responsibilities attendant on the protectorate of a large continent, the defence of a vast and difficult frontier, and the administration of mixed and semi-barbarous races of men. For although we are still quite ignorant of the extent and nature of this administration, it is evident from its hybrid character—a cross between English government and Turkish despotism, not complete sovereignty as in India, nor limited sovereignty as it is in our own colonies—that it cannot fall within the cognisance of the British Parliament, but will become essentially a creature of prerogative. We do not intend to weary our readers by an attempt to revive or renew the debate as to the wisdom or expediency of these measures, which was exhausted before the close of the last session. Wise or foolish, rash or necessary for the defence of the Empire, the thing is done, the engagements are entered into, and the House of Commons, consulted after the fact, has approved the policy of the Government by a large majority. Nor do we deny that, in the present state of information on the subject, public opinion, pleased with the novelty and flattered by the grandeur of a daring enterprise, seemed to approve an undertaking of which it knows very little, and of which it has no means of measuring the difficulty and the cost. Our object is simply to point out, as plainly as we can, that this policy, both in its inception and its execution, is essentially novel and unparliamentary. It has been begun and must be carried on by a very strong exercise of the executive powers of the Crown; the House of Commons may, if it likes, debate these matters and ask questions, but practically, when the end comes, it must either ratify the action of the Government or turn the Ministers out of office; and above all, it must pay the bill. The House of Commons is, in fact, in the position of a man who is liable for the debts of an extravagant wife. He likes to see his wife well dressed, but he learns too late that it is at his own expense. Military and naval demonstrations, islands, and protectorates are expensive luxuries; and to no country are they so expensive as to England. Just at this moment all this is extremely popular. To borrow an expression used by Horace Walpole, under the Ministry of Lord North, with a slight confusion of metaphor, 'Prerogative has been whispered in the ear of this people, and

‘has taken root there.’ No stronger proof could be given of the essential difference which subsists in all its intensity between Tory government and Whig principles. It has sometimes been imagined that these party distinctions were wearing out, or sobering down into the neutral tint of conservative progress. But Lord Beaconsfield has demonstrated that no such change has taken place. The spirit of his policy would have made him a Strafford under Charles I. and a Bolingbroke under Queen Anne. That policy cost one of those daring Ministers his head, and the other his country. We take things more tamely now-a-days, and Lord Beaconsfield is crowned with royal favours and popular honours. But the tendency of his government is to transfer the preponderating influence in the State from Parliament to the Crown; and the Crown in these times means the First Minister. We must go far back into our history for an example of a Minister whom his own genius and favouring circumstances have rendered so absolute; and, like the Cæsarism of the French Empire, this authority is all the more despotic for being founded on a broad popular basis.

Parliamentary government, we admit, is not favourable to secret and daring enterprises. In fact, it is inconsistent with them. An ambitious and aggressive nation may lose something by being compelled to abstain from such undertakings; and it has often been said with truth that for such purposes absolute governments have some advantage over governments based on free discussion and unreserved publicity. But we had no desire to be regarded as an ambitious and aggressive nation. We laid claim to a disinterestedness which had nothing to conceal and no exclusive objects to pursue. That merit we have forfeited in the eyes of the world; and, however onerous the burden we have laid upon ourselves may prove to be, it will be regarded by the rest of Europe as a conquest, and a conquest which closes our lips if we would remonstrate against similar designs on the part of other powers. One of the great merits of Parliamentary government is, in our eyes, that it does present great obstacles to the prosecution of a selfish, acquisitive, and mysterious policy. The gains of such a policy are of questionable value at the best, and they can only be purchased at a price which is too dear for those who set the highest store on consistency, disinterestedness, and entire good faith.

At the beginning of the late Russo-Turkish war, a friend remarked in conversation to Lord Derby, that if the Russians succeeded in making a formidable inroad upon the Asiatic frontier of Turkey, which is what they were then preparing to

do, and what Fuad Pasha had anticipated in his testamentary letter to the late Sultan, it might become necessary for the British Government to occupy and even annex a portion of Asia Minor. The Foreign Secretary replied interrogatively, 'Do you think countries are strengthened by such conquests?' In the opinion of many reflecting men, and, we may assume, of Lord Derby himself, from what has since taken place between him and his late colleagues, such conquests or protectorates (for a protectorate is an incipient conquest) are more onerous than useful to the State by which they are established. There are even those, not undistinguished for intellectual power, who view with distrust all the remote acquisitions and dependencies of the Empire, and who would rigorously estimate their value by their exact return in profit and loss to the people of this island. We cannot share this last opinion. We admit that an empire like that of England is not to be acquired, defended, and governed without sacrifices by the mother country. It may well be that the direct advantages of such acquisitions to the people of England are of less account than they are commonly supposed to be, and that political obligations and contests which embrace the globe, extending from the Fiji Islands to the Cape of Good Hope and from America to the Oxus, with every race of mankind and every form of society and religion, involve tasks and duties of almost overwhelming magnitude, and that no wise statesman would seek to extend them. Measured by strict principles of public economy, or by the limitations of an insular policy, which would content itself with making this country, what Holland was and London is, the counting-house of the world, such enterprises are indefensible, and may even be described as extravagant and insane.

But this is not, at the present time, or perhaps at any time, the mood and temper of the British people. They are not the sober calculating race they have sometimes been called; when their enthusiasm is roused, no country in the world is more prodigal of money, more daring, or more persistent, for the attainment of ends conceived to be great. Sometimes, no doubt, their enthusiasm is strangely misdirected, as perhaps it is in the present instance. Sometimes it veers with extraordinary rapidity and inconsistency, under the influence of popular leaders or popular delusions, from one point of the compass to the opposite. Whatever be the difficulty, whatever be the danger, we should not feel the pride we do feel in our history and our race, if the people of England were too timid to meet it.

Mr. R. W. Greg has recently pointed out with consummate impartiality the nature of this conflict between what he terms

the Imperial and the Economic systems of policy. Mr. Gladstone, with his usual eloquence and vehemence, denounces the more active and ambitious views of his opponents as not only a folly but a crime. Yet even Mr. Gladstone admits that 'the sentiment of empire may be called innate in every Briton. If there are exceptions, they are like those of men born blind or lame among us. It is part of our patrimony; born with our birth, dying only with our death; incorporating itself with the first elements of our knowledge and interwoven with all our habits of mental action upon public affairs.*' In other words, the verse of the Latin poet,

'Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,'

is a part of the living creed of every Englishman. We cannot reconcile these sentiments with an unqualified denunciation of the conduct of the Government; for if the Government has been successful in obtaining the sanction of a large section of public opinion, it is because Lord Beaconsfield is supposed to have given a just satisfaction to these noble impulses, not only for the honour of England, but for the benefit of the world. Whether he has really done so, is another question. Judged by the sober light of economic principles and domestic interests, the measures of the Government in the Levant must be regarded as extremely reckless, perilous, and fantastical. To say the least, they bear the stamp of ignorance and precipitancy. Perhaps there were not ten men in England who possessed an accurate knowledge of the island of Cyprus when it was decided to occupy it, and of those ten men we are certain that not one had a seat in the Cabinet. Sir Garnet Wolseley was sent out without instructions, because no one knew enough of the matter to give him any. The subsequent information we have been able to collect, and which we are about to lay before our readers, has by no means diminished our anxiety or increased our confidence in the result. But at any rate this is a strange mode of carrying on the government of a great nation, which has a right to expect the combination of knowledge, reflection, and judgment in its rulers.

The Prime Minister, himself a man of imagination, who has lived as much in an ideal world as in the streets of London and the atmosphere of the House of Commons, has been enabled by an extraordinary concourse of events to inaugurate an imaginative and ideal policy. To understand it at all, we must consent to view the world through the highly

* 'England's Mission,' *Nineteenth Century* for September, p. 569.

coloured medium of his vision. These ideas have been familiar to him for years. 'We should never lose sight of the Lesser Asia as the principal scene of our movements,' said Tancred to Fakredeem, the Prince of the Lebanon—'the richest region in the world almost depopulated, and a position from which we might magnetise Europe.' When Tancred himself is in danger, we are told that the 'English desire Cyprus,' and will take it to revenge his loss. For Lord Beaconsfield, perhaps, some vision of Astarte still lingers in the deserted shrines of Cyprus, and the hope that the intellectual supremacy of Asia may be revived in the lands which gave three religions to the earth is not confined to the pages of a romance. Has the romance become policy, or is the policy romance? By what inconceivable sport of fortune are we told that the sober calculations of statesmen are to be dismissed with scorn, and these fantastic conceptions realised? Is the world to be governed by the mysterious language of prophecy, or by the lessons of experience? Are we walking by faith or by sight? Of all the marvels of the present or the future, can any be greater than that these visions are accepted as truths by the House of Commons?

Yet, if these are day-dreams, as we fear they are, it is less disagreeable to share them for a moment, and to endeavour to extract from them whatever of reality they possess, than to pursue the invidious and ungracious task of carping at the irrevocable. It appears to us that these measures, and more especially the Anglo-Turkish defensive alliance, promise little positive advantage to the people of this country, and that the certain burdens they impose far outweigh, to ourselves, the uncertain benefits. But what is written is written. A new and daring policy has been announced to the world in the affairs of the Levant. A treaty has been signed in the name of England. This policy and this treaty have been debated in Parliament, attacked by the Opposition, and approved by an unusually large majority of the representatives of the nation. These facts mark an entirely new point of departure in dealing with these questions. Instead of harking back on old quarrels and controversies, the patriotic course is rather to make the best of the settlement of Berlin and to put an end, as far as we can, to old animosities at home and abroad. Whatever may be the defects of that settlement, it was hailed with satisfaction by the people of England because it averted the danger of an immediate conflict with Russia, because it established an apparent barrier against future Russian aggression, because it left the Sultan and the Ottoman Empire in possession of a

certain amount of independence, and because these results were manifestly due to the energy with which the British Government made its influence felt in the councils of Europe. We took occasion to say two or three years ago, that whatever the designs of Prince Gortschakoff and Prince Bismarck might be, they had strangely omitted to take England into their reckoning, and that England would be found, at the proper moment, to have the power and the will to frustrate a conspiracy against the liberty and independence of the world. Those words have been justified by the result. And we believe, from all the accounts that have reached us, that foreign governments and foreign nations are not ungrateful to this country for the services which have been rendered to the cause of civilisation and peace. The great danger to be apprehended from the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire was, that Russia alone would be in a condition to appropriate the spoils and to extend her influence to the shores of the Mediterranean. The Treaty of San Stefano realised that apprehension. France, Italy, and Austria would have been the chief sufferers by such a change in the distribution of territorial power, yet none of those States was in a position openly to resist it. Acting in amicable concert with this country, the Mediterranean Powers are aware that if they have to choose between Russian and British ascendancy in the Levant, the balance is enormously in favour of the latter. We desire the independence of Turkey, not her subjection. If we succeed in improving the government of those countries, so long abandoned by civilisation, we throw them open on equal terms to the commerce, the religious missions, the immigration, and the ideas of all Europe. Freedom of trade, freedom of religion, freedom of thought are inseparable from the flag of England, and if she consents to take upon herself the burdens of this enterprise, no one can doubt that the benefits, such as they are, will be largely shared in by all the Mediterranean populations and by the world at large; for civilisation, as we understand it, is not the gift of any single race or nation, but the inheritance of mankind.

To the populations of Asia Minor and Cyprus the intervention of Great Britain and the part she may be able to take in the future government of those countries, is an unmixed benefit, and no dissentient voice has been raised against the sway which England may be supposed to exercise over their future. The danger is that their hopes and expectations are too highly excited, and that the result will, for a long time, fall far short of their sanguine expectations. The readers of this Journal are aware that throughout the late war our eyes have

been constantly fixed on Asia Minor, and that, whilst many of our contemporaries have mainly directed their attention to the wrongs of the Bulgarians and other Christian subjects of the Porte in Europe, we have repeatedly brought before their notice the vital importance of the Asiatic provinces of the Empire. We showed long ago that the independence of Constantinople itself rested far more on the Asiatic than on the European shore of the Bosphorus, because it is from Asia Minor that the Porte draws its chief supplies and military resources. We followed with extreme anxiety the progress of the Russian armies in the East, because the most sagacious Turkish statesman had pointed out that there lay the vital point of the attack. We dwelt more than once on the extraordinary fact that this great continent, equalling in extent the largest kingdom in Europe, which had been the stronghold of the Persian monarchy of old, the scene of the most splendid Macedonian victories, the site of the most flourishing Greek colonies, the seed-plot of the Christian churches, the most cherished of the vast territories of the Roman Empire—still possessing a soil, a climate, and a maritime position of unequalled excellence, and extending from the Euphrates to the Ionian Sea—should have lapsed into barbarism; and we ventured even to express a hope that the mysterious course of events would one day bring back civilisation and prosperity to that most favoured and forsaken region of the globe. If, to some extent, these hopes are fulfilled, it would ill become us to decry the grandeur of the conception or the possibility of the result we desire. Mr. Forster is reported to have said in the debate which terminated the session, that if he thought Great Britain could give good government to Asia Minor, he should be disposed to approve much that he otherwise condemned. This generous feeling doubtless enters largely into the assent the people of England have readily given to a romantic and adventurous system of policy. They have made equal sacrifices of their own money and convenience for many other oppressed races of men. They are touched by the names of provinces and islands familiar to them from infancy, because these spots witnessed the first journeyings, and received the first immortal epistles, of the apostles of Christianity. Tarsus the birthplace of St. Paul, Galatia, Bithynia, Cappadocia, the Seven Churches, and the whole geography of Asia Minor are better known in every English Sunday school than the topography of Ireland. Who does not remember the words: ‘St. Paul and Barnabas’ being sent forth by the Holy Spirit from Antioch, for the

‘work whereunto they were called, went down to Seleucia* and from thence sailed to Cyprus, and having come to Salamis (which is near Famagosta) they preached the word of God, and went through the whole island to Paphos, where they found the magician Bar-jesus, and Sergius Paulus the Proconsul, a man of understanding’? (Acts xiii. 4–7.) The language of the New Testament has to the bulk of the people of England the voice of one preaching a crusade—not a crusade of armed knights, but of peace and goodwill to men—and their sympathies are easily directed to the regions lying around what is emphatically called the *Holy Land*. This is not politics, and such sentiments might figure indifferently ill in a political debate. But they are not without their bearing on what, after all, is the master key of political life, national aspirations and national belief. They may even explain political action, when wielded by a man who has profoundly studied even the imaginative element in the English character.

But if some religious feeling, some national enthusiasm, some speculative ardour, some generous interest in the welfare of the inhabitants, and some imagination are mingled in the impression made by our recent acquisition on the public, it must also be acknowledged that there is a good deal of sober prose and dismal reality on the other side of the picture. The island of Cyprus has a most romantic history, extending over four thousand years. It has been favoured and sung by gods and men. It has been occupied by Phœnicians and Egyptians, and still retains, in its countless subterranean monuments, the memorials of their passage; it became the chosen seat of the most glowing and genial rites of paganism, when the cruel and abominable worship of the Syrian Astarte melted into the sensual but entrancing mysteries of Aphrodite, and the festivals of the much-loved Adonis; it witnessed the death of Cimon and the dominion of its one illustrious native chief, Evagoras. In the darkest ages of Europe it became the pearl and cynosure of Christian chivalry, for Richard Cœur de Lion conquered it from the degenerate offspring of the Byzantine Empire, celebrated his nuptials with Queen Berengaria on its coast, and established on its throne the brilliant French dynasty of Guy de Lusignan, which flourished for four centuries.†

* This same Seleucia is now spoken of as the terminus of the Euphrates Valley Railway!

† An interesting account of the invasion and conquest of Cyprus by King Richard Cœur de Lion, with the first English army that ever landed there, is to be found in the ‘Itinerarium Peregrinorum et Gesta

When that dynasty expired, the crown passed to the widow of the last of the Lusignans, Catarina Cornaro, a Venetian matron who made Venice herself—queen in those days not only of the Adriatic but of the Levant—her heir. Another century of splendour and prosperity shone over Cyprus, which ended in the most barbarous of Turkish conquests; and for the last three hundred years the island has suffered all the evils of misgovernment and oppression, as if she were doomed to expiate by a period of boundless misery and humiliation the superstition, the luxury, and the vices which had mingled largely with her glory. Our own dramatists of the Elizabethan age were not untouched by the traditions of that enchanting island, whose recent fall into barbarous hands (in 1594) they had themselves witnessed.

‘The Moor himself’s at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.’

And Othello, borne on the wings of love and fame across the tempest which destroyed the Turkish fleet, utters on landing those touching lines:—

‘If it were now to die,
’Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.’

Honest Tom Dekker places the scene of his ‘Pleasant Comedy

‘Regis Ricardi,’ published in the collection of Chronicles for which we are indebted to the Master of the Rolls. The author of this Chronicle is supposed to be one Richard, a canon of the Holy Trinity of London. It is edited with great care and ability by Professor Stubbs, from a manuscript in the Library of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, with an interesting introduction. The passage relating to Cyprus begins at the thirtieth chapter of the Second Book. One reads with curiosity a record ‘de fugâ imperatoris nocturnâ per Famagustam usque Candairam et de captione Nicosiæ a rege,’ now that these names are again familiar to us, and these very places again occupied by British troops. The Castle of Buffavento, situated on an almost inaccessible peak of rock 3,000 feet above the sea, in the north of the island, the ruins of which were visited by Herr von Löher, was taken by King Richard in person, ‘quamvis inexpugnabile æstimabatur.’ The worthy chronicler was amazed at the wealth of the Emperor of Cyprus and the beauty of the island, and he exclaims with enthusiasm ‘O imperatoris tanta opulencia! O terra omnibus bonis opima!’ (lib. ii. cap. 40). The Greek tract of Neophytus, ‘De Calamitatibus Cypri,’ shows that Richard was hailed as a deliverer. *Τούτων δὲ οὕτως ἐχόντων, ἰδοὺ καὶ Ἰγγλίτερ προσβάλλει τῇ Κύπρῳ, καὶ θάρρον πρὸς αὐτὸν ἔδραμον πάντες.* The same might be said of Sir Garnet Wolseley.

‘ of Old Fortunatus ’ in Cyprus ; here it is that the capricious goddess bestows upon her ill-starred favourite the purse and the wishing-cap ; and the first use he makes of her gifts is ‘ to raffle it among the gallants of Famagosta.’ It would be well if the ancient deities of the island had a purse and a wishing-cap in store for our modern adventurers, for both of them will be wanted.

Nowhere have time, neglect, bad husbandry, and bad government wrought a more complete and lamentable change. The once famous cities of the Cypriot kings are mud hovels ; the once famous shrines of Cypriot gods are scattered ruins, marked only by the tombs of ancient races ; the harbours which sheltered the galleys of Venice and the commerce of the East are blocked up with sand ; the climate, always notorious for intolerable heat—‘ *infamem nimio calore Cyprum* ’—is now more than ever scorching from the absence of shade, for the eastern part of the island and the great Messorian plain has been stripped of all its forests ; the luxuriant vegetation of April is burnt up in June ; the watercourses are dry ; and even the extreme natural fertility of the soil is heat-stricken and blasted by the torrid atmosphere. Dr. Clarke spoke in his ‘ *Travels* ’ (published in 1813) of the neglected agriculture, pestiferous air, population almost annihilated, indolence, poverty, and desolation of Cyprus ; and more recent travellers all confirm the melancholy report. The private accounts we have received in the last few weeks entirely confirm this deplorable picture. The aspect of the country is indescribably forlorn ; the native population sparse, indolent, and wanting the commonest implements of labour ; the climate highly insalubrious to strangers, as is but too plainly shown by its disastrous effects on the British troops who have landed on the coast.

It is a curious subject of enquiry how it has come to pass that so many of the finest islands of the Mediterranean, renowned in antiquity for fertility, civilisation, population, and wealth—Sardinia, Sicily, and the isles of Greece—have sunk in modern times into comparative sterility, malaria, barbarism, and brigandage. Their position, their soil, their natural productions would seem to mark them out as the most favoured portions of the globe : they are, in fact, more neglected than many an island of the South Pacific. And it is a question how far their decay is curable by man. The ordinary remark is that their deplorable condition is the result of bad government ; and no doubt bad government has largely contributed to their ruin. But could the government of these islands, even in the days of their

ancient prosperity, be called *good*? War was the normal condition of the ancient world from the earliest ages down to the establishment of the paramount authority of Rome. These islands were the scenes of continual hostilities. Cyprus was contended for by Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans. Her native rule was shared by fifteen petty kings. The sway of Roman proconsuls, even when they bore the name of Cato, was as rapacious as that of Turkish pashas. The commercial policy of Venice over her dependencies was jealous and restrictive. Yet under all these forms of government the material condition of Cyprus is said to have prospered, although the island must have been frequently devastated by acts of violence and oppression.

We are disposed to attribute at least as great an influence to the change which has taken place in the material condition of these countries as to the vices of their political government; and above all we place the destruction of their natural growth of wood and forest. The trees which in earlier times crowned even the rock-bound Cyclades—‘*sylvis umbrosa Kalymnæ*’—and much more the larger Mediterranean islands, nursed, attracted, and protected that moisture on which their own existence depended. They form as essential a link in the economy of nature as the clouds. A treeless island becomes like a moon without water or atmosphere; and the attempt to restore woods to disafforested hills, stripped of their covering, is one of extreme difficulty, because the water which is their life is wanting. It is only to be accomplished by what may be termed stages of vegetation, beginning with the plants that thrive best in dry soils, and gradually ascending to higher growths; but that is the work of centuries. Something may no doubt be done by the introduction of trees which survive the terrific droughts of Australia, and even grow with extreme rapidity, such as the eucalyptus and the Australian acacia; and our first care should be to set about this work, and to protect the young growth by strict forest laws. Both are wanted, as will be seen by the following interesting passage from M. von Löher’s book:—

‘Cyprus, of late years, has been gradually sinking to decay through the supine indolence and indifference of her degraded population. In no particular does the whole surface of the country suffer so severely as in the utter devastation of her mountain forests. All the former rulers of this beautiful island, Greeks, Persians, Egyptians, Romans; Arabs, and Byzantines, gave particular attention to the cultivation of the fine trees that contributed so largely to her prosperity. Oaks, firs, fig-trees, and nut-trees covered the entire island, even to the sea-shore.

During the two first centuries of the Lusignan dynasty the first formidable attack was made upon the luxuriance of Cyprian forests, and timber was employed in enormous quantities for the building of merchant vessels, and the construction of the fine fleets that Cyprus sent forth to the coasts of Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt.

'Then came the Venetians, equally bent on shipbuilding, but their prudent foresight forbade them to hew down without planting again, and under their rule the forests flourished almost as luxuriantly as ever. A very different state of things arose under the improvidence and carelessness of Turkish rule. If a hundred trunks were wanted a thousand were hewn down, it being easier to select the finest trees as they lay upon the ground than when towering among their companions. The best were taken and the rest left to rot where they had fallen. Every maritime disaster entailed fresh destruction to the Cyprian forests. Pashas, kaimakans, and agas year by year increased their revenues by cutting down the trees, and leaving what they could not sell to be appropriated by whoever chose to take them. The fine forests were under no protection from government, and the poorer classes drew a considerable part of their livelihood from the sale of the trees they cut down. Mehemet Ali, the first Viceroy of Egypt, gave the finishing stroke to this work of folly by permitting, or rather encouraging, any one who chose to fell the trees and send them to Egypt to assist in the construction of ships, water-wheels, and canals.

'All over the island this wanton destruction of their trees by the Cypriotes is observable. Every village or occupied spot is remarkable for the spoliation of its surrounding timber; small trees are cut down at the roots, whilst the giants of the forest, whose huge trunks could only be overthrown by patience and exertion, have had all their branches and bark lopped off and hacked away.

'Another powerful cause of destruction is to be traced to the constant occurrence of fires in the woods and forests. These arise principally from the carelessness of the wandering shepherds and their families, who kindle a blaze without the slightest attempt to avoid the destruction that so frequently ensues. During the course of our ride I have often passed several of these charred and blackened districts, where it was quite evident the progress of the fire had only been arrested by there being no more trees or shrubs to devour. When the value of this rich source of wealth to the island is again appreciated, a very short space of time will be required before the forests are again flourishing in all their former beauty.(?) The fertility of Cyprus is truly marvellous, and should a tract of country be left unravaged for three years trees of every variety will again rear their heads. Even on the most arid part of the mountains I frequently observed a fine growth of young firs and pines; these, however, would not be allowed to reach maturity, for what the hand of man does not sweep away is destroyed by the sheep and goats as they wander unrestrained about the hills.

'Forests of dark pines were once numerous upon the higher ranges of mountains, but these have also fallen victims to the recklessness of the islanders. Resin and pitch are marketable articles, and to obtain these the trees have been mercilessly destroyed. Operations are com-

menced by stripping off the bark on one side, the finest trees being always selected, as high as the man can reach, and the resin taken. Fire is then applied to the base of the trunk, and a few hours suffice to lay it low. The branches are then lopped off, and, with portions of the trunk, are heaped into a roughly constructed oven formed of quarried stone. Fire is then applied to the wood, and the resin pours forth into a little channel cut to receive it. The first-fruits of this process is called kolophonium, and the second resin, whilst the last result forms a kind of tar. Half the resin is, of course, wasted in this rough process, and when the devastators have taken of the best the hill-side affords, they climb down to another green and luxuriant spot, there to recommence their work of destruction. A sort of mania for this wanton mischief seems, actually, to possess the Cypriotes. Quarrels are of constant occurrence between the inhabitants of different villages and communities, and no better way to avenge themselves occurs to the contending parties than to burn down and hack each other's trees under the concealment of night. To burn down a fine tree, merely for the pleasure of seeing and hearing it crackle and blaze, is an amusement constantly practised by the ignorant and unreflecting shepherds as they lounge away their day upon the mountain side. I made many attempts to open the eyes of the people to the utter folly of such a course of action, and was generally met with the answer that it was done by the wish of the Turkish Government. The Cypriotes have become so accustomed to attribute every evil of their lives to this source, that they actually appear to consider their late rulers responsible for their own reckless indolence.

'In order to restore the forests of Cyprus to their pristine luxuriance, only one course can be adopted: All woods and forests must be put under the immediate protection of Government, and every act of wanton destruction made punishable. The present trade in resin must be entirely put down, or only permitted under heavy restrictions. Should this course be pursued under British rule, many districts will rapidly prove its wisdom. Whole tracts of country, I fear, must be entirely replanted. The land around the villages should be allotted to the inhabitants, and boundary lines permanently fixed. A little encouragement from their priests and schoolmasters would induce the vain and envious Cypriotes to vie with each other in the cultivation of their new possessions. I had a long and interesting conversation on this subject with the late Governor of Cyprus, a most enlightened and high-minded gentleman. His opinions on this point were not less decided than my own as to the imperative necessity of replanting and cultivating the Cyprian woods and forests, if the island is ever again to rise from her present degraded condition. If this is not done, rivers and streamlets will year by year dwindle away, and waste ground entirely take the place of what were once well-watered plains. The Pasha strongly urged the desirability of introducing the eucalyptus upon all the plains and the table rocks before alluded to. I inquired if this was likely to be done, but my only answer was a deep sigh.' (Mrs. Batson Joyner's *Cyprus*, p. 121.)*

* We have borrowed this passage from the English version of Herr

It appears that many of the vegetable productions for which the island of Cyprus was celebrated in antiquity have disappeared altogether, or are now rare instead of abundant. The system of irrigation, which, under the Romans, and probably in earlier times, gave life to the soil, has fallen into ruins, though here and there traces of it remain in spots still habitable. The soil is so fertile that no manure has ever been applied to it, but water is the condition of life. On the other hand, the want of fuel in the rainy season and for domestic purposes is fatal to the growth of woods, which are sacrificed without remorse to roast a lamb or boil a kettle. The idea that property may consist in woods and trees has not entered into the Cypriot mind. Dr. Unger says that anyone might cut, burn, or destroy the trees as he pleases; and on his expressing his astonishment at so fatal a practice, he was told that the trees 'all belonged τῷ Θεῷ,' and were therefore for the common use of man—a striking instance of the effects of communism; it is property and ownership which develops all natural wealth.

We need hardly say that in our anxiety to obtain and collect information with reference to Cyprus, we have found

von Löher's book, because it suffices for our purpose. But we must protest against the extraordinary mutilation of this valuable and interesting work by the English translator who has 'adapted' it. Herr von Löher's volume has been reduced to about half its original dimensions—a great deal of graceful description, valuable historical matter, and local information has been suppressed altogether—interpolations have been made without the slightest authority. For instance, the concluding lines of this extract about the Pasha and the eucalyptus are a pure invention of the translator: it is much more probable that the Pasha had never heard of a eucalyptus. This English edition seems to have been brought out in hot haste to meet the demand for information about Cyprus, and the book has been murdered in the process. Herr von Löher deserved a better fate, and the permission given by him to 'adapt' his book to the exigencies of the British public has been grossly abused. We strongly advise those persons who read German to procure the original work. It would even bear retranslation by a competent pen.

We quite agree, however, with what the Pasha did *not* say, and we have no doubt that the introduction of the eucalyptus or Australian gum tree would be attended with the best results. No tree grows with such astonishing rapidity or produces such excellent timber in a short time. It thrives in any soil, supports drought, and dispels fever. In twenty-five years the island might be covered with it. There are more than one hundred varieties of this tree growing in the Botanic Gardens at Coimbra in Portugal, and the particular variety best suited to the climate of Cyprus might probably be ascertained there.

the best and most copious supply in the literature of the Germans. What field have they not explored? The works, whose titles we have placed at the head of this article, are those we have perused with the greatest interest and advantage. The 'Monograph' of Cyprus (as he calls it) by Herr Wilhelm Engel, published in Berlin in 1841, contains all that is to be found on the subject in the records of antiquity and classical literature. These fragmentary texts had indeed been collected by Meursius more than two centuries ago in his posthumous commentary on the islands of Crete, Rhodes, and Cyprus, with the amazing and *plusquam-German* industry of the seventeenth century. But Herr Engel, following in the same path, has combined them in an agreeable historical and critical narrative. The second volume of his work is devoted to the mysteries of the worship of Aphrodite and the other Cypriot divinities, and carries us deeper into these mythological scandals than we care to take our readers.

The volume published in Vienna by Dr. F. Unger and Dr. Th. Kotschy in 1865 is a work of great scientific merit and utility. It is surprising to find that these Austrian travellers succeeded more than ten years ago in extending their researches to every part of this unexplored region, insomuch that they were able to produce a geological map of Cyprus, indicating the character of the soil, a complete flora of the island, marvellously rich in botanical productions, a minute account of the native trees, quadrupeds, birds, insects, and shells, with an interesting sketch of the primitive manners of the peasantry. This book may be superseded, hereafter, when Cyprus has become a field for British scientific exploration, but at present it is an invaluable guide to the natural resources of the island. Dr. Unger remarks that the naturalist who works 'verbis, herbis, et lapidibus' is the magician of our times, since he brings to light the mysteries of the earth; and the researches of these gentlemen, at an advanced age, and in spite of the difficulties of transporting themselves and their collections about the island, deserve the highest praise. The result of their observations was that, in spite of the evils of the present, Cyprus had still a future, and we hope they will live to see the fulfilment of their generous expectations.

If these Austrian naturalists laboured for the future, General Cesnola penetrated deep into the past. Of Italian extraction, this gentleman filled the office of American and also Russian Consul in the island for fourteen years, and he is the first person who applied himself with great energy and perseverance to the exploration of the archaeological treasures of

Cyprus, now chiefly to be found underground and in tombs; for in none of the islands of Greece has the destruction of the stately temples and edifices of antiquity been more complete. Some French archæologists, and especially the Comte de Vogüé, had indeed visited Cyprus, and an account of their labours will be found in the *Revue Archéologique* for 1862, but their researches were by no means so complete or successful as they were represented to be. General Cesnola's work is doubtless well known to our readers, and will now form an interesting subject of study to every educated person, for it has been published in England by Mr. Murray with a magnificent series of illustrations, which entitle it to rank on equal terms with Dr. Schliemann's 'Troy' and 'Mycenæ.' The discoveries made by the General, especially at Curium, were of the greatest value to the history of early art; and although the Government and the Trustees of the British Museum allowed his collections to slip through their fingers and to be carried off to New York, we hope that the mine he opened is not exhausted, and we have no doubt that our archæologists, if no one else, will find an ample reward in the discovery and investigation of Cypriot antiquities. At Curium, in the vaulted chambers of a temple situated a few miles to the west of the great promontory of Limasol, the southern extremity of the island, General Cesnola had the good fortune to hit upon a passage leading to the subterranean chambers of the treasury of the temple. This was not a sepulchre or a sepulchral repository, but literally a storehouse of the most precious objects probably secreted by the priests in a moment of danger. They consist of countless armlets, bracelets, necklaces, and rings in solid gold or silver, wrought with exquisite skill—crystal cups and smelling-bottles which appear to have been more highly valued than gold—engraved gems and vases of the purest Attic taste—some of them with indications in the Cypriot character which prove them to have belonged to a very remote period of antiquity. These beautiful and interesting objects are admirably represented in the plates to General Cesnola's book. They might with great advantage be copied by our modern jewellers, for they are equal to the finest specimens obtained by Castellani and others from Etruscan tombs, and they show that the arts of luxury in Cyprus had attained a point of excellence far beyond that of the ruder artists of Mycenæ.

But our object on the present occasion is rather to deal with the present aspect of the island than with the amazing remains of its former splendour, which will doubtless form the subject

of continued investigation. And for this purpose we have met with nothing comparable to Herr von Löher's most agreeable and opportune volume. This gentleman visited the island (as we infer) in 1876. He had already explored many lands in Europe, America, and Africa; he came straight from Cairo to Cyprus, being already familiar with many forms of Oriental life. His attainments are considerable; his style is pleasing; he has the happy talent of making the best of everything, a quick eye for natural beauties, and a power of looking below the surface of things. Here and there he gives way to a little outburst of Greek or Teutonic enthusiasm, and the notion that we are entering on some new phase in the beliefs and order of the world seems to have shaken his attachment to old traditions. We were hardly prepared to encounter the spirit of German Socialism in so accomplished a writer, and we read with surprise his opinion that the time may be coming when property in land will be considered as monstrous an abuse as we now consider property in slaves. But we are not disposed to pick a quarrel with Herr von Löher, and we feel extremely indebted to him for the light his journey and recent experience throws upon our own adventurous experiment. He wisely landed in Cyprus in the month of April, when the storms of winter were over and the intolerable heat of summer had not begun. He did not throw himself on the beach at Larnaca, with nine thousand men, unhoused, in the middle of August, with the two most fever-stricken months of the year before him. If there is a spot on earth where spring realises all that the poets have said or sung, it is Cyprus in April. Great part of the plain is still green and enamelled with flowers of brilliant colour and uncommon luxuriance. In the hills many a mountain brook still gurgles through the rocks. The atmosphere is deliciously clear, the temperature warm, but not oppressive. During one-third of the year Cyprus, as he describes it, is a Paradise. During another third the heat makes it a hell, and during autumn the island is shrouded in dense sultry fogs without a breath of air. In November the rains begin, and the cold is sometimes severe; the mountains, though they are not much higher than the Grampians, are covered with snow. To those who would visit Cyprus Herr von Löher emphatically observes that they had better go in March or April and keep out of it after June. But nothing can shake our traveller's enthusiastic interest in his island. He says, as he rode on his first day's journey of twenty-two miles from Larnaca to Nicosia, that he had not imagined the interior of the country to be so utterly melancholy and forsaken—not

even a flock of sheep or goats was to be seen—scarcely a pool of water in the barren landscape—the beautiful island looks ‘like a deserted bride who has cried her eyes out.’ Yet this very plain of the Mesoria, once *μακαρία*, is still watered by the Pedias and the Sátrachos, streams that were called the Nile of Cyprus, because they left boundless fertility in their course; and Herr von Löher exclaims:—

‘What an inexhaustible garden of fruits would bloom in this plain, abounding in all that grows and bears increase, if Cyprus had but a good government! The trees and plants of every zone would spring up over the whole border of land which is inundated in winter by these streams, or irrigated by a judicious system of water-courses. The most fertile soil has been piled up twenty feet deep by the action of the Pedias and the Morfu.’ (P. 42.)

In another place he recalls the fact that in the days of the Crusaders Cyprus was made a fief of the German Empire, and asks: Why should not modern Imperial Germany reclaim her ancient dominion? Why should not Germany and the Germans place themselves at the head of the trade and progress of the Levant, by an enterprise in Cyprus which would ere long more than repay its cost? These are the most encouraging words we have had on the subject. But Herr von Löher forgets that Cyprus can only be held securely by a power which is mistress of the seas. The following passage, written before the late contest in the East, deserves to be quoted:—

‘It is probable that the Ottoman Empire will fall into several small states and coast-districts, pointed out by Nature herself and the chains of mountains and position of the shores of the country. Sooner or later the provinces lying to the south of the Balkans must combine, because their common interests require it, and the leading part in such a combination must fall to the Greeks. The Turks know that these are their natural heirs, and much as they despise so crafty and volatile a people, they hate and fear them even more.

‘But take another supposition—the fall of the whole empire within a limited period. Then the Greeks will have to learn to bear with other masters on the Bosphorus and the Ægean Sea, probably for years. Yet, even then, it may be questioned whether the indomitable activity which has survived for two thousand years, and four hundred years of Turkish oppression, will not in the end outlive and surmount every form of foreign dominion. The Russians alone can bring about the ruin of Turkey. If, then, they chose to surrender Epirus and Thessaly to the Greeks, and to take the other provinces, under one form or another, under their sway, must not the other European Powers take part in the settlement? Could they or would they submit to the ban, which, issuing from the Greco-Russian sea, would be cast on the whole intercourse of nations? It might well happen that the events of the thirteenth century would be repeated. Some of these lands would then

form small principalities or republics under Western protectorates, others would be occupied by the European Powers, just as there was formerly in the Levant an Emperor of Byzantium, a King of Cyprus, a Duke of Athens, a Prince of Salonica, and so on. The English and the French could easily play in the Levant the part that the Venetians and the Genoese played of old. They have long been used to it. As soon as ever good and strong governments are established, the regions of the East will bloom again as if by magic, as Cyprus flourished under the Lusignans.

‘And what of us Germans? Are we to sit with our hands before us in such a state of things? Whatever be the reaction of these changes on central Europe, it is unquestionable that we cannot leave the East to Russia. That possession and those sources of wealth would indeed make her formidable to us, for those regions are of supreme importance to our commerce, and the course of our Danube and the finger of our future point to them. Rather than see those countries cut off from us by the iron girdle of a Russian occupation, as East and West Prussia and Posen have been paralysed by a Russian frontier, we must not hesitate to hazard the last extremities.’

The passage is curious and in some degree prophetic, for it was written before the occurrence of recent events; and it is satisfactory to find that, whatever else may be the views of the nations of Europe, they agree in this, that the East shall not be abandoned to Russian autocracy. That is the real danger, not only to British or German interests, but to the progress of civilisation; and if the British occupation of Cyprus has been received without disfavour or hostility by the other European Powers, it is because they regard it, at any rate, as the most effectual means of keeping out the Russians. Even on Cyprus Russia appears to have had an eye, for the church plate in most of the monasteries bears the Russian double eagle engraved upon it, to remind the monks of their Northern co-religionist.

It appears to us, with the imperfect knowledge we still possess of the topography of the island, that the eastern and south-eastern coasts, on which Larnaca, Famagosta, and the ancient city of Salamis are situated, are by no means the most attractive or habitable part of Cyprus. These towns are placed at the mouths of the rivers which water the great Mesorian plain, and they appear to have had in former ages tolerable harbours. It is suggested that the port of Famagosta might be dredged out and protected by a breakwater. But this plain, though fertile, is flat, unpicturesque, and during the greater part of the year intensely hot. It can only be cultivated by the natives of tropical or semi-tropical countries, and we question whether this part of the coast will ever become a

favourite place of residence or commercial resort for settlers from the north of Europe.

Several circumstances appear rather to point to Limasol as a preferable site. This town, which even now contains 6,000 inhabitants, is situated at the southern extremity of the island, to the east of the great cape called in ancient times the Curias Promontorium, and now Cape Gatto or delle Gatte. The bay or roadstead of Limasol is effectually screened by the cape from northerly, westerly, and south-westerly winds, and it is not more open than that of Larnaca to the east. The Emperor Frederic II. landed at Limasol in 1228, and it appears at that time to have been the most convenient station for the fleet of the Crusaders, their army, and their court. We are indebted to Herr von Löher for a most interesting account of the brief but romantic appearance of the German Emperor in Cyprus; it is one of the most vivid and least known passages in the history of the Crusades, and shows how important Limasol was in those days as a base of operations for the chivalry destined to act in the Holy Land. Limasol is the principal seat of the wine trade of Cyprus, which is at present its most valuable export, about 500,000 gallons of wine being sold for foreign consumption, and it is situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the best wine-growing districts, the produce of which can easily be augmented, and no doubt the wine of Cyprus, which has always been renowned as one of the finest vintages in the world, may speedily be adapted to the taste of the British consumer.* The town of Limasol lies at a very short distance from the southern declivities of the second and loftier range of Cypriot mountains. The villages of Episcopoi and Colossi, which are described as spots of great beauty, are within one or two hours' ride. Mount Troodos, the Cypriot Olympus, rises some

* The wine of Cyprus, especially that of the Commanderia, is said to have marvellous restorative qualities, and is regarded by the natives as a panacea. The late Sir Henry Holland used to say, 'Give me another glass of port. I have often observed its wonderful effects on the animal economy.' The best wine of Cyprus seems to share these energetic properties, and may be of value in the treatment of some disorders. But, as far as it is known to ourselves, it is extremely strong and sweet, resembling a liqueur. The vineyards of Madeira were planted with the Cypriot grape. It appears from a passage in the Talmud that a small portion of wine of Cyprus was mixed with the incense used by the Jewish priests in the daily sacrifice of the Temple at Jerusalem, on account of the strong aroma it was supposed to throw out (Jerus. Talmud. Yoma, iv. 5).

fifteen or twenty miles due north of these places, and the whole country presents a range of comparatively well-watered and wooded hills. As a further proof that this hilly region is the most habitable part of the island, and probably the healthiest from its elevation above the coast and the plain, it is here that Herr von Löher visited the three great monasteries of Trooditissa and Chrysorogiatissa and Kukki, lying, at some distance from each other, ensconced in the beautiful glens which descend from the loftier hills. In ancient times this southern portion of the island was preferred by the priests of Aphrodite and Apollo, as it now is by the monks of the Greek Church. Aphroditissa is still the Cypriot name for the Panagia or Blessed Virgin. Amathus lies a little to the east of Limasol, and Curium to the west of the great cape. In these places General Cesnola made his most splendid discoveries. It is clear that these were the sites of the most magnificent temples. Paphos itself is at some distance to the west, at a spot on the coast where the mountains descend to the sea. The inference we should draw from these facts is that the southern coast is far better adapted to be the residence of Englishmen and to become an important commercial station than towns situated, as Famagosta and Nicosia are, in the north-eastern plain of the Mesoria. After all, the distances are so inconsiderable, the island being only sixty miles in breadth, that, as soon as roads are made, there will be the utmost facility of communication to all parts of it. But it is of great importance that the chief seat of government and residence should be well chosen; and as everything will have to be done, and almost every house to be built, the natural resources and sanitary conditions of the respective sites should be well considered. For us Englishmen it is obviously preferable that the chief town should be on the coast, if a tolerable port can be made, rather than in the interior, as Nicosia is. The principal cultivation and the most tenantable dwellings of the native inhabitants appear to be on the coast. It appears that in the absence of rain which prevails in Cyprus for many months in the year, the moisture from the sea promotes vegetation, which is nowhere more luxuriant than in what Herr von Löher terms 'sea-meadows'—patches of culture between the sand-drift on the shore.

About two hours' ride eastward from Limasol our traveller reached the ruins of Amathus, at no great distance from the sea, but situated on a steep acclivity—the natural acropolis of a city. It is here that the Phœnicians are believed to have founded their first settlement in Cyprus, the name being de-

rived from the Hebrew 'Chamath,' a walled city, and the site is impregnable.* It was here, too, that the Greeks celebrated the feasts in honour of Adonis, who met his death, the legend tells, in the Idalian groves between Larnaca and Famagosta. Of all this nothing remains but a few shattered fragments of the huge vase of Amathus, a mighty vessel hewn in stone, some ten feet in diameter, which Herr von Löher, with some German bitterness, declares to have been broken by a party of French antiquarians, because they failed to carry it away with them. We are convinced that M. de Vogüé (whose name is mentioned) could be no party to this act of vandalism.

Still further to the east lies Karrubieh, a little port sheltered by a neighbouring promontory, where are to be seen some of the best houses in Cyprus. It deserves notice that good stone for building is found in this part of the island, and the quarries here are worked for the conveyance of stone to Egypt for the piers at Port Said. An abundance of good building material is obviously a very essential condition for the erection of houses and public works. In the alluvial deposits on the east coast it is probable that stone would be wanting. Karrubieh derives its name from the trade carried on there in the month of August in the pods of the carob-tree, known to our forefathers as St. John's bread, or the locust-tree, because it was supposed to have been the food of John the Baptist in the wilderness. The carob-tree produces food for cattle, and on a pinch for man. Its fruit is astringent, and may be used for tanning; but of late years it has been discovered that a spirit can be obtained from it, resembling that detestable *raki* drunk in the East, which may prove more fatal to British soldiers than the climate of Cyprus, if they unhappily take to it. Large quantities of this product are now exported from Karrubieh to Trieste, Marseilles, Smyrna, Odessa, and even Petersburg, and the harbour seems to be capacious enough to contain the vessels which come in August to fetch it. The carob-tree grows in the greatest profusion all over the island, and the fruit may be had for the picking, like blackberries in Britain.

As for the simple tillage of the island, we are told that a peasant with one yoke of oxen can cultivate thirty acres of land, and that the return of his crops is thirty-fold. But the peasants work chiefly on their own holdings. Paid labour is

* *Hamath* is mentioned in the Old Testament by the prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah. But that was a city of Palestine: the name was applied to more than one fortified town, like our Newcastle or Newborough.

dear and scarce—a field labourer in harvest time earns two shillings a day. The consequence of British occupation, and of the works which must be undertaken in the island, will be a rapid rise in wages and a corresponding rise in the price of food. It is probable that a considerable immigration will take place from the adjacent lands, attracted by the love of freedom and the hope of gain; and this may cause embarrassment, inasmuch as the natural productiveness of the island can only be worked out by capital and labour. It must be the result of time. We run a risk of drawing to Cyprus all the scum of the Levant, from Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, and Italy,* the most worthless population of the earth; and we see with pleasure that one of Sir Garnet Wolseley's first measures has been to place the admission of foreigners under severe restrictions. Probably the most valuable class of immigrants will be the Maltese. Malta is overpeopled. The people are industrious and frugal, and they are accustomed to a semi-African climate. But it must be borne in mind that the Greeks of Cyprus are amongst the most fanatical and superstitious members of the Eastern Church, observing rigorously feast days and fast days, which cover, with Sundays, more than half the year; and a large immigration of equally bigoted Roman Catholics, which the Maltese are, will increase the difficulties arising out of the multiplicity of religious sects. The Roman Catholic rulers who have governed Cyprus, the Lusignans, the Genoese, and the Venetians, have left no traces of their creed amongst the inhabitants. A large and heterogeneous population, suddenly introduced into Cyprus, might prove a very great danger, especially as the island is subject to periodical famines, from excessive drought or an irruption of locusts, which have been known to devour all the crops of the year. On the other hand,

* Some of the Italian newspapers have already exhorted their countrymen to emigrate to Cyprus, since it opens to them an inexhaustible field of wealth. If they are wise, they will do nothing of the kind. Italy itself, in the southern provinces of Calabria and Campania, is not half cultivated; and the Italians have two islands of their own, Sicily and Sardinia, which would afford to an energetic people quite as profitable a field for industry and enterprise as Cyprus, but which are at present abandoned to malaria and brigandage. The present state of those islands, within sight of the Italian coasts, is an opprobrium to the kingdom; and before they seek to appropriate or to colonise other territories, they would do well to people and civilise their own splendid possessions. The present state of Sicily is, we have reason to believe, even worse than it was under the Spaniards and the Neapolitan Bourbons.

the present population of Cyprus is said to be indolent, and labour is scarce. To develop the resources of the land, the supply of hands must be increased.

No doubt the first object of the British Government will be to make a correct survey of the island, and to lay out and execute the most important lines of road. We do not understand that there are at present any carriagable roads in the island. The sappers were sent on mules (which they could not manage) from Larnaca to Nicosia; and Herr von Löhner speaks of a much-frequented road along the coast from Larnaca to Limasol; but we hear nothing of any vehicles. This, indeed, was the case in Portugal until within the last twenty years. But we trust that no one will aspire to go ahead in the improvement of the East too fast. If they do, they will fail. There is often a good reason for usages which appear to a stranger to be obsolete or stupid; and it is only by very slow degrees that we can learn the true purport and value of the manners of a native population. They cannot hastily be changed. We have everything to learn about this island; and, however ignorant the natives may be, they know far more about their own country than we can do. In taking upon herself what is termed in her Majesty's prorogation speech 'the occupation and administration of Cyprus,' Great Britain is doing what she has never done for any of her own colonies. Our first principle of colonial government is, that the colony must make its own way and meet its own expenses. England supplies, if absolutely necessary, the means of military defence, as in the Maori and the South African wars, but that is all. Even the colonial loans are negotiated entirely on their own credit, without any British guarantee. Very few public works have been executed in any colony at the expense of this country, except for naval or military purposes. In Cyprus, as we understand it, an opposite policy is to be pursued, and unless the government is prepared to make a considerable expenditure in the island, it would not be safe for our ships, it would not be tenable by our troops, and the administration could not be carried on. We must therefore assume that the British taxpayer, who appears to have welcomed this acquisition with some enthusiasm, is prepared to meet the cost of this pleasure-garden; but he may depend upon it that it will cost us lives, and money, and reputation, and may very possibly turn out to be a bad investment and a mischievous delusion. We do not deny that the possession of Cyprus might appear interesting and attractive to those who know nothing of its present condition and climate, and that it may be beneficial to the future popu-

lation of the island; it may even be of some political value to Great Britain, though that is highly questionable in a strategical point of view, for its relation to Egypt, Asia Minor, and India, is by no means direct, and to maintain a fleet or an army in Cyprus would be the excess of folly, since the couple of battalions sent there have already lost by sickness a fifth of their effective force. An island without a single good harbour can never be a suitable station for the British navy; and the extreme heat in the summer months and great variations of temperature in winter render it equally unsuitable as a station for British troops. The notion that it is of value for naval or military purposes appears to be utterly untenable; and the idea that the occupation of Cyprus could materially assist the defence of India or the command of the Suez Canal appears to us equally visionary. In the event of the construction of the Euphrates Valley Railway, the position might acquire additional value, but that scheme is still in the clouds. Cyprus cannot be attacked if we are masters of the sea; it cannot be defended if we cease to be so. But, in any case, the administration of the island must be costly. We should venture at a rough guess to estimate the expenditure of the government at a million a year for the first five years, and the return will be at best indirect.

Nothing can be more absurd than the Turkish system of large export duties on the produce of the soil. They ought on our principles to be abolished. But they constitute a considerable part of the revenue; and it is exceedingly dangerous and difficult to exchange one form of indirect taxation, however vicious, for another form unknown to the people. Nearly half the revenue of the island is collected by the system of tithe on produce, levied on the growing crops or at the harvest. That, again, is a vicious system; but in a country where money is scarce, to commute payments in kind into a payment in specie would be strenuously resisted by the peasantry. The rational substitute for these mischievous taxes is a moderate land-tax, to be assessed upon a careful survey of the island—a work with which our Indian civil servants are familiar. But in India the land revenue is traditional, and has the character of rent, the State being the actual, as well as titular, owner of the soil. The first condition of any reforms of this nature, which lie at the bottom of all agricultural improvement, is to ascertain what the land tenures of Cyprus really are. We are told that a vast extent of uncultivated land belongs to the Sultan—does that mean to the Sultan or to the State? Is the right to dispose of this land transferred to

the *de facto* administration of the island; and if so, on what terms would grantees or tenants hold under it? This question is answered by the fourth clause of the Annex to the Convention of June 4, by which it is expressly agreed that 'the Sublime Porte may freely sell and lease lands and other property 'in Cyprus belonging to the Ottoman Crown.' The lands of the Crown or State have *not* passed to the administering power, and we stand in this ridiculous position—that while we assume all the burdens of the State, the whole disposable portion of the soil of the island still belongs to the Sultan. The Porte, therefore, retains all the rights of ownership over it; and any profit accruing from the sale or lease of these lands will pass, not to us, but to Turkey. It is of the utmost importance that the extent of these possessions should be ascertained without delay, for in the East the ownership of the soil by the Sovereign is the rule and presumption of law, wherever a private title cannot be produced and established. The monasteries have extensive estates, which are cultivated by farmers under them. The tithes on lands held in *vakuf* by the mosques amount to 400,000 piastres; their total value must therefore be large; and these are doubtless subject exclusively to Mohammedan law, and to the religious tribunal we have agreed to retain for Mussulman objects. It is clear that no British capital can with safety be invested in agricultural operations in Cyprus, until it is ascertained on what tenure the land is held, to what taxes it is subject, and by what law the rights and duties of land-owners are regulated. Indeed, we may say at once, that until these fundamental questions of land-tenure, the supply of labour, the means of communication, and the law that governs the island are clearly settled and understood, it would be eminently rash to adventure any private capital at all in the country. No returns from the land can compensate for insecurity of property; and the people of England have lost many millions of money, invested abroad, from their habitual inattention to this essential condition. By our law all transactions affecting the transfer of land must be regulated by the *lex loci rei sitæ*, that is, in this case, by the law of Cyprus.

As far as the Porte is concerned, an excellent bargain has been made, for the Turkish Government is to receive from Great Britain, without trouble or expense, an annual sum equal to the revenue they have derived from the island on an average of the last five years. It is supposed this will be about 120,000*l*. But for this country the bargain is obviously extremely onerous, for we are to pay to Turkey the whole surplus revenue of Cyprus, and to carry on the govern-

ment, which will be far more costly than that of the Turks, at our own expense; and it would seem that all the advantage we are to derive from this outlay is the 'occupation and administration of the island.'

The same phrase of 'occupation and administration,' without any definite limitations of sovereignty, was applied by the Treaty of Berlin to the Austrian advance into Bosnia and the Herzegovina, and we see what has come of it. There the Mussulman population was strong enough to offer a protracted resistance to a large and well-appointed army. The Porte naturally hesitated to alienate a province containing some hundred thousand of its subjects who are in arms to defend what they conceive to be the rights of their sovereign and their own; and the result is a renewal, on a small scale, of all the horrors of bloodshed and war. If 'occupation and administration' is a euphuism for conquest and annexation, it had better be stated in plain terms. But if it be temporary, as it is when a native state in India is occupied and administered by the British Government during the minority of a young native prince, a case of not unfrequent occurrence, then the sovereignty of the reigning house is respected and restored after a definite period, and no annexation follows.

Upon a close inspection of the Treaty of Berlin and the Anglo-Turkish Convention, it would seem, from the extreme looseness of the stipulations they contain, that they were framed on the principle avowed by another luckless amateur diplomatist, that a certain vagueness of language is desirable if you wish to come to an agreement with a foreign power. Many of the clauses of these celebrated instruments may mean anything or nothing. For example, the questions we have just raised with regard to Cyprus, may all be resolved into one—*Has England acquired from Turkey the sovereignty of the island?* Without sovereignty there may be 'occupation and administration,' but sovereignty alone is the source of legislative and judicial power. It might be inferred from the language of the Convention and from the express agreement to restore the island to the Porte and annul the Convention, in a certain event to be determined by a third party, that the sovereignty of the Sultan is to be maintained, though dormant, and that the Mussulman population at any rate are to continue under the laws and tribunals of their Turkish rulers. But such a supposition leads to a very anomalous and impracticable conclusion. Who is to make laws for Cyprus, altering perhaps the whole conditions of landed property and taxation in the island? Not the Parliament of England, for on those terms it

is not a British possession; it is a dependency of a foreign Empire, held on a terminable lease. Not the Queen in Council, for it is not a Crown colony. Is Cyprus to have, like the Ionian Isles when under British protection, an autonomous legislature? That proved to be a dangerous experiment. At present, the island appears to be governed simply on military principles by the edicts of Sir Garnet Wolseley, and at first no other course could be pursued. But it is obvious that some more regular form of legislation must be provided. Probably the best mode would be to nominate a council, including in it some of the principal inhabitants. But from whom would such a council derive its authority, and to what point would that authority extend? If its measures were held to be injurious to the rights of the Sultan over the island, which are so imperfectly defined, or to the rights of the Mussulman population, who is to decide such questions?

Again, some code of laws and some courts of justice must exist to adjudicate upon civil rights and to punish crime. The English will claim to be judged by their own laws, the Greeks by the laws in force in the island (whatever they may be), and the Mussulmans by the Koran and the Mekhemet Sheri. When the Lord Chancellor was asked what law prevailed in the island, he referred the House of Lords to the Foreign Jurisdiction Act; but that Act specially applies to jurisdiction over her Majesty's subjects in countries and places *out of her Majesty's dominions*; being, in fact, under another sovereign. Did Lord Cairns intend to say that the full sovereignty of the Porte still prevails in Cyprus? * If that be so, almost all the

* The clause in the Act to which the Lord Chancellor referred (6 and 7 Vict. cap. 94) is in the following terms: 'Her Majesty may 'exercise any power or jurisdiction which her Majesty now hath, or 'may at any time hereafter have, within any country out of her Majesty's dominions, in the same and as ample a manner as if her Majesty had acquired such power or jurisdiction by the cession or 'conquest of territory.' But this means jurisdiction over British subjects, since the Queen has no jurisdiction over foreigners in dominions not belonging to the crown of England. (See Mr. Boyd's excellent English edition of Wheaton's 'Elements of International Law,' § 110 a.) Since the foregoing lines were written, an Order in Council of the 14th of September last has been promulgated, which purports to make provision for the exercise of the power and jurisdiction vested by treaty in her Majesty the Queen in and over the island of Cyprus. This is the first time these words 'power and jurisdiction' have been used; and we have yet to learn in what they consist. The whole order is an act of high prerogative establishing a legislative and executive government in an island which forms no part of the Queen's domi-

Christian states, seventeen in number, have capitulations with the Porte, by which their own subjects are protected by the consular jurisdictions existing throughout the countries in which the Sultan is sovereign. General Cesnola cites numerous instances in which he, as consul, exercised these powers in Cyprus. Does the partial transfer of the administration of the island by the Porte to British officers abrogate these conventions? It will probably be contended by the Powers which are not parties to this transaction, that if the sovereignty of the Sultan subsists in Cyprus, the consular jurisdictions secured by treaty with the Porte subsist also. Again, many States besides ourselves have treaties with the Porte which entitle them to commercial privileges throughout the Sultan's dominions, including of course Cyprus. Are those treaties affected by our 'occupation and administration'? If they are in force, they may preclude a revision of the Turkish system of customs, or give rise to disputes difficult of solution.

Nothing is so embarrassing as a limited, divided, and restricted authority. We find it so in India, where we have become the protectors of many native states, and are anxious to maintain their independence; but we deplore and condemn abuses of native government which we cannot prevent, though they are committed under the shelter of our own power. It is probable that our Ministers were induced to accept the administration of Cyprus on these terms, because they were unwilling to be charged with sharing in the spoliation or partition of the Ottoman Empire. But in fact that charge would have been equally met by the purchase of the island outright for a capital sum; and if it was desirable for us to acquire such a possession at all, that would have been the plain and honest mode of obtaining it. There is no rule in international law against the acquisition of territory by purchase. The United States purchased Louisiana from France, and Alaska from Russia; and some West Indian islands have been sold in like manner. George III. instructed Sir James Harris to offer the cession of Minorca (then a British possession) to the Empress Catherine of Russia on condition of her joining her forces to those of England against the French and Dutch in the American war—a proposal which was happily refused. Though it might be disagreeable to some other Powers

nions. The validity of such an order, and of all that is done under it, will of course be subjected to the closest legal discussion; but we can at present discover neither precedent nor authority for such a proceeding.

and to ourselves in particular, the Porte might do worse for itself than to sell some of its outlying possessions. Crete, for example, might be ceded to the Greeks for eight or ten millions sterling ; and if the whole Christian population of the island and of the kingdom of Greece and the Greeks abroad are so anxious for the acquisition, they could raise the money.

But there is another stipulation in the Anglo-Turkish Convention transferring to us the administration of Cyprus, limited as it is, which far outweighs in gravity any pecuniary payment we could have been asked to make. We mean the engagement to defend against Russia the whole of the Asiatic possessions of the Ottoman Empire. Lord Beaconsfield's argument is, that in point of fact we must have defended them, at any rate, for the protection of the Indian Empire and of our own power as ' an Asiatic monarchy ; ' and that the Anglo-Turkish Convention and defensive alliance is in truth no more than a public recognition and declaration of a responsibility which no British Minister could have evaded, should Russia pursue her aggressive course towards the southern coast of Asia Minor or the valley of the Euphrates. He hopes that this distinct warning to Russia will induce her to keep within her own extended frontiers. Should it be otherwise, Great Britain is distinctly pledged to go to war, and it rests with Russia (if she be so minded) to plunge us into a very formidable contest, and to cast upon us the defence of Asia Minor. Strangely enough, the defensive provisions of this treaty are not even made reciprocal, although, if war did break out between the Indian Empire of Great Britain and such Powers as Russia and Persia, the alliance of Turkey would be of considerable advantage to our forces, and this might have been secured to us.

In speaking of Cyprus the area was comparatively small, we have some slight sources of information, possession is secured by our fleet, the former history of the island is interesting, and its natural fertility an undoubted fact. But when we turn to Asia Minor we can neither limit nor conceive what the extent of our liabilities may become. England has indeed dealt in India with large native provinces, which have gradually been brought into a state of order, regular government, and progress. But these changes have been commensurate with the progress of our actual sovereignty and power. In Asia Minor we encounter all the evils of an existing bad government and corrupt administration with no stronger weapon than friendly advice. There, too, no doubt, a survey of the country and a settlement of a just and moderate system of land revenue should be the first steps to improvement ; but this must

be a work of great labour and time, and it would be thwarted by the landed interests of the Sultan and the mosques. Some forty years ago we remember the reigning Sultan offered to M. de Lamartine a large grant of land not far from Smyrna, on the banks of the Mæander. The poet, who had just returned from his journey to the East, accepted it with enthusiasm, and endeavoured to form a French company to work the enterprise, the land being of great fertility. But it was soon discovered that the grant was limited to some seventy years. It was alleged that the Sultan could alienate nothing in fee-simple, and that at the expiration of the term the land would revert to the Crown. No one would engage in the undertaking on such conditions, and M. de Lamartine renounced the concession. *De te fabula narratur.* In dealing with these Eastern possessions the first condition is sovereignty, which implies absolute legislative power; and the second is certainty of tenure and an unlimited estate in the land. But these are the last things any Eastern court will surrender.

We must confess, therefore, that the design of the Government in agreeing not only to defend the frontier of Asia Minor against the Russians, but to introduce the necessary reforms into the administration of that country by the Turks, appears to us so vast and indefinite that we are at present unable to discuss it. Whatever can be done by England, either for the purposes of defence or of administration, must be in an exact ratio to the actual power she may exercise in that territory. It would be quite possible, for example, so to fortify the passes of the Soghanluk, between Kars and Erzeroum, and to strengthen the defences of Erzeroum itself, as to render the advance of an invading army extremely difficult. It would be possible to convert those gallant and all-enduring Anatolian soldiers into an excellent Asiatic army with European officers. It would be necessary to survey the country, to establish a rational and equitable system of taxation, and a system of judicature controlled by Europeans. But measures such as these demand time, money, and, above all, *power*. It is difficult to introduce reforms into the laws and customs of a people; but it is impossible to effect such reforms when they are secretly or openly resisted by a government living on rank corruption and interested in the maintenance of abuses. The best hope of success in such a task would consist in finding Turkish ministers or public servants, if such there be, capable of understanding and executing such an enterprise, and in giving to such men the support of this country. Speaking from what was done by Midhat Pasha in the vilayet of the Danube and at Bagdad, and from

the bold expedient adopted by him of convoking a National Assembly in Constantinople, we should suppose that this statesman, aided by the judicious and intelligent counsels of Sir Austen Layard, who knows the country as well as any Englishman can know it, might be able to carry some of the measures on which the future existence of the Ottoman Empire depends.

To those who are accustomed to take words for things, and who imagine that the world can be ruled by protocols, the Treaty of Berlin appeared a very tolerable settlement and termination of a sanguinary quarrel; and as everything in this world must end by compromise, we should not have complained of the result if it had been real. But in politics nothing ends; there is a morrow to every war, to every revolution, to every treaty. No sooner has the curtain dropped on one scene than the next begins; and the test of success is not the effect of a treaty on the past, but on the future. By this test, the Treaty of Berlin and the Anglo-Turkish Convention appear to us to labour under two serious defects. These instruments are couched in terms so vague that differences may, and probably will, arise on the interpretation of many of the clauses; indeed, it is already apparent that some of the clauses are understood differently by the several contracting Powers. Thus Lord Salisbury's version of the liability of Turkey to pay to Russia a vast war indemnity is at variance with Count Schouvaloff's declaration in the protocol. The one adjourns the payment indefinitely; the other subjects it only to the prepayment of the loans guaranteed by France and England. Nor is it anywhere stated that the Treaty of San Stefano, as between Russia and Turkey, is abrogated. Failing the execution of the Treaty of Berlin, Russia would possibly fall back on the previous contract, and the web of the Congress would be unravelled from the beginning. Indeed, it appears that another definitive Treaty between Russia and the Porte, on the basis of that of San Stefano, has since been proposed by Russia, which would confirm some of the most objectionable provisions of the former instrument.

But, secondly, and this is the more important consideration, we can discover no distinct evidence that the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin will be executed at all. They will not execute themselves, and in several respects no effectual means have been provided for carrying them into effect. The task is, in fact, far more difficult than it was supposed to be by those who in 1876 recommended the occupation of Bulgaria and Bosnia by a few policemen, for it is opposed not only by the tenacity of the Turkish Government, which recedes very slowly under

pressure, but by the resolute resistance of great part of the inhabitants. The Austrians have found that the occupation of Bosnia involves military operations on a large scale. Their advance in force was for a time successfully resisted, it was not accomplished in the end without severe losses, and they now find themselves in military possession of a hostile Mohammedan province. The overthrow of the authority of the Porte in Bulgaria and Roumelia was followed, as might be foreseen, by a horrible state of anarchy, in which the hostile races and creeds of Mussulmans and Christians alternately committed the most atrocious crimes against each other and against humanity. Whichever was weakest perished. And we regret to add that the presence of the Russian army of occupation south of the Balkan, far from having repressed these crimes, seems rather to have inflamed the passions of those who committed them. In the Rhodope mountains an insurrection broke out. As for the surrender of territory which the Porte was recommended to make to the kingdom of Greece, it seems but little probable that this cession will be peaceably effected. The rough but bold natives of Lazistan bitterly opposed the surrender to Russia of their province and their port without resistance, and although Batoum has at last been surrendered to Russia, a large portion of the population has migrated from the district. The Russians take advantage of their temporary occupation of Bulgaria to strengthen the hands of their military and clerical emissaries. The Albanian chiefs and their fierce clansmen are both able and ready to fight for their independence and maintain it. The cessions of territory which have been partially accomplished have been made with violence, and in most cases against the will of the ceded population. These anarchical disturbances, this bloodshed, this resistance, afford a strange commentary on what is called a European peace. At other times we should have called them war, and even now, until a year has passed over our heads, we can feel no absolute confidence that peace will be restored. Till then we must suspend our judgment whether the Congress of Berlin did really accomplish a salutary work and establish peace on a sound foundation, as Lord Beaconsfield has assured the House of Peers and the citizens of London, or whether it sowed the seeds of fresh disputes, and opened the road to fresh aggressions on the Ottoman Empire. The Eastern Question, as it is called, it certainly did not settle; for that springs not only from the decay of the Turkish Government, but from the nature of things. It may be questioned whether the next generation will see a settled order of government in those countries;

certainly not our own. Already there are alarming symptoms in the further East that the arrangements entered into at Berlin, far from being pledges of mutual goodwill and general peace, are directly opposed by the active policy of Russia in Central Asia. If it should turn out that the reckless defiance of the ruler of Afghanistan which threatens to draw us into another Afghan war is the result of the encouragement Shere Ali has received from Russia, it would only be another proof of the incredible duplicity of that Power, which affected to make sacrifices for the restoration of peace at Berlin, at the very moment when its agents were instructed to injure and insult us on the north-western frontier of India. Shere Ali may be an intemperate barbarian, but it is hardly possible to doubt that the springs of policy which have set him in motion are at St. Petersburg. If that be the case, the influence Lord Beaconsfield was supposed to have exercised at Berlin would be a miserable imposture, and the ovation which greeted him on his return the irony of fate. The conduct of the Ministry, alternately adventurous and hesitating, has placed themselves and the country in a difficult position. They boasted that they had erected barriers of adamant against remote or imaginary dangers; but the hostility of a hill chief beyond the Hindoo Khoosh takes them by surprise. Like King Henry VIII.'s gallant knights at the Field of Cloth of Gold, they 'made Britain India' at Berlin; and they found ere the autumn passed away that it was in India that serious military and financial difficulties might arise. The truth is, that the gloom which hangs over the future of the East, and the grave responsibilities that devolve on the British Government, have not been lightened by the results of the late Congress, and we still look with the greatest anxiety to the future course of events.

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